

**GOLD
KEY**

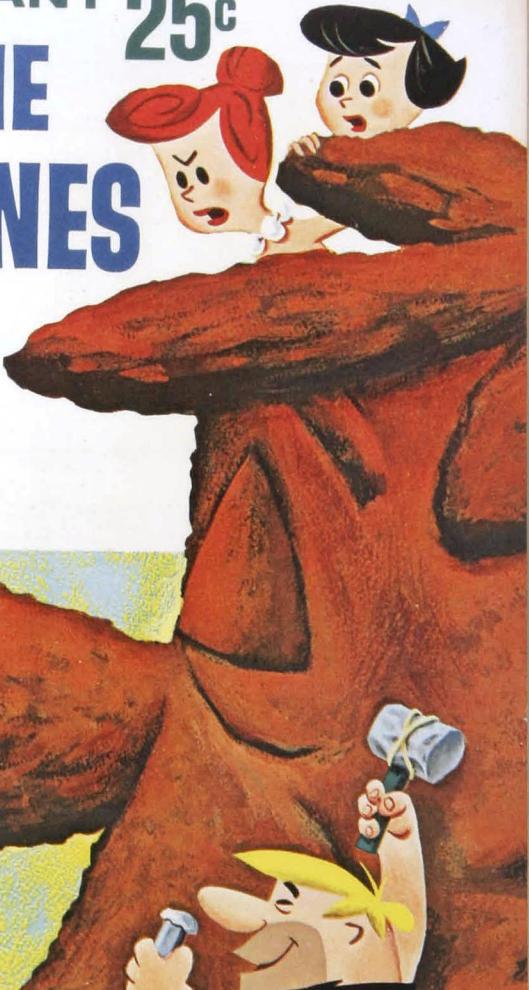
THE FLINTSTONES

**HANNA-
BARBERA**

GIANT 25c

THE FLINTSTONES

BIGGER and BOULDER



A Flintstone Funny



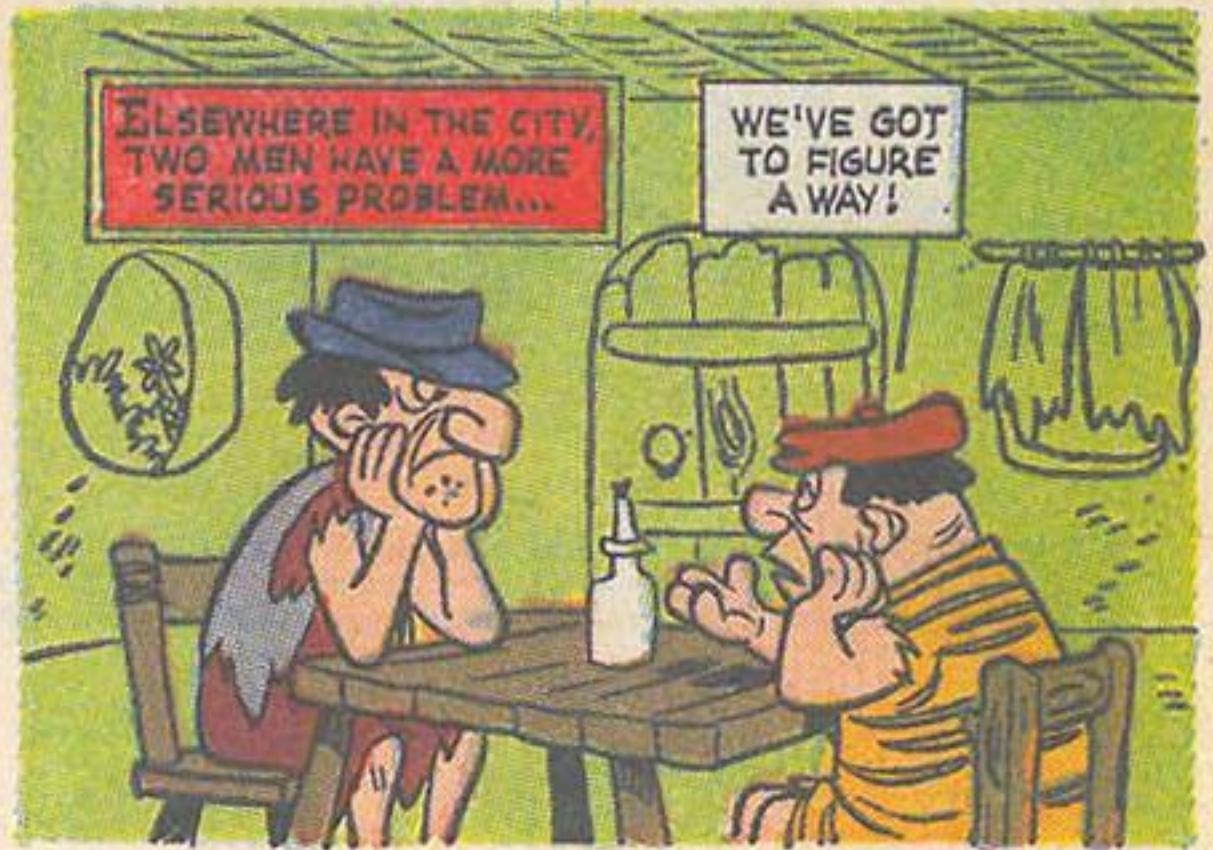
Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES BIGGER and BOULDER



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FLINTSTONES #2-666

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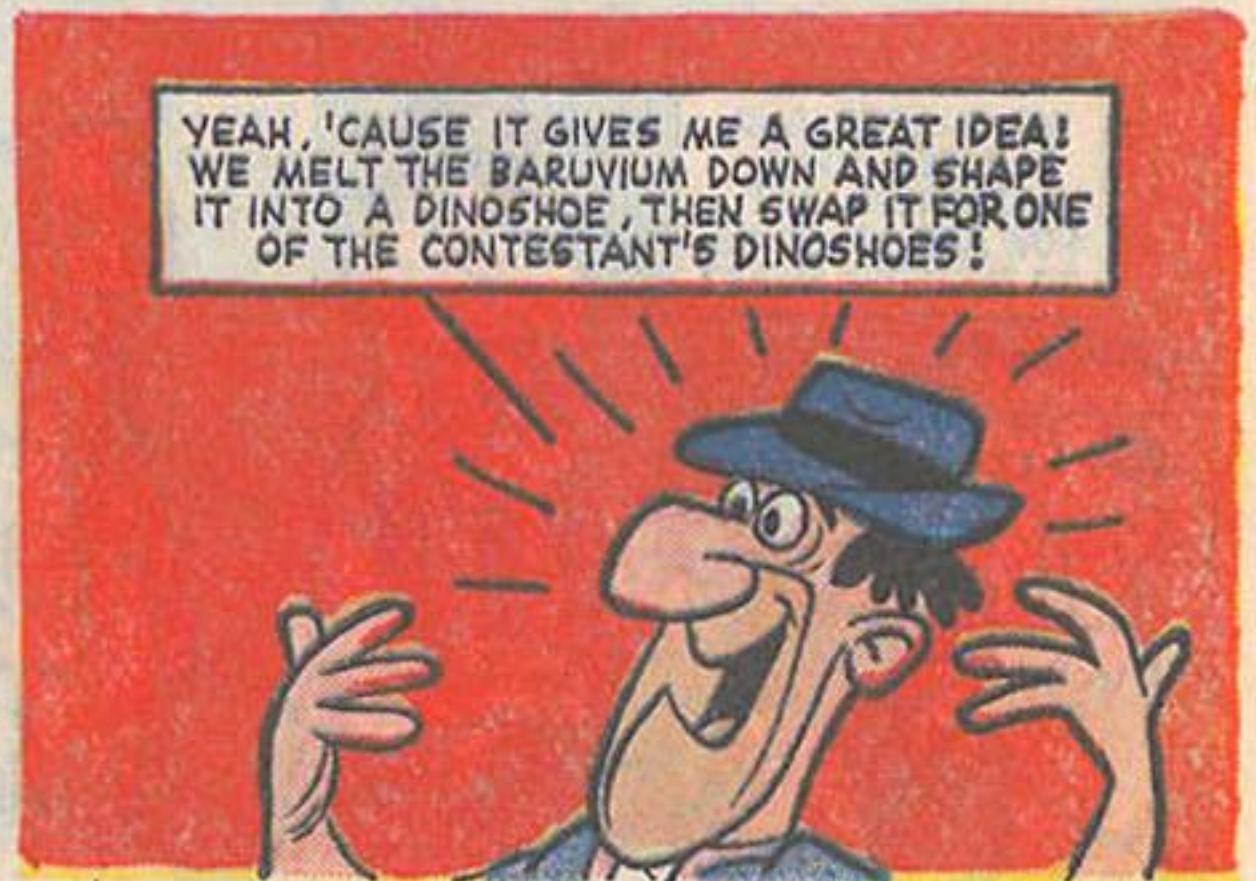
WE STOLE A MILLION DOLLAR BAR OF BARUVIUM AND WE CAN'T SMUGGLE IT BACK TO THE STATES! THEY'RE CHECKING EVERYBODY SUSPICIOUS AT THE BORDER, AND WE'RE AS SUSPICIOUS AS THEY MAKE THEM!



HEY! THIS PAPER SHOWS SOME PICTURES ABOUT THE DINOSHOE PITCHING CONTEST!

IS THAT ALL YOU CAN THINK ABOUT NOW?

YEAH, 'CAUSE IT GIVES ME A GREAT IDEA! WE MELT THE BARUVIUM DOWN AND SHAPE IT INTO A DINOSHOE, THEN SWAP IT FOR ONE OF THE CONTESTANT'S DINOSHOES!



THEN, AFTER THE CONTEST IS OVER, WE FOLLOW THE FELLOW BACK TO THE STATES AND PICK OURS UP AGAIN!

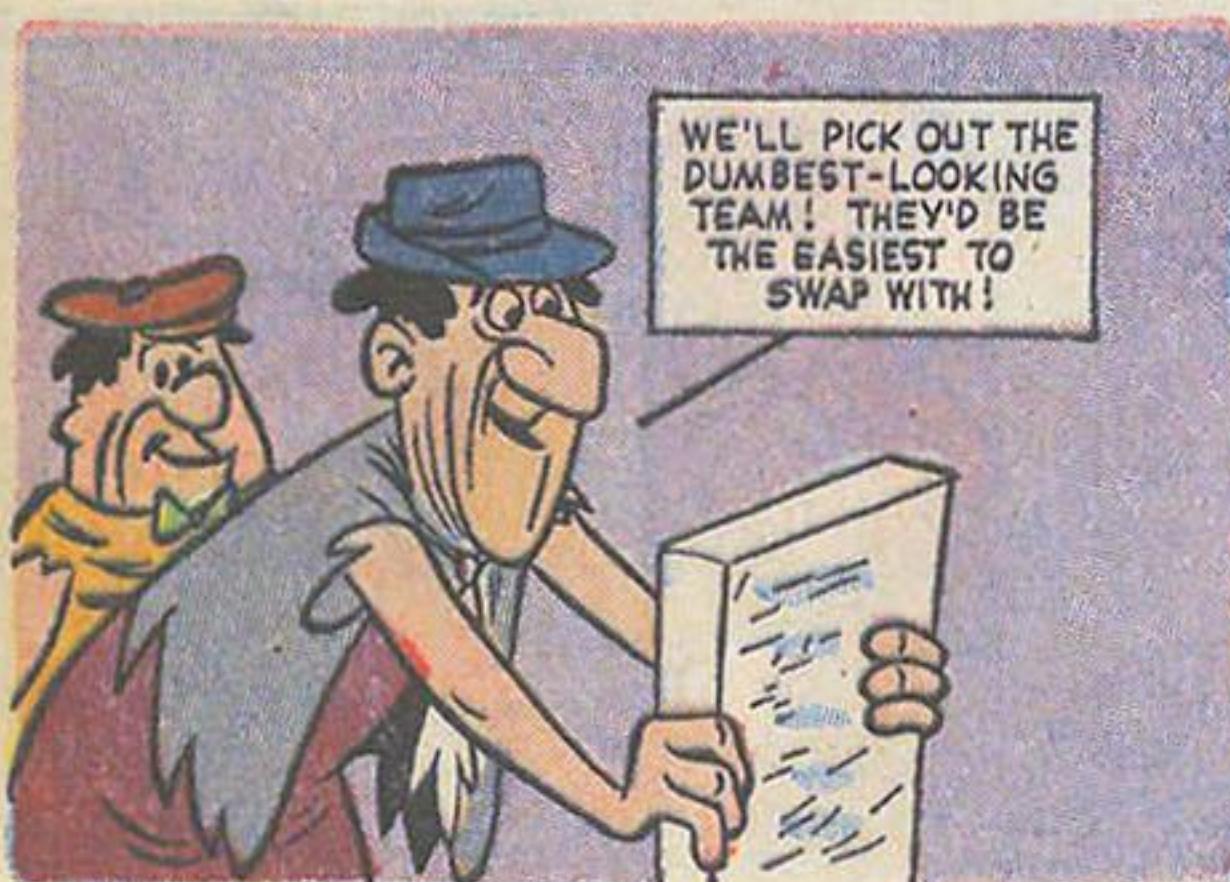
GREAT! THE CUSTOMS MEN WOULDN'T THINK OF SEARCHING ONE OF THEM!



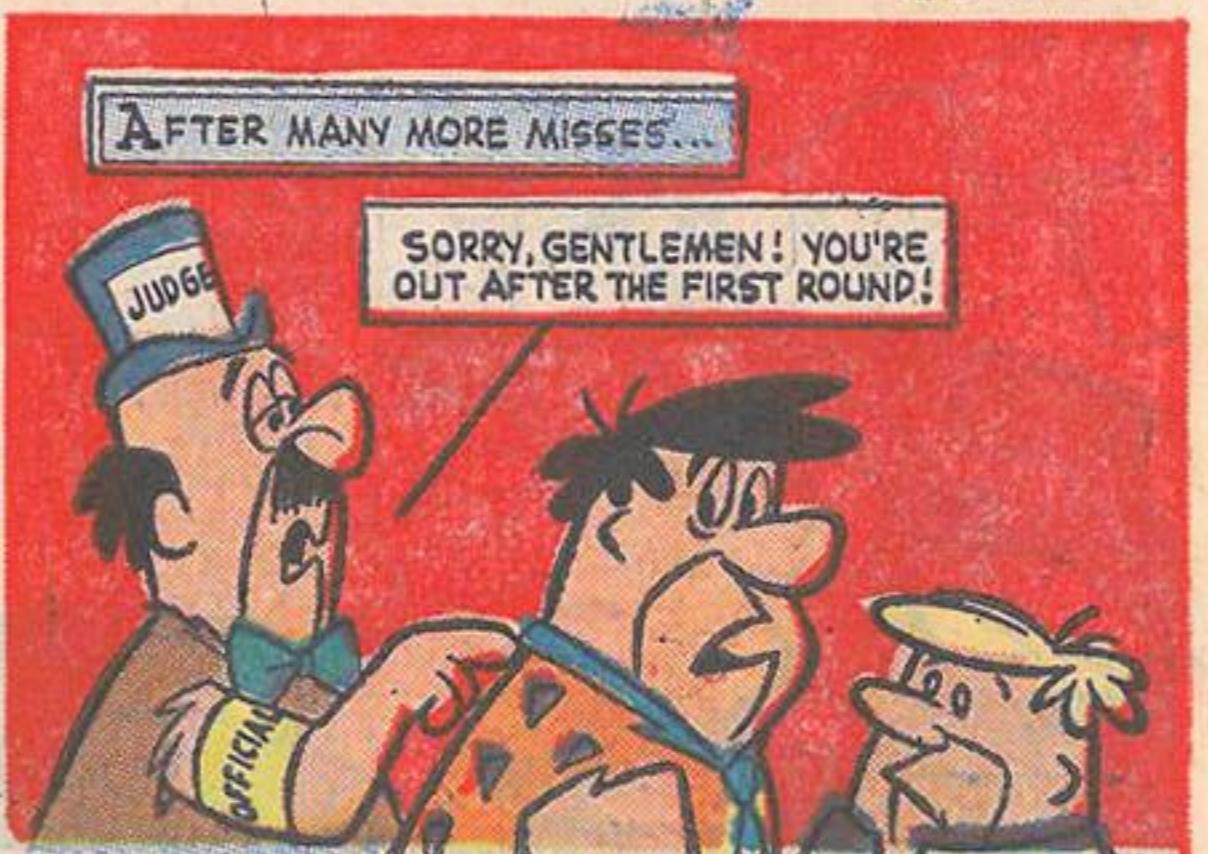
WE'LL PICK OUT THE DUMBEST-LOOKING TEAM! THEY'D BE THE EASIEST TO SWAP WITH!

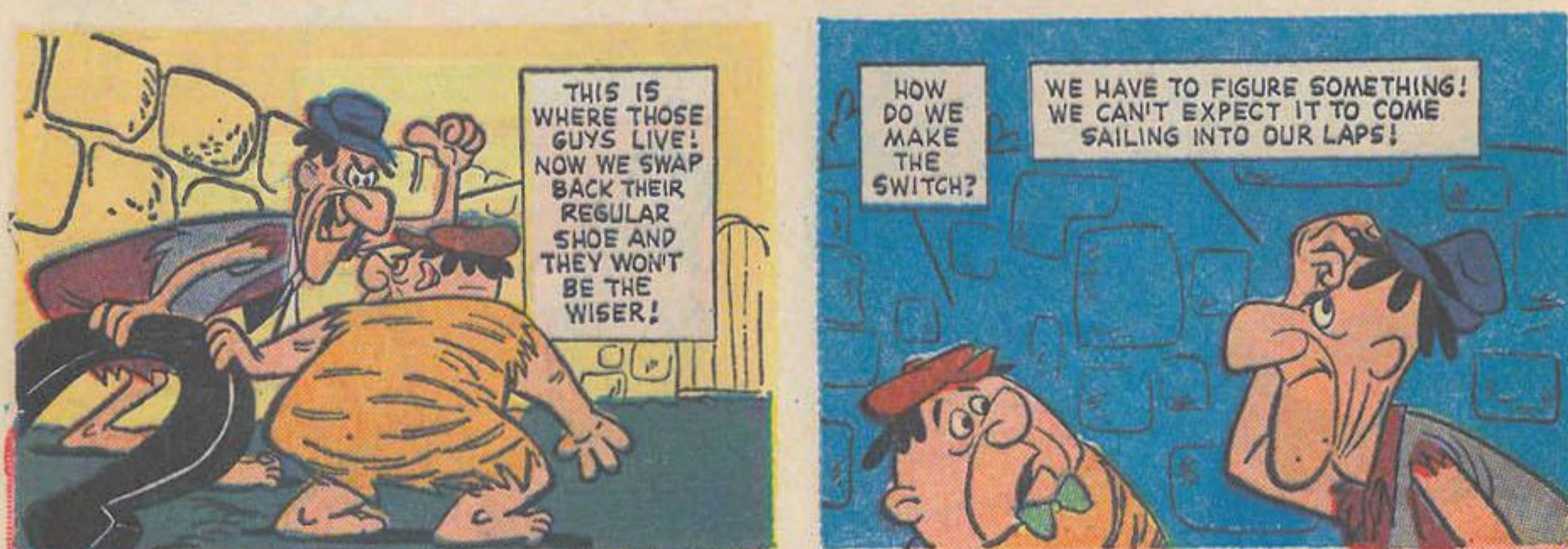
THAT LOOKS LIKE THEM!

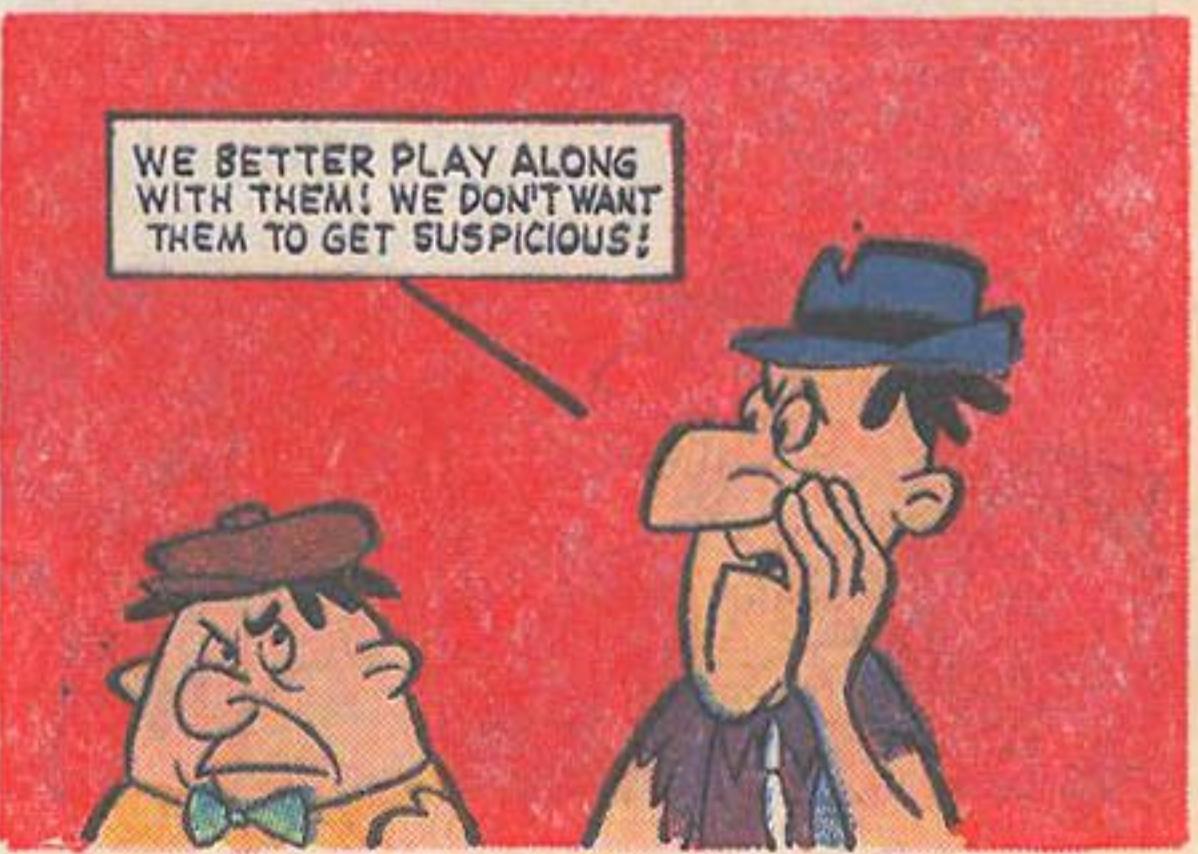
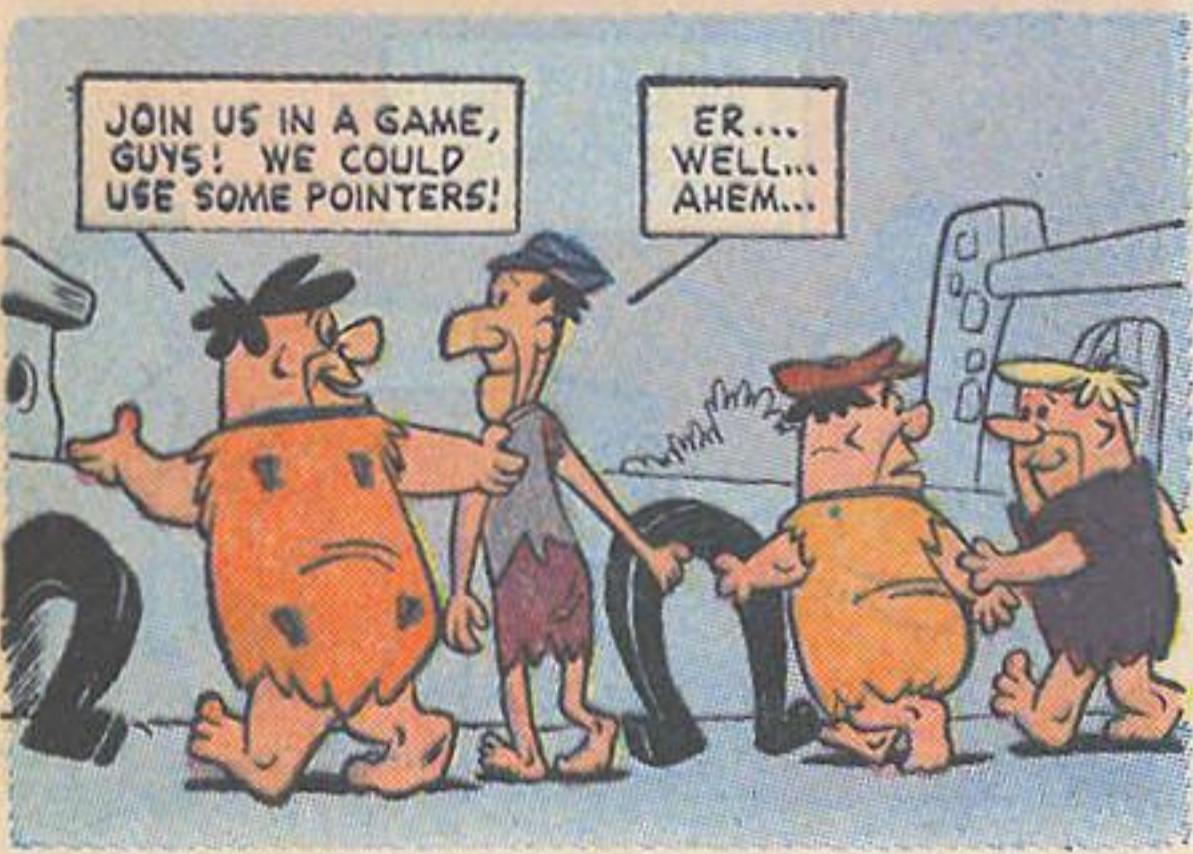
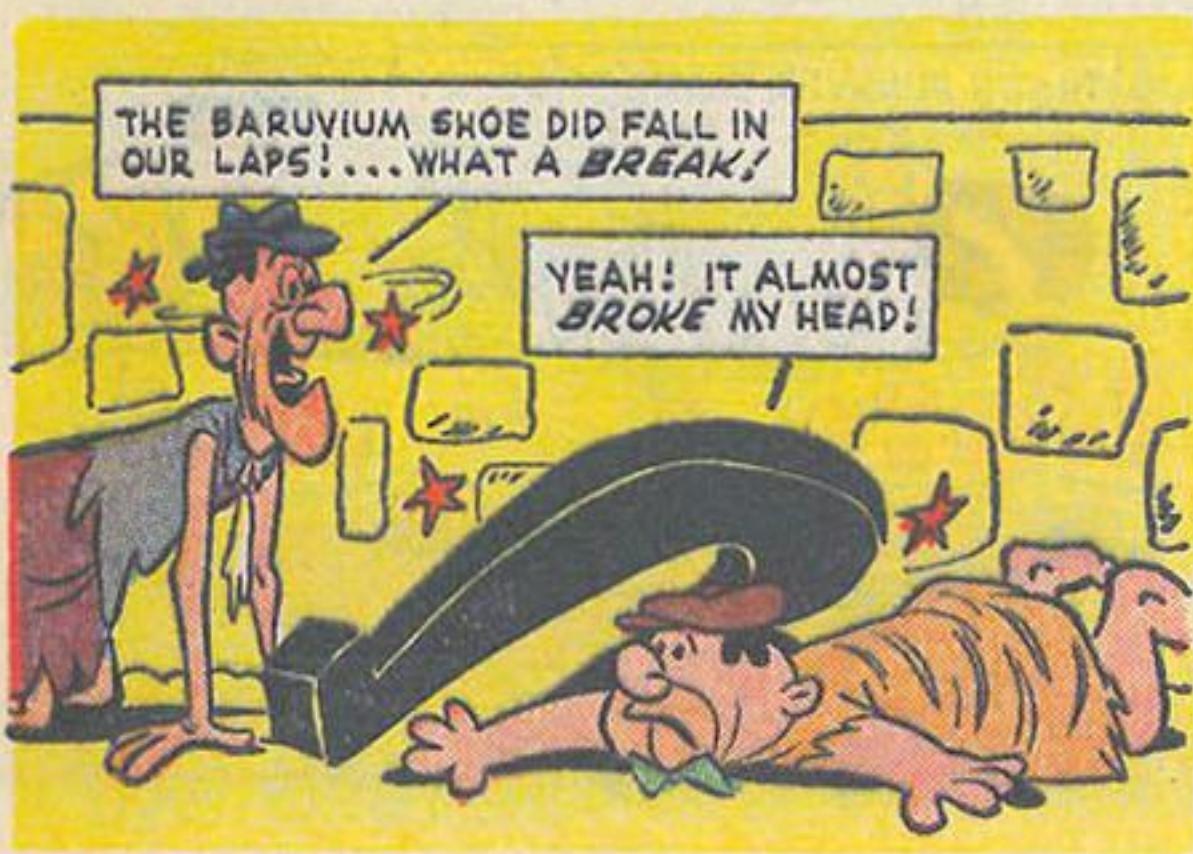
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!

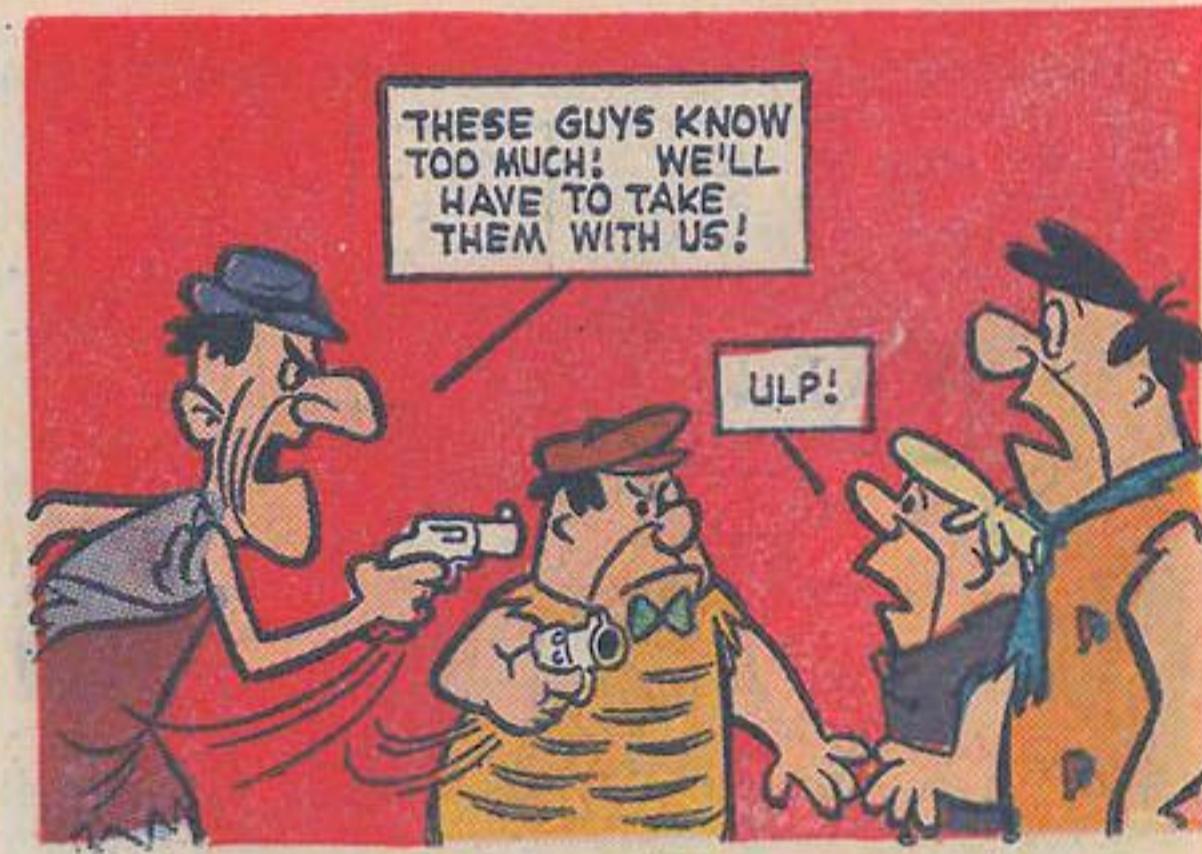
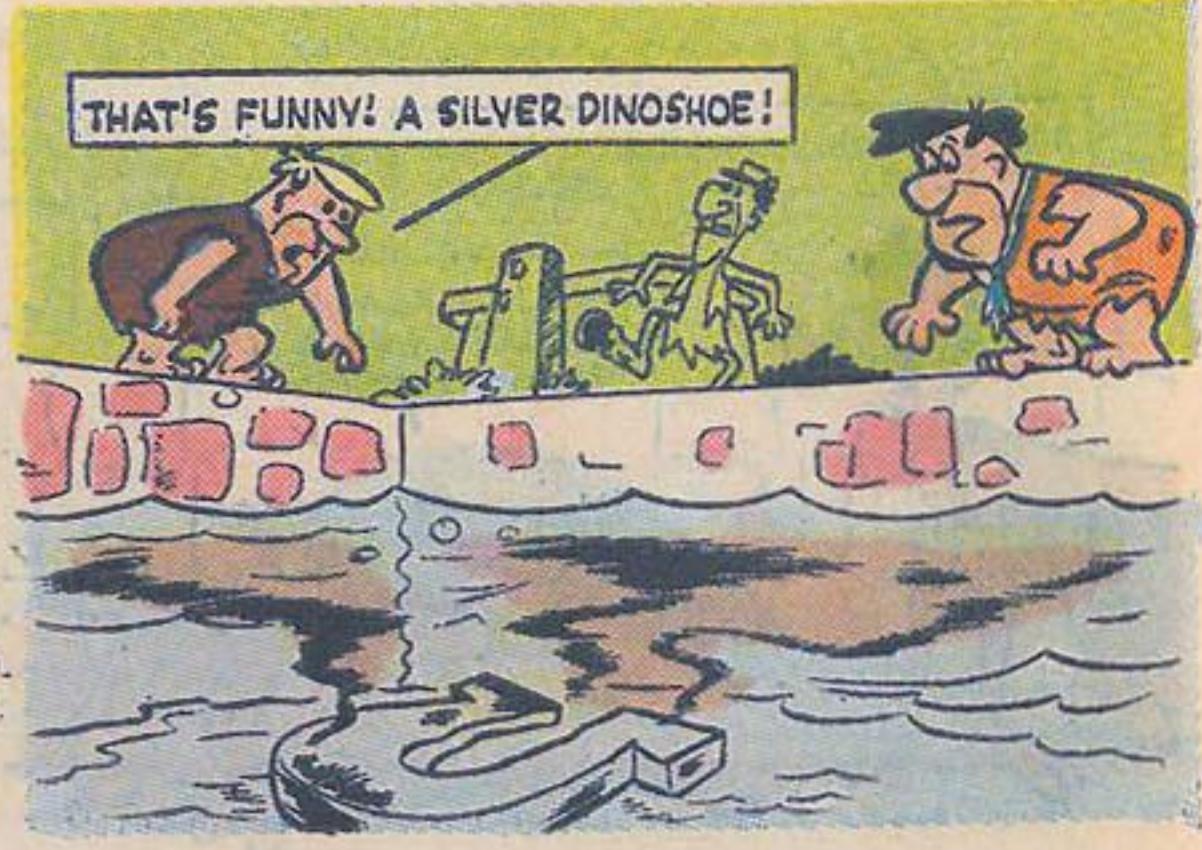
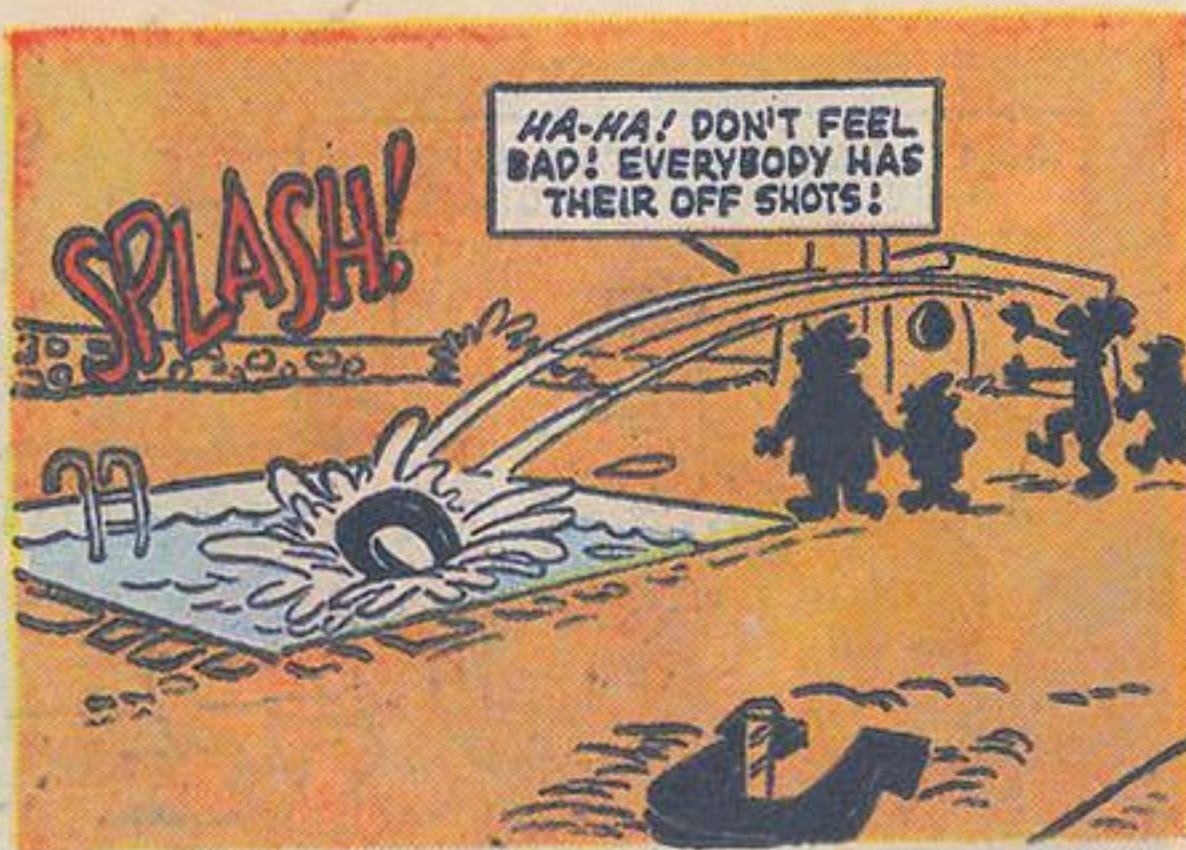




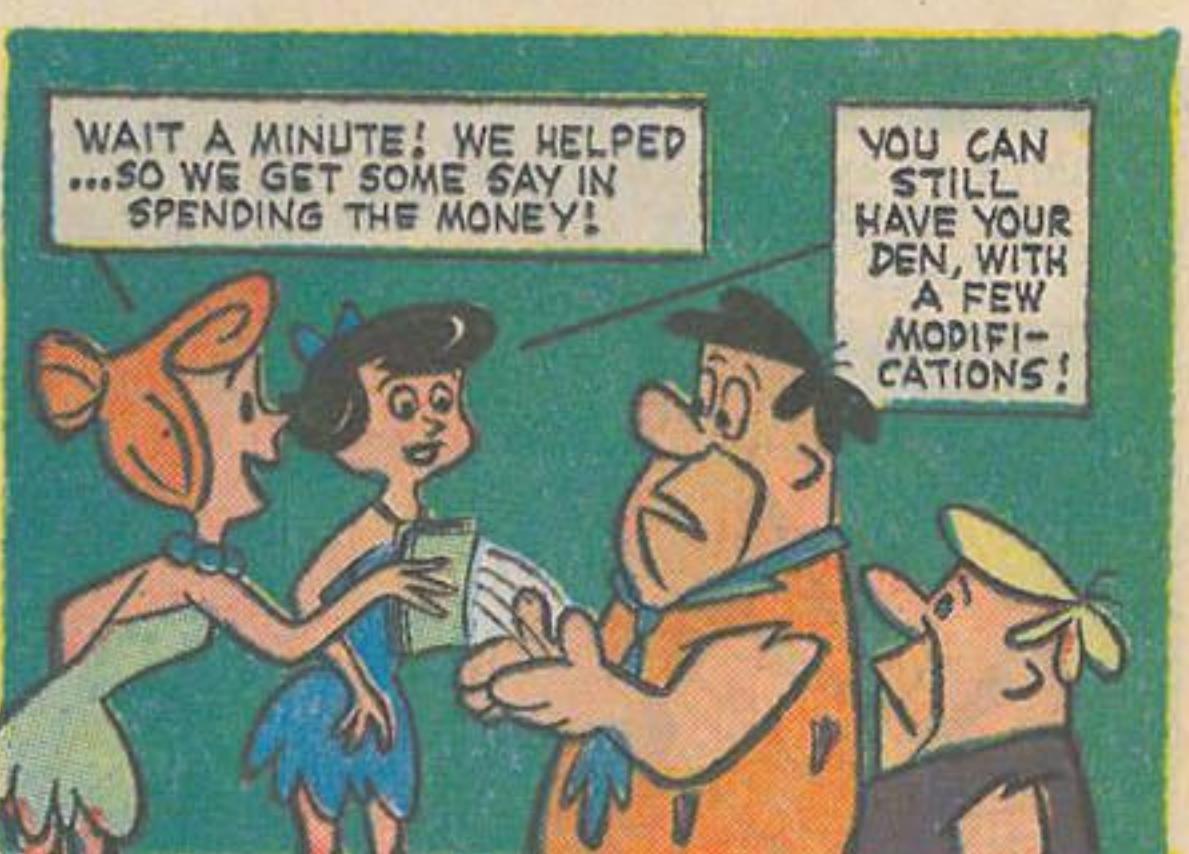
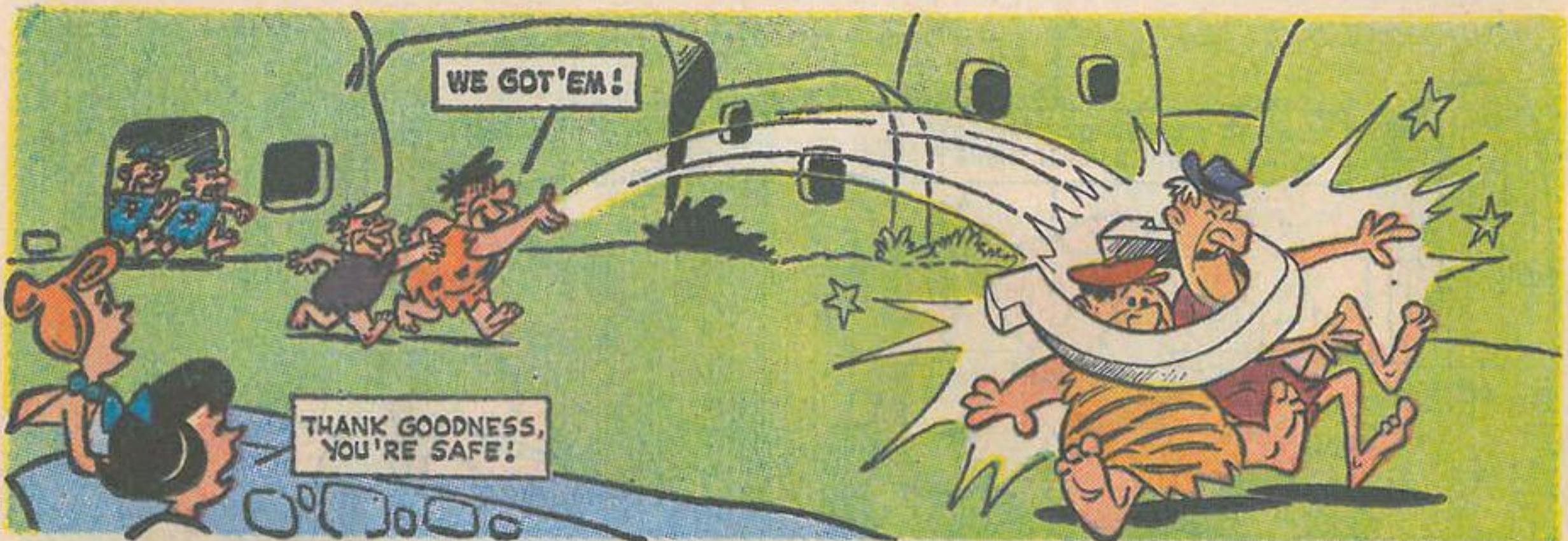
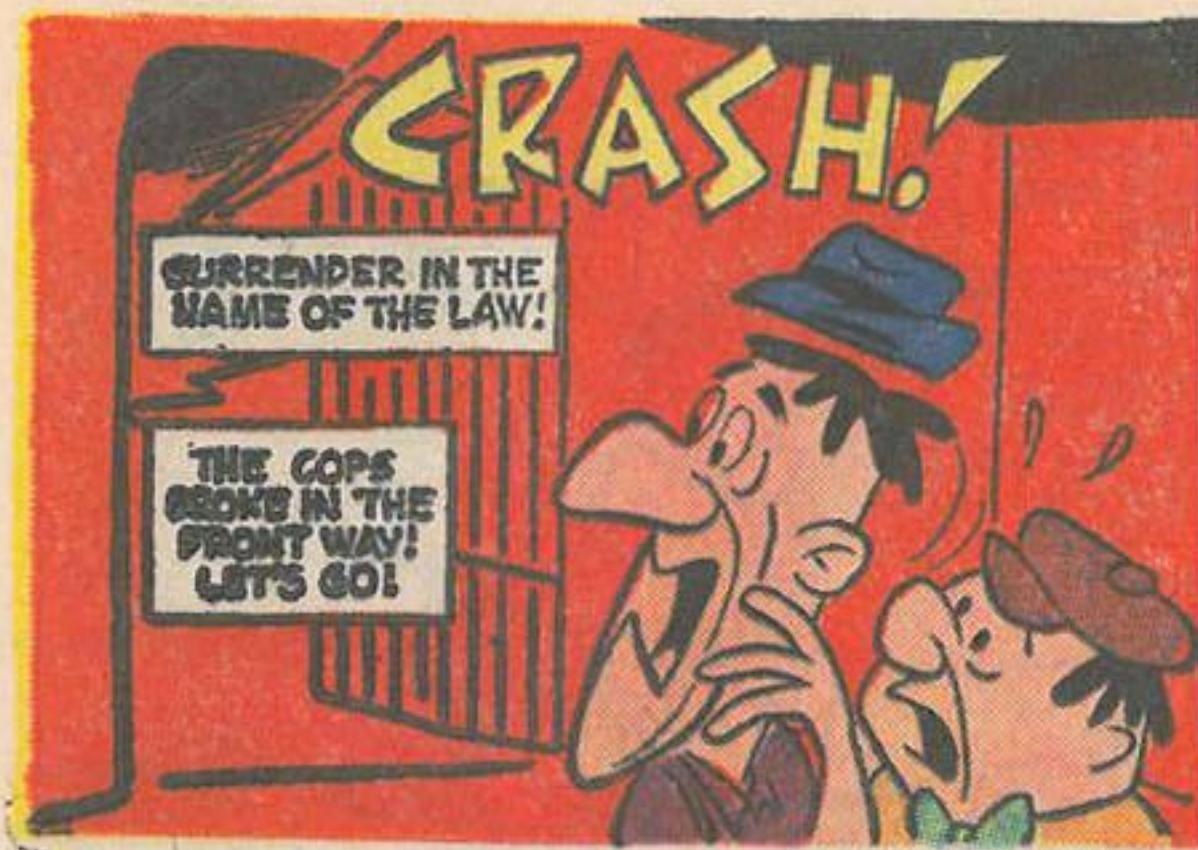












Hanna-Barbera
the FLINTSTONES

THE CRYSTAL BALL GAME

LET'S GO IN, BETTY! WE
DON'T HAVE TO GO HOME
AND FIX DINNER!...THE
BOYS ARE GOING BOWLING
AFTER WORK!

IF BARNEY FOUND
OUT I HAD MY
FORTUNE TOLD, I'D
BE A LAUGHING-
STOCK!



SAME WITH FRED!

I WONDER WHERE
THE SWAMI IS?



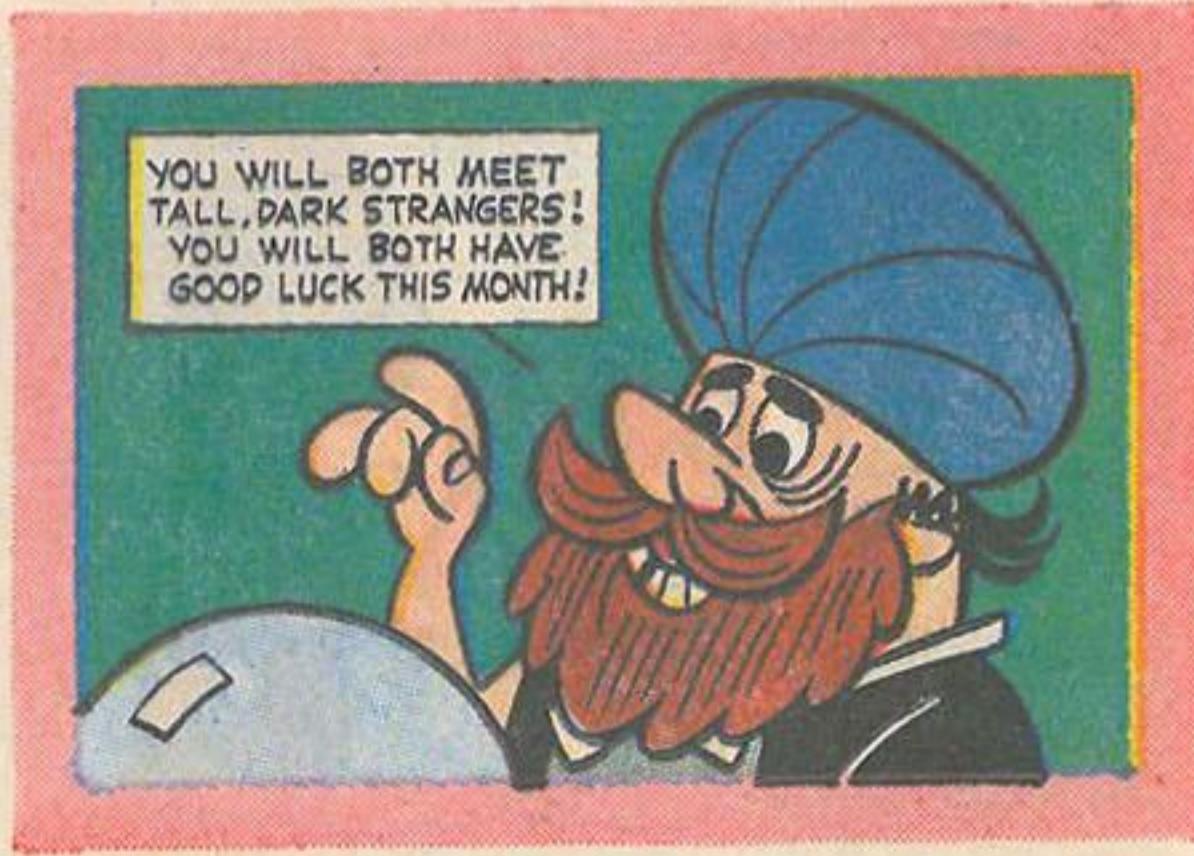
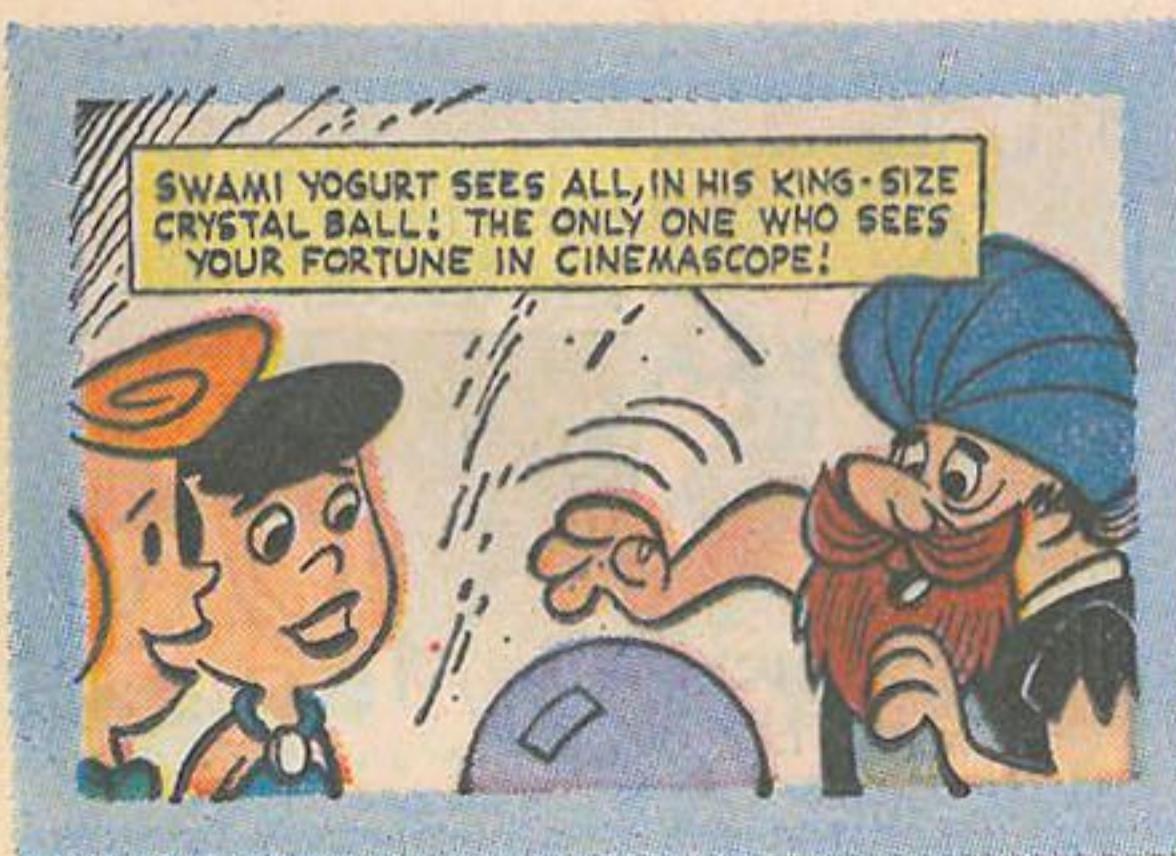
GREETINGS! YOU LADIES CAME
TO HAVE YOUR FORTUNES TOLD!

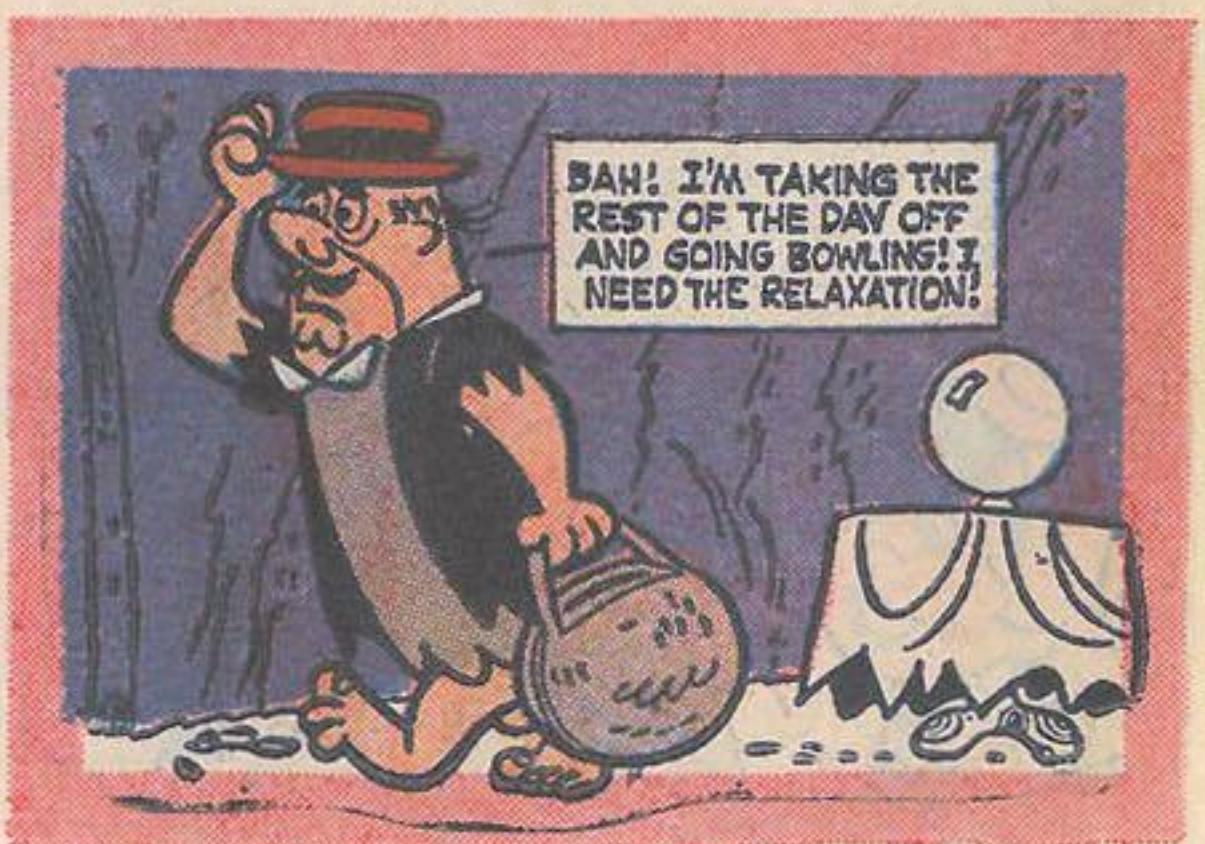
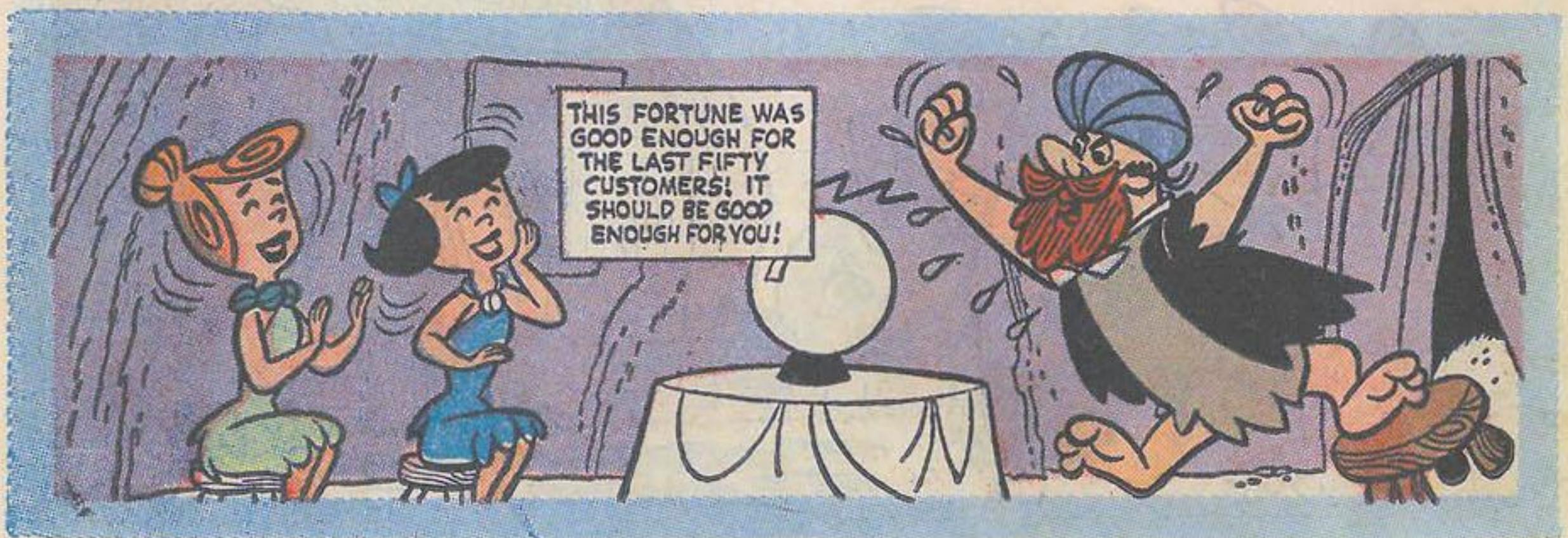
GEE, HE
READ OUR
MINDS
ALREADY!

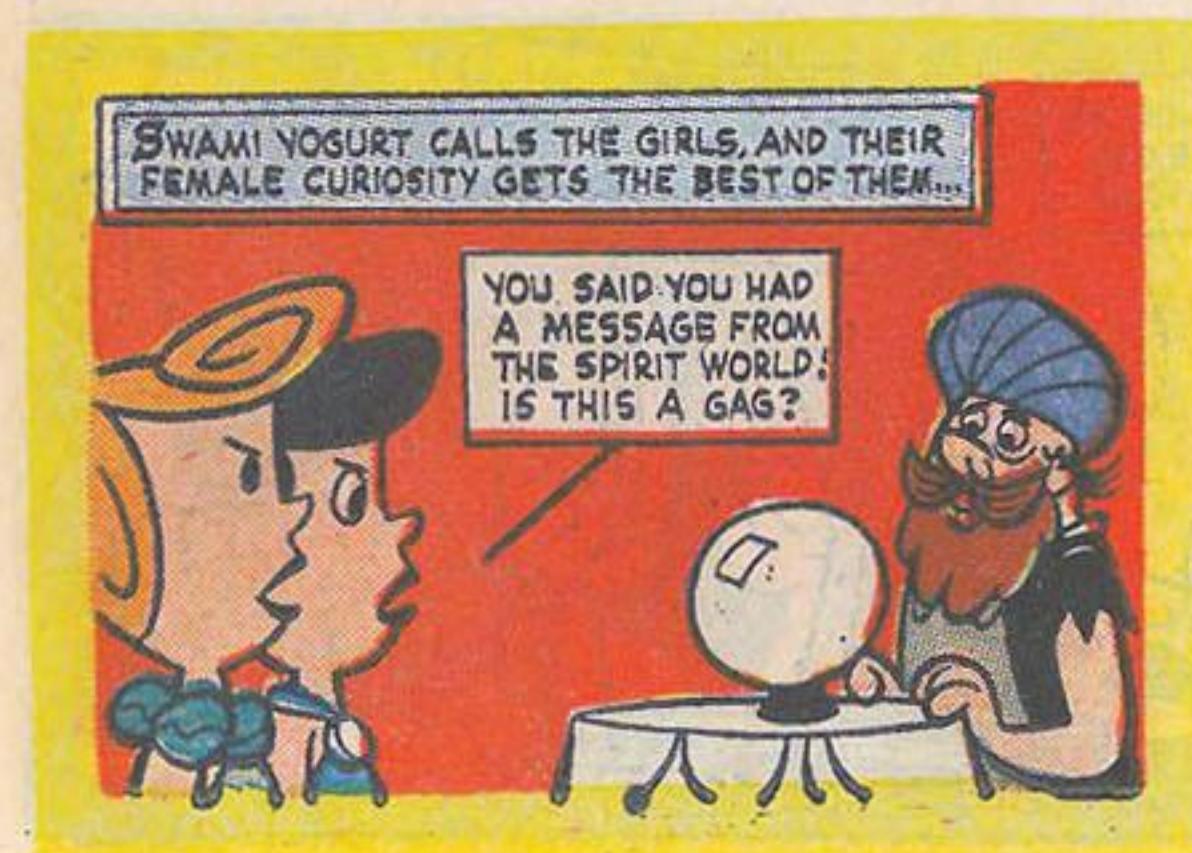
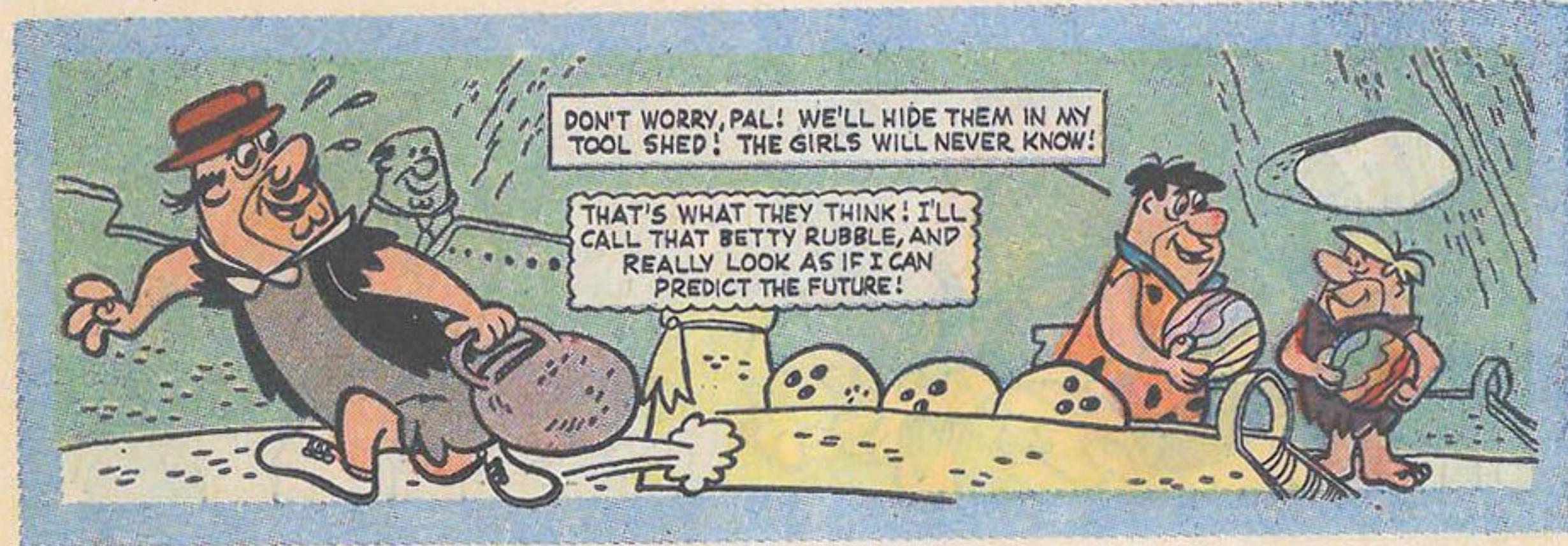


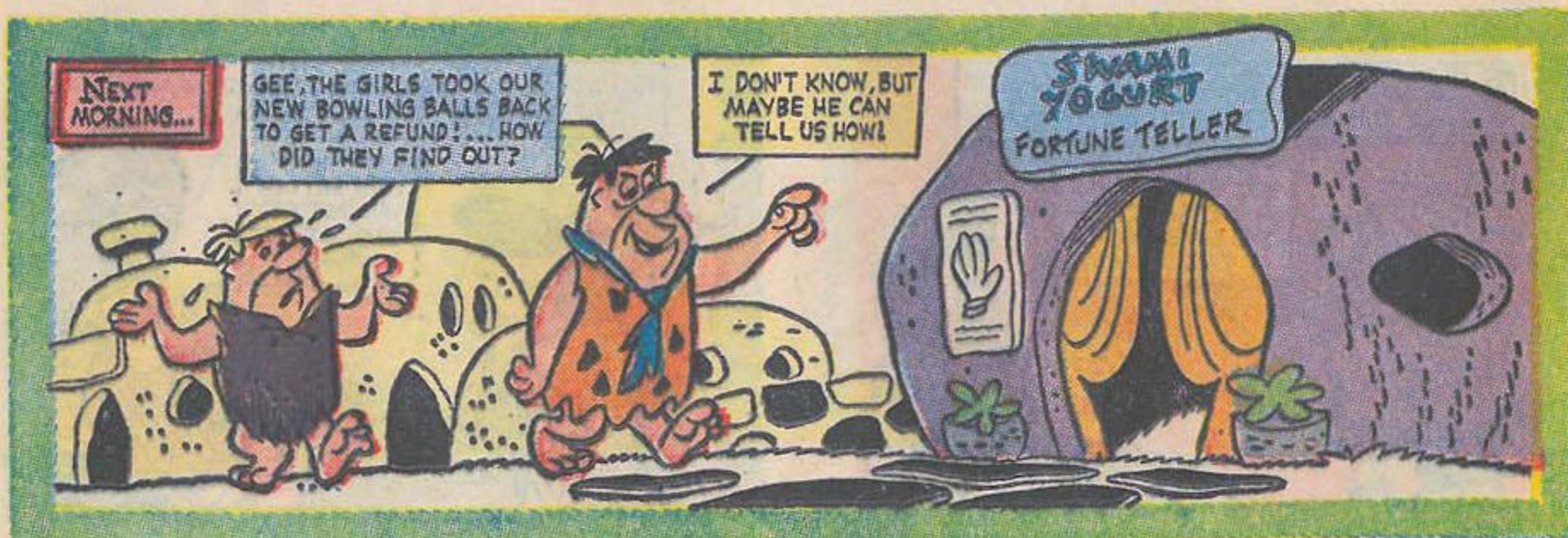
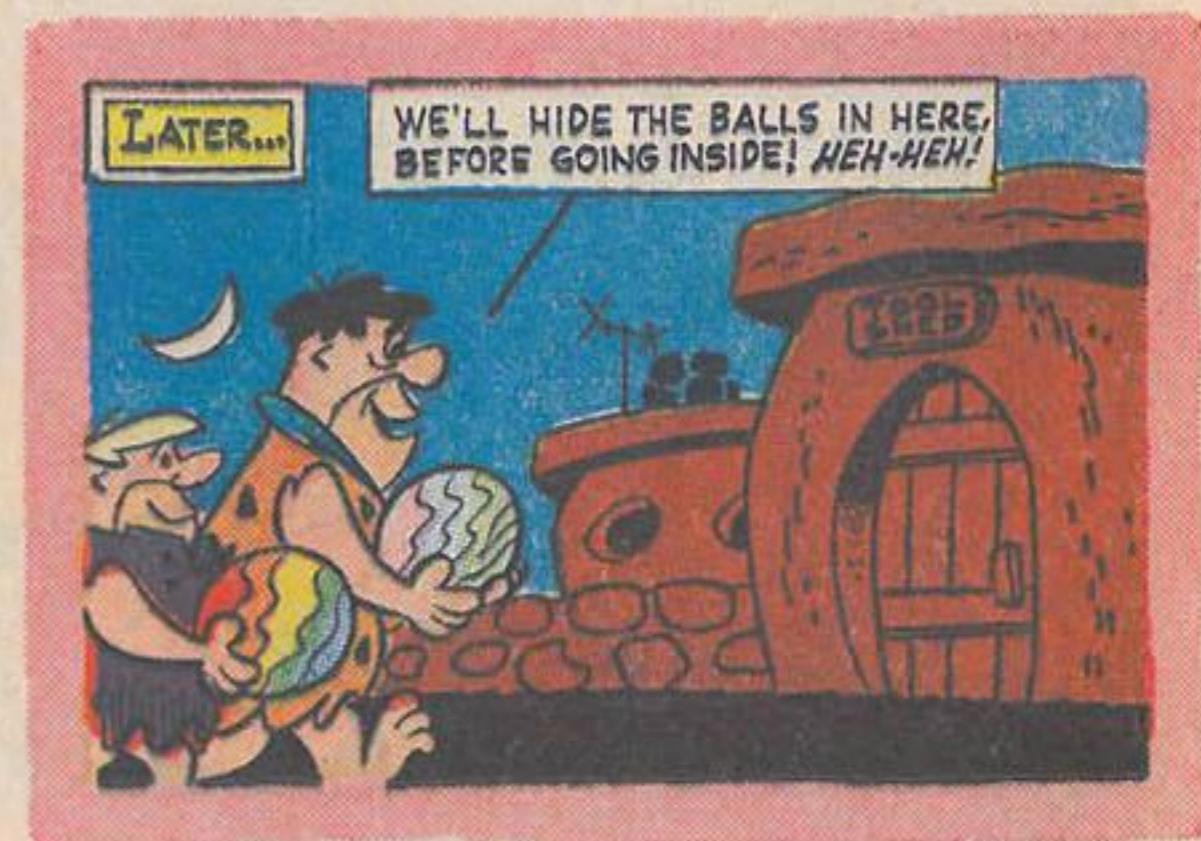
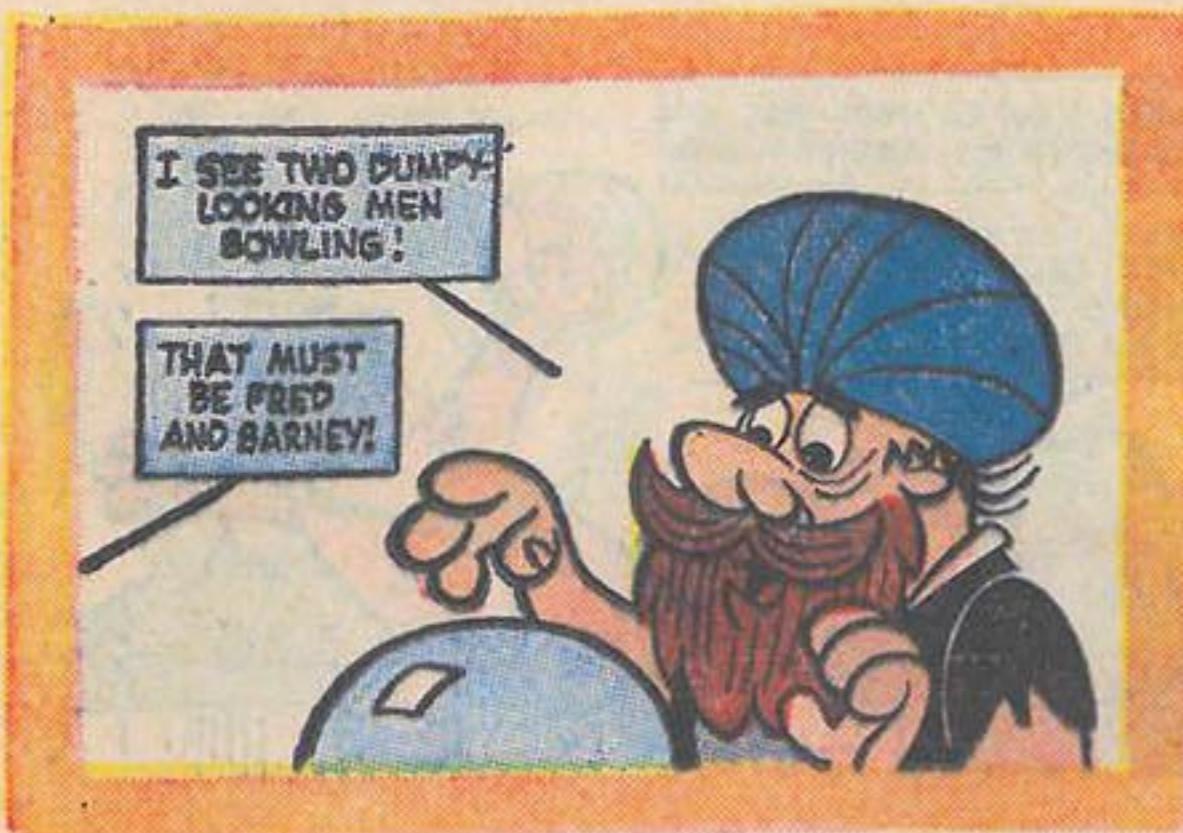
SWAMI YOGURT SEES ALL, IN HIS KING-SIZE
CRYSTAL BALL! THE ONLY ONE WHO SEES
YOUR FORTUNE IN CINEMASCOPE!

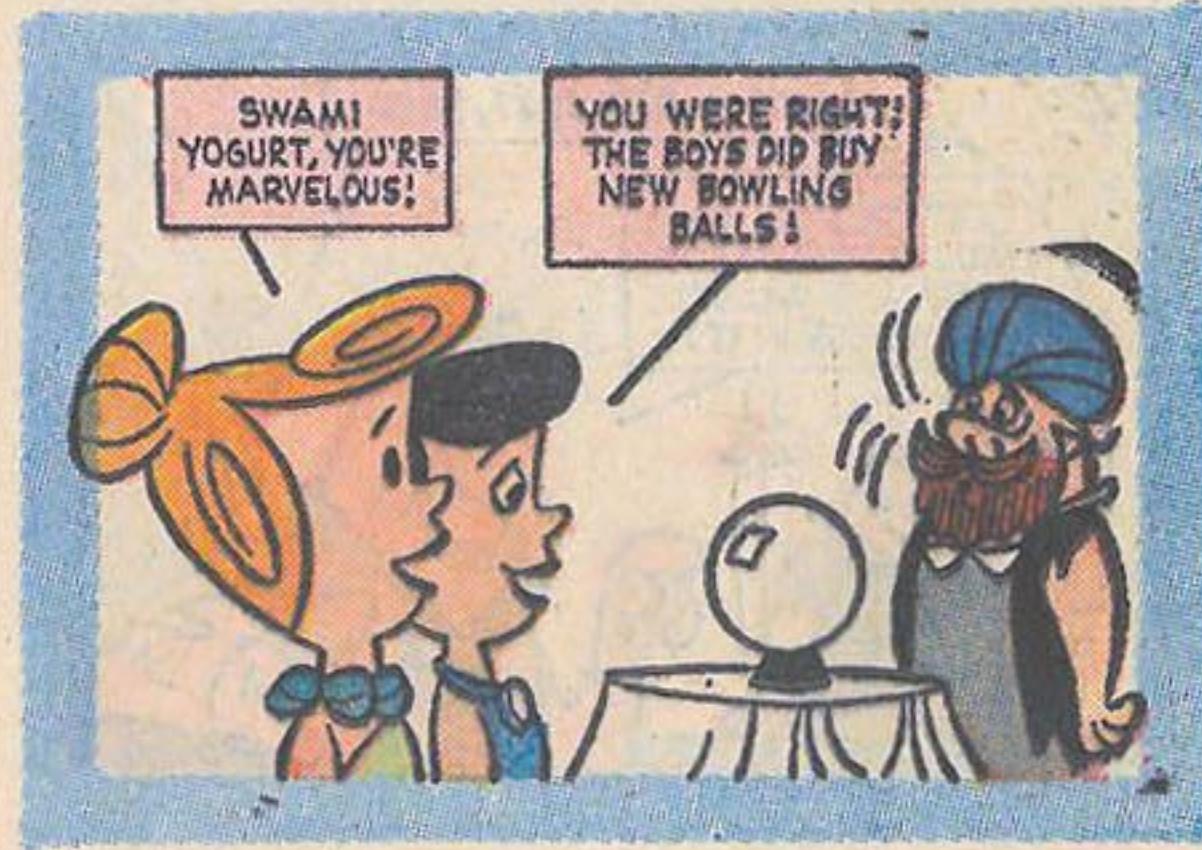
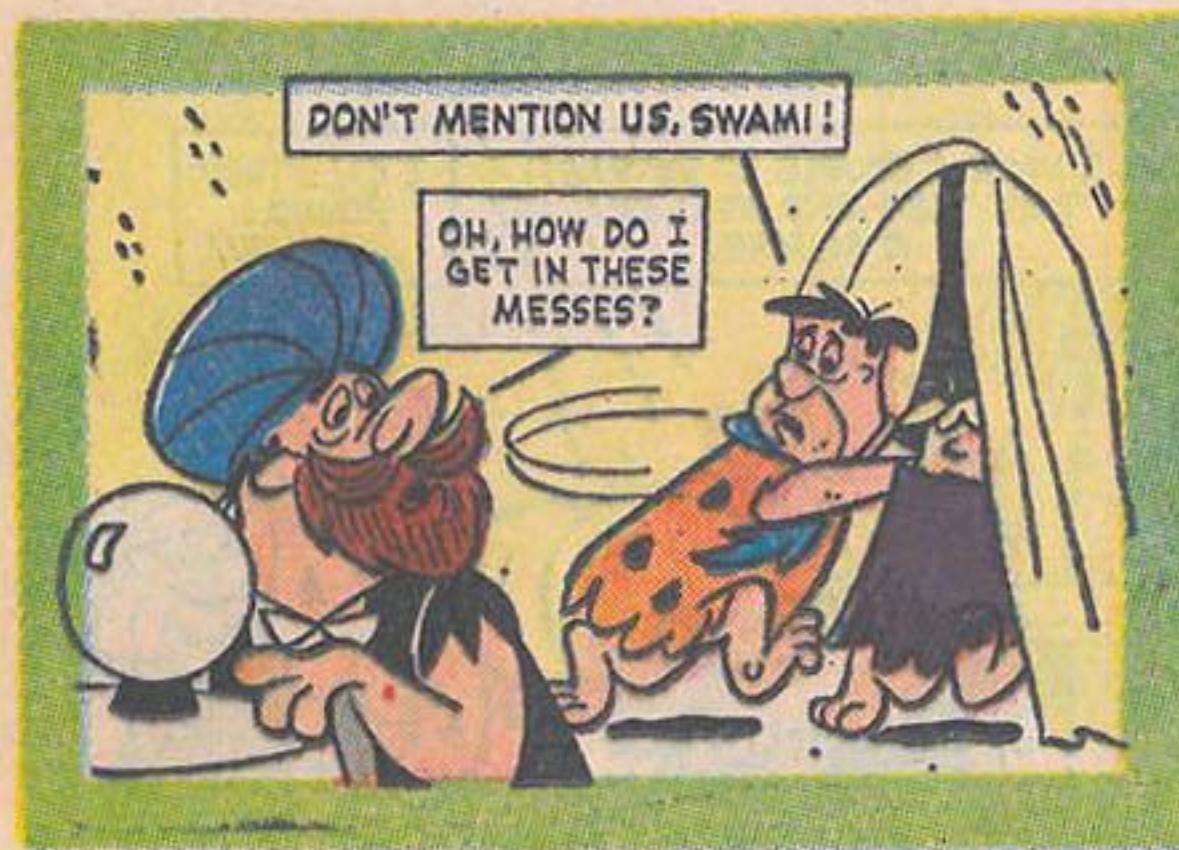
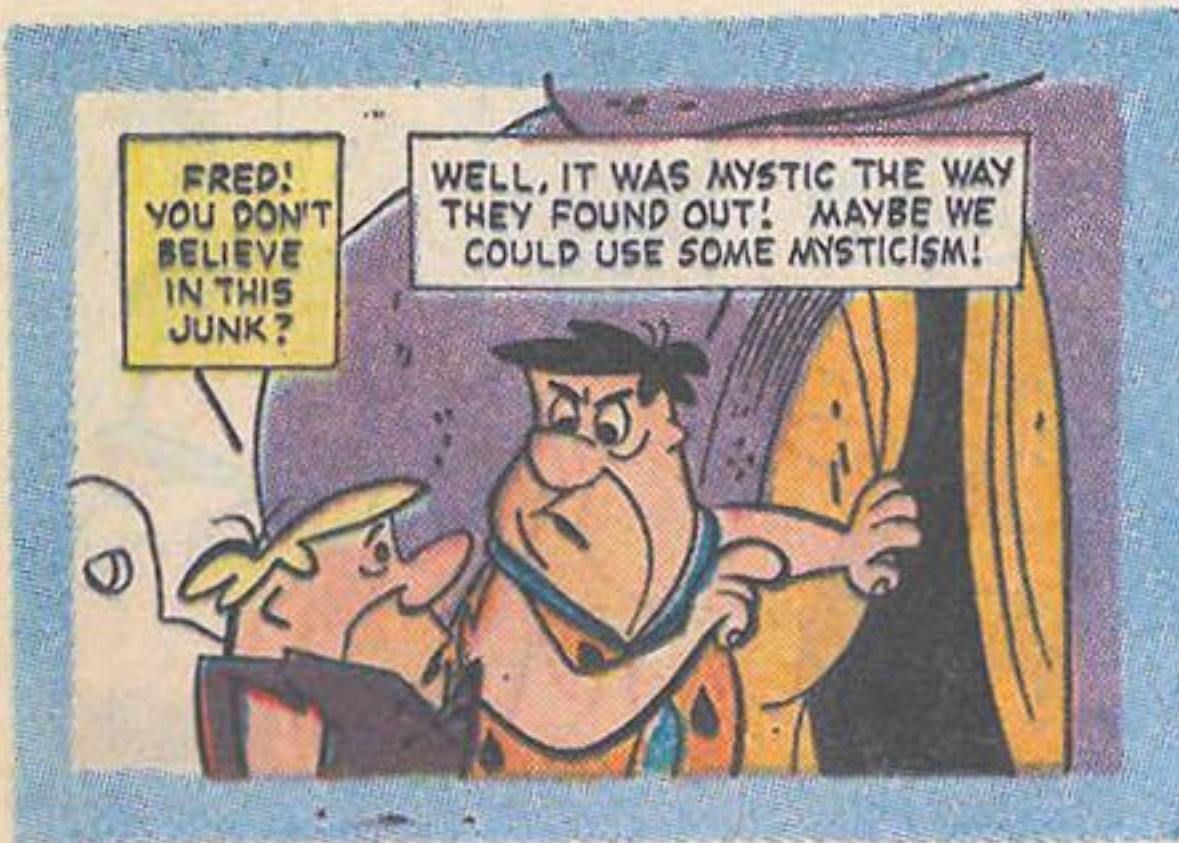
YOU WILL BOTH MEET
TALL, DARK STRANGERS!
YOU WILL BOTH HAVE
GOOD LUCK THIS MONTH!

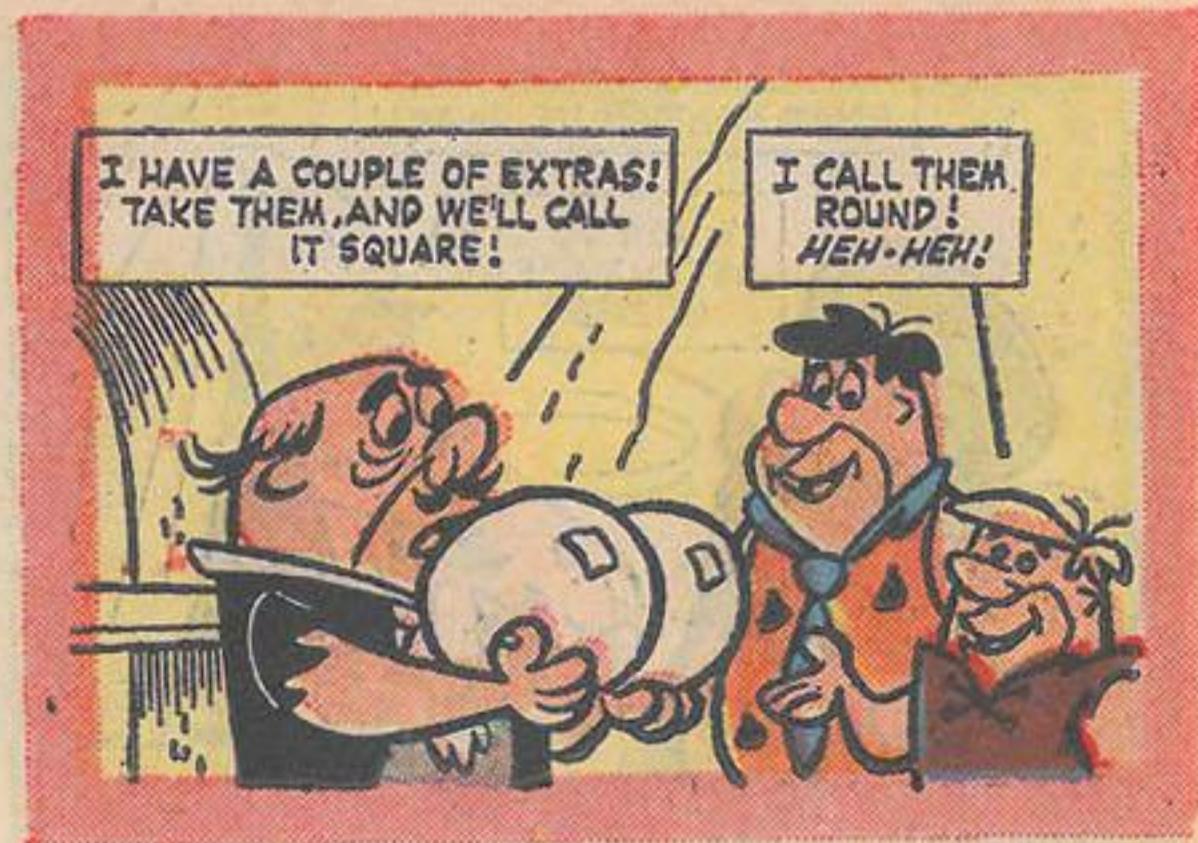
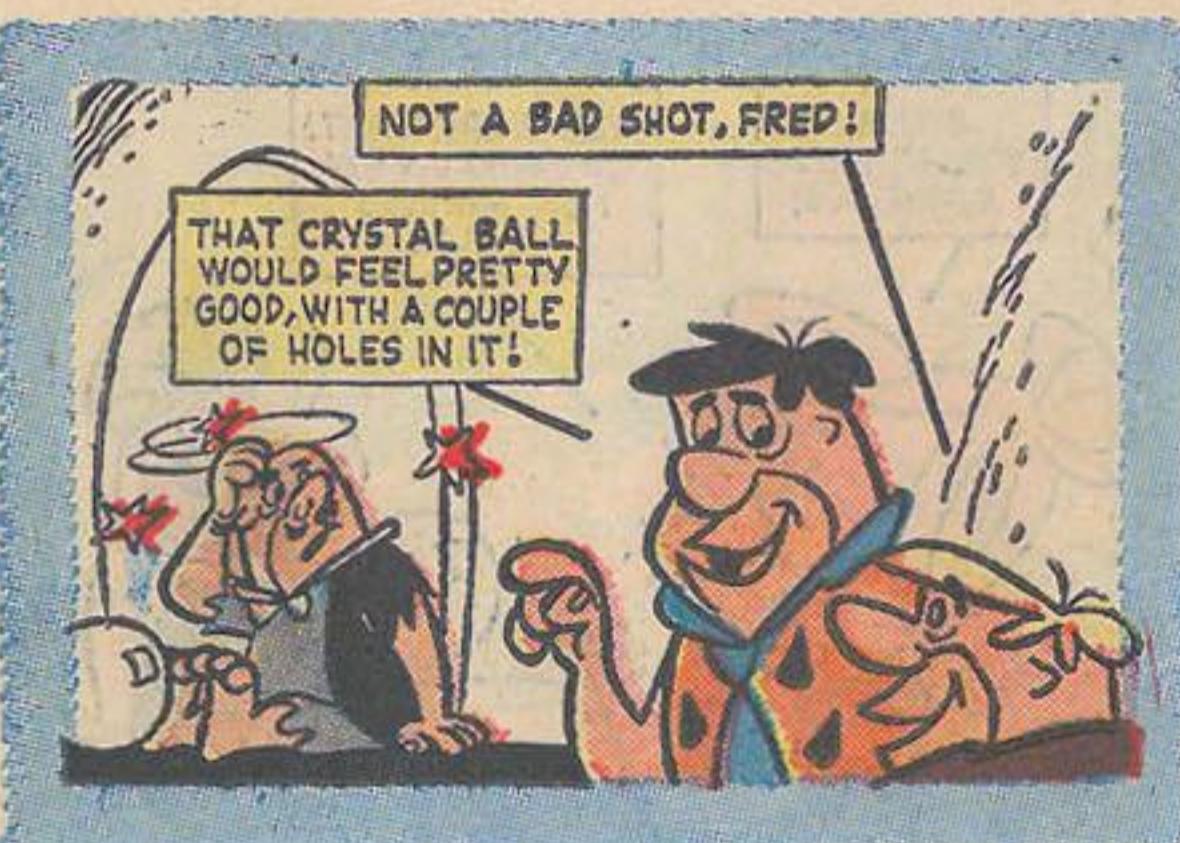






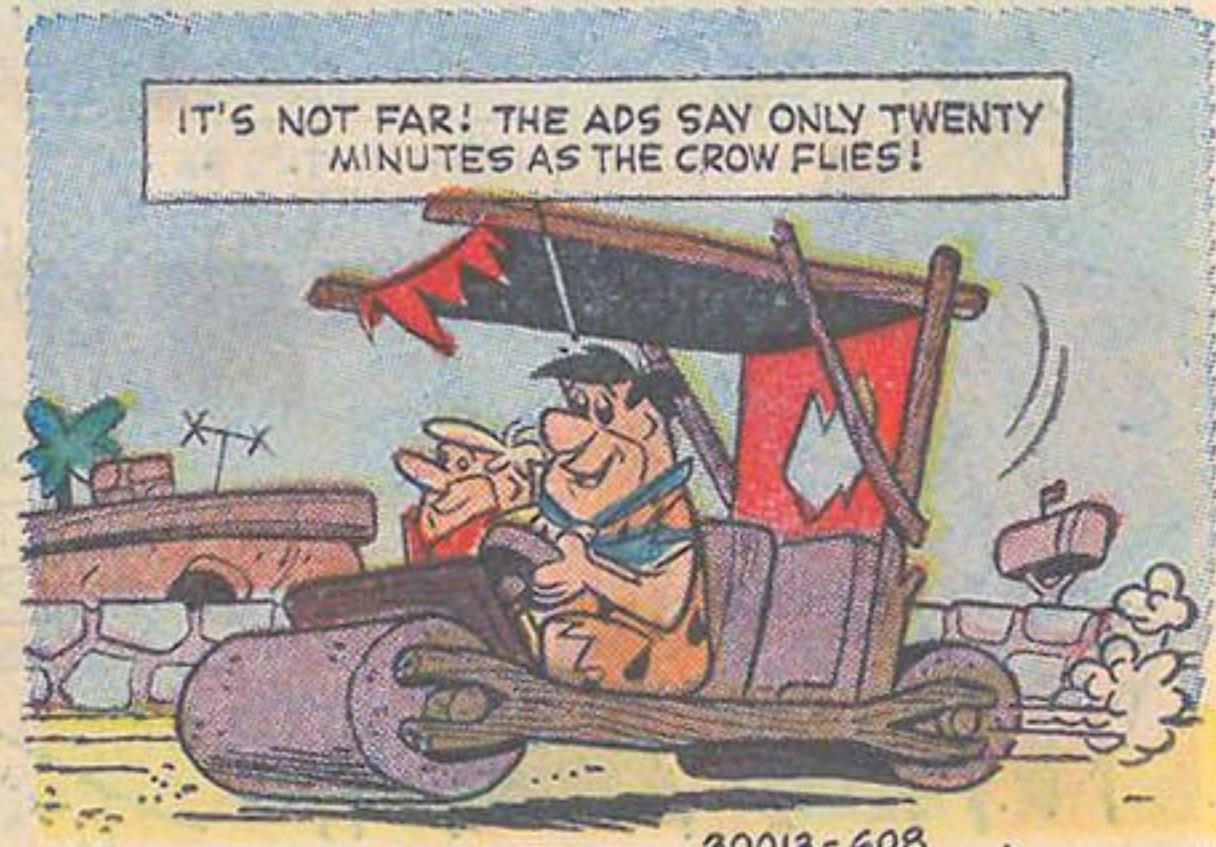
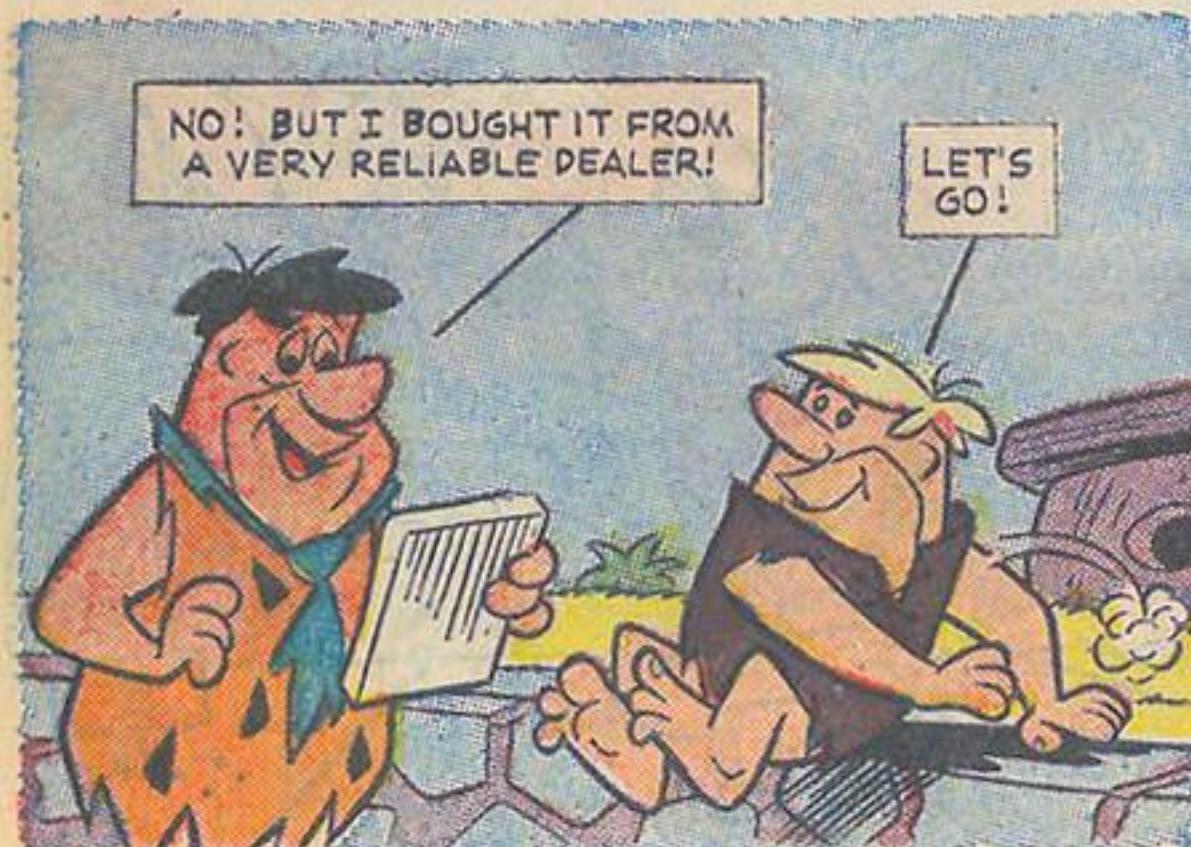
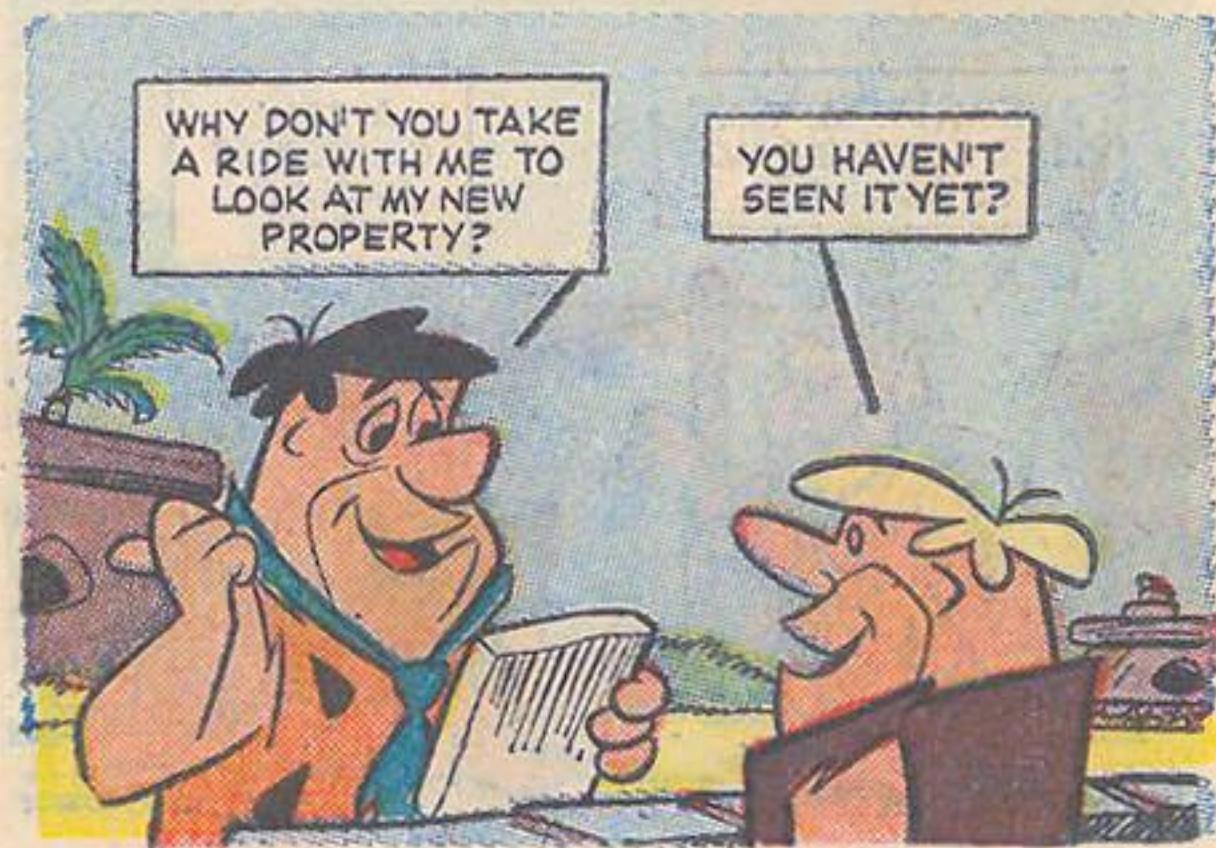
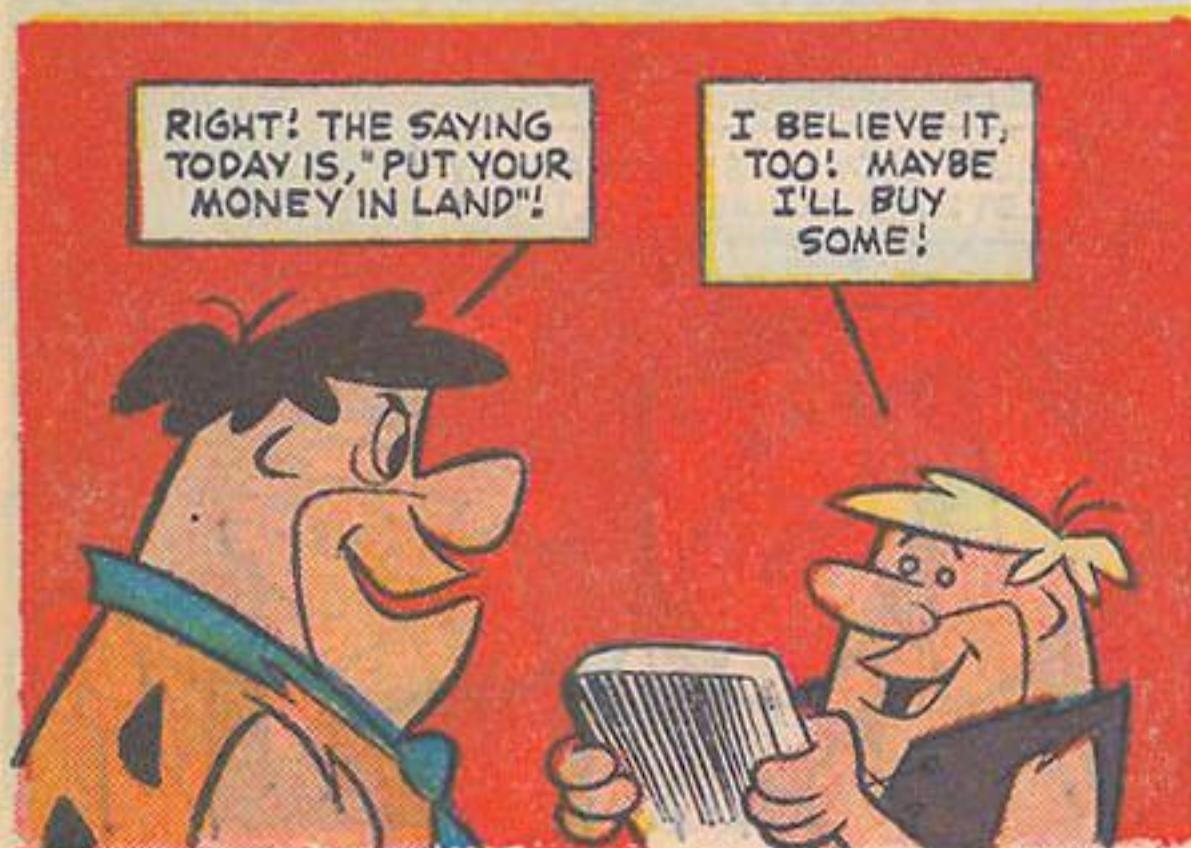


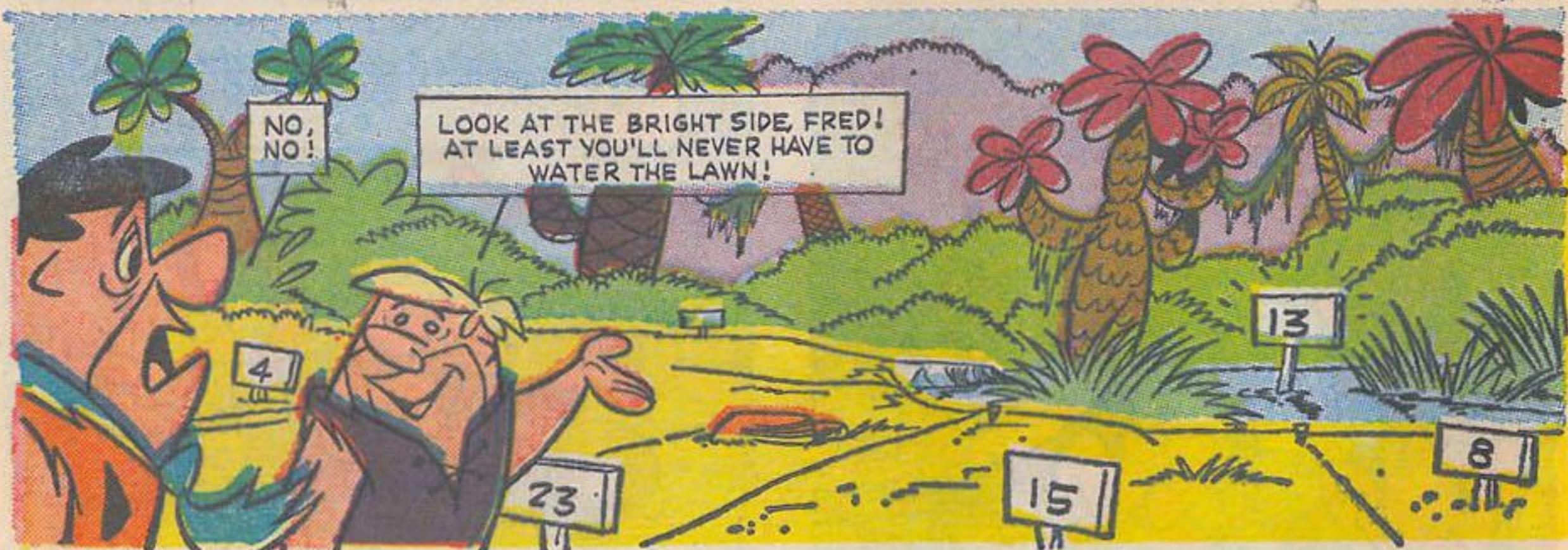
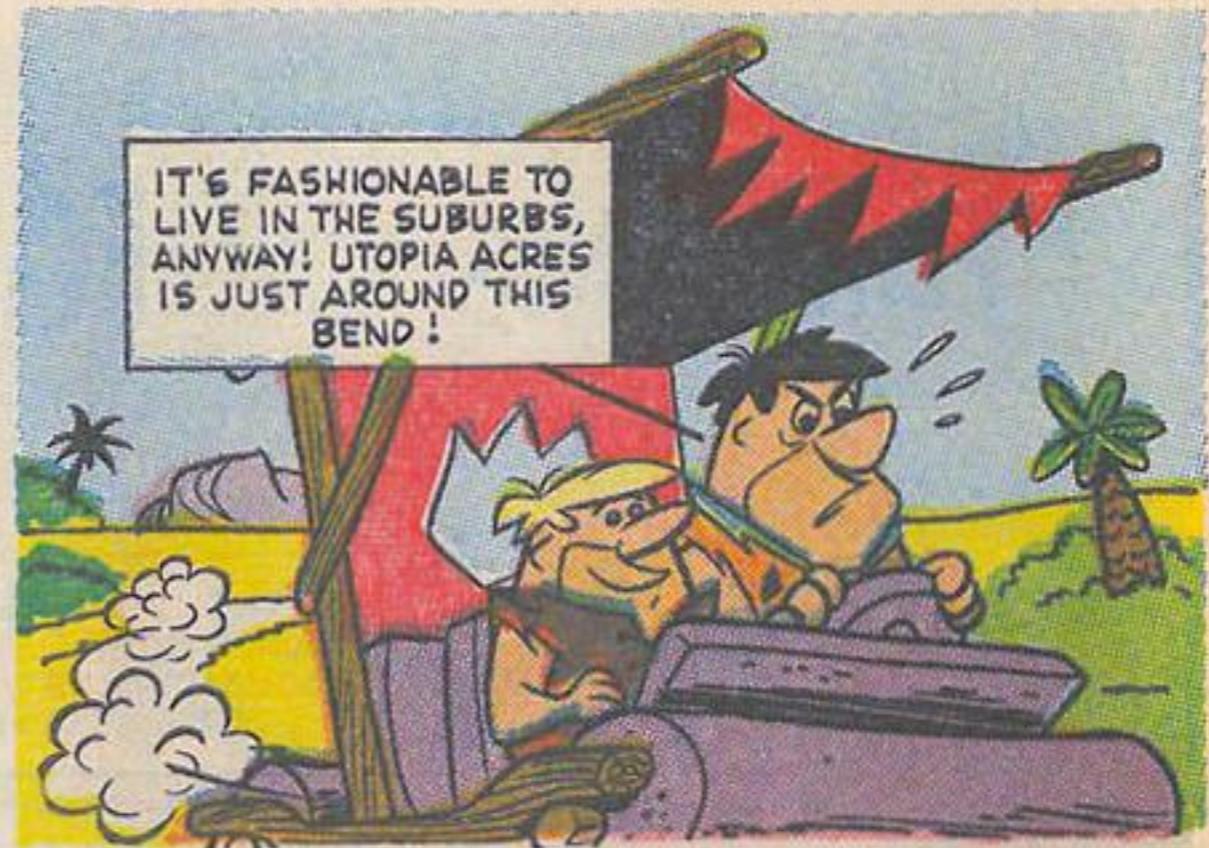


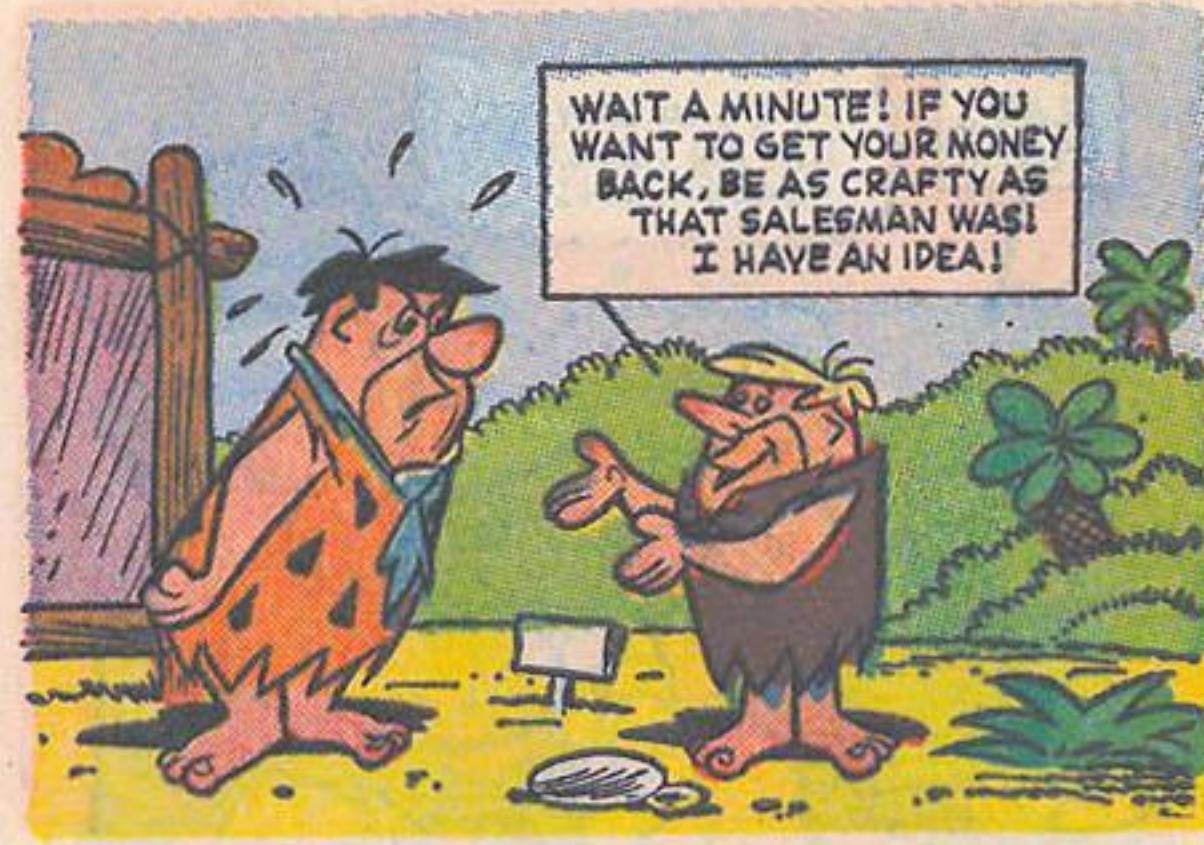


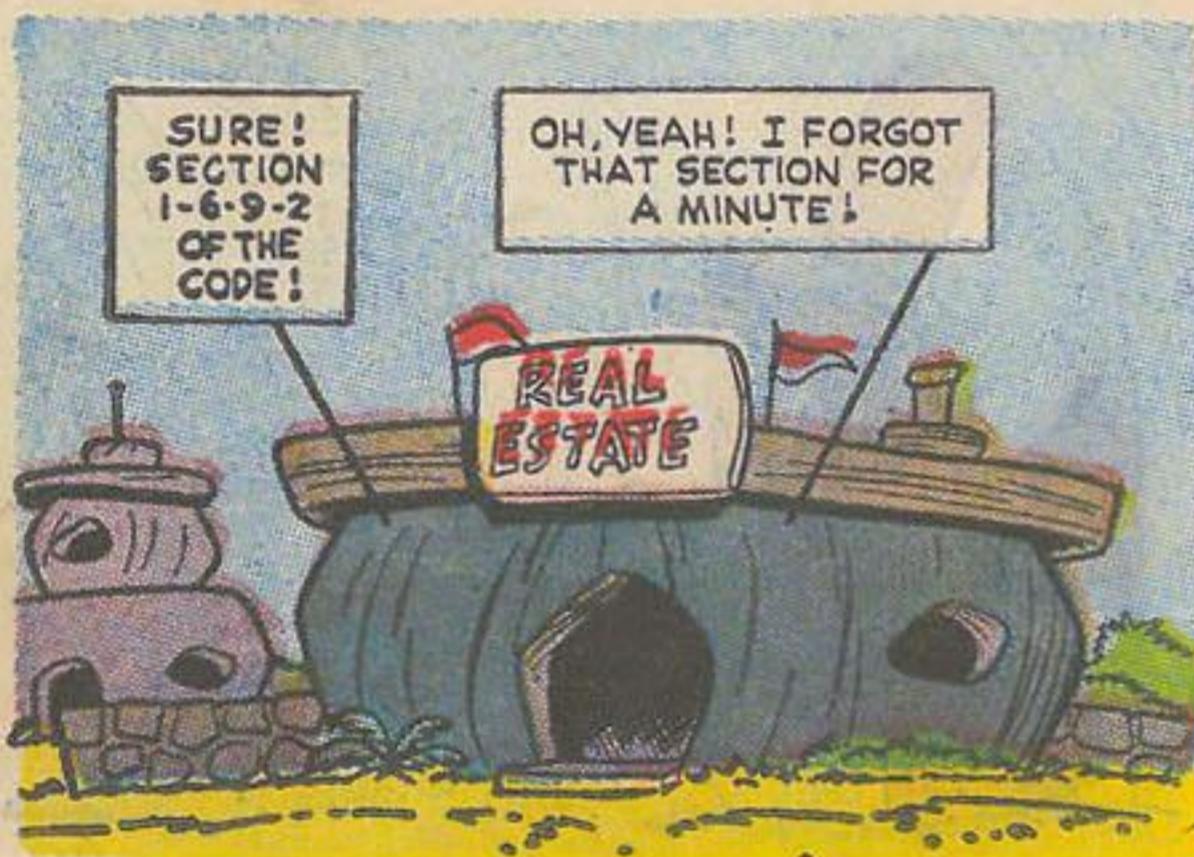
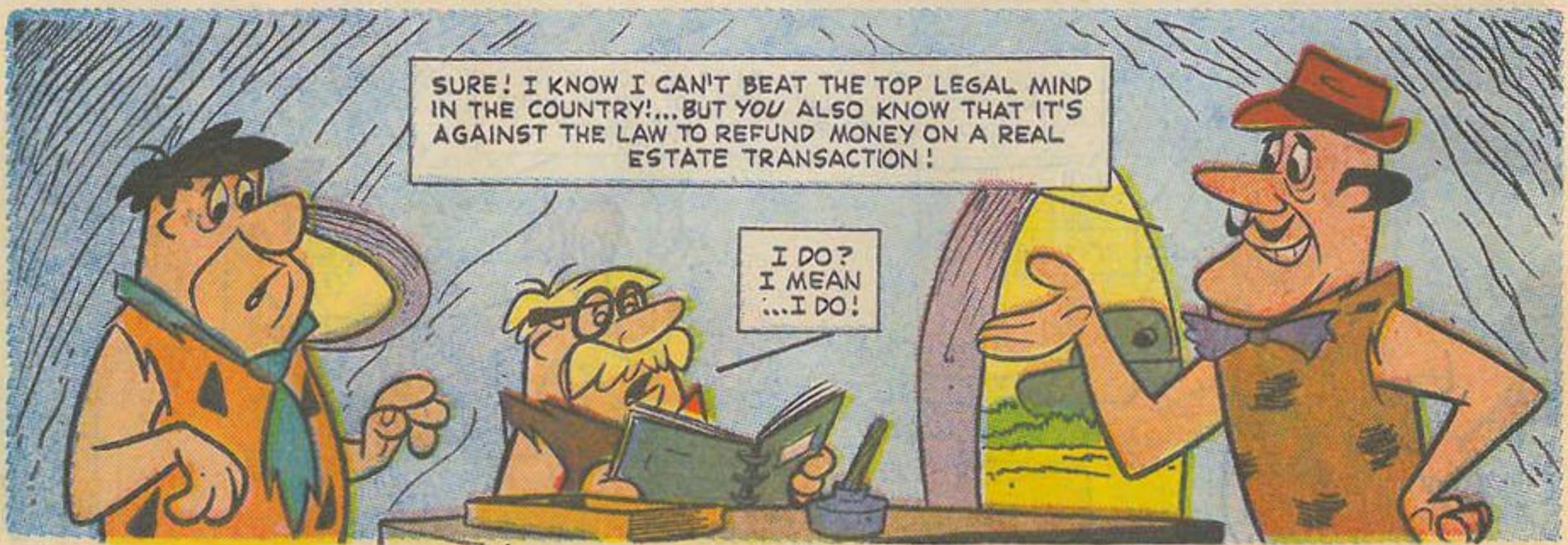
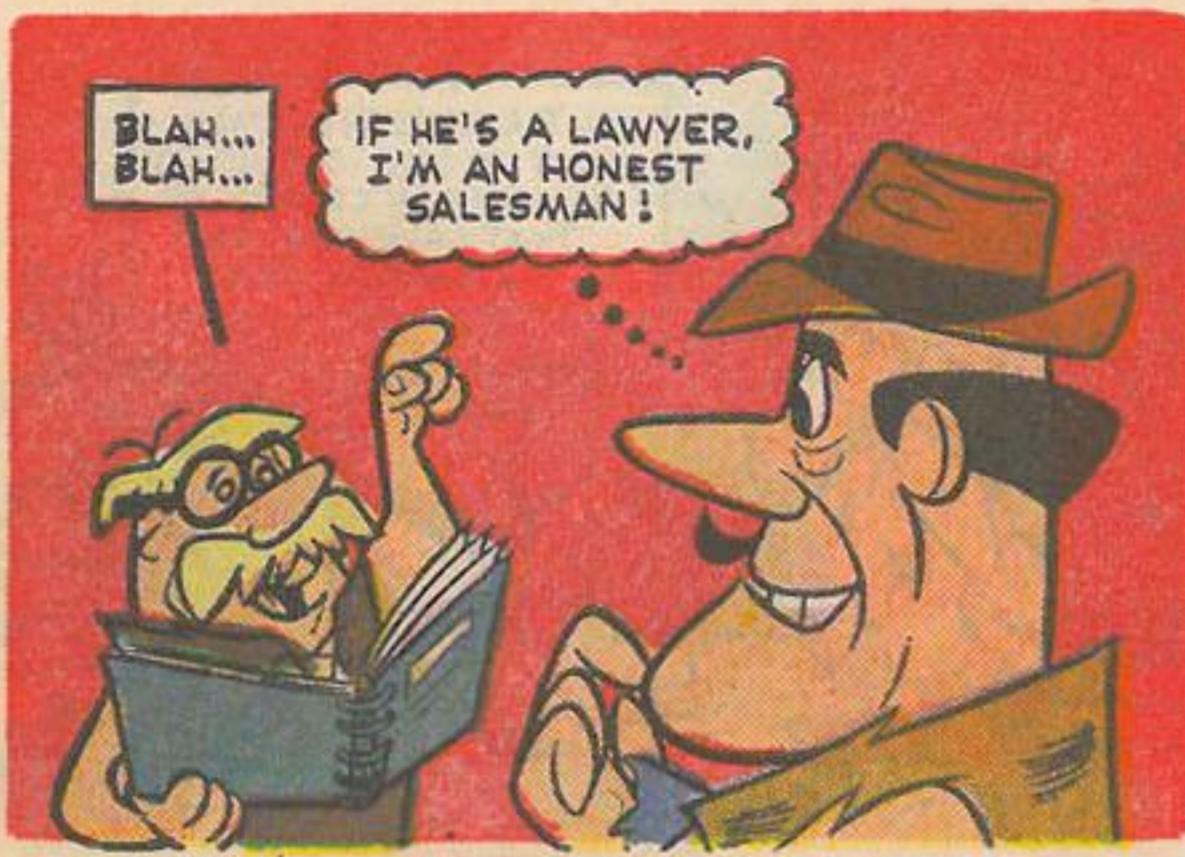
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the FLINTSTONES

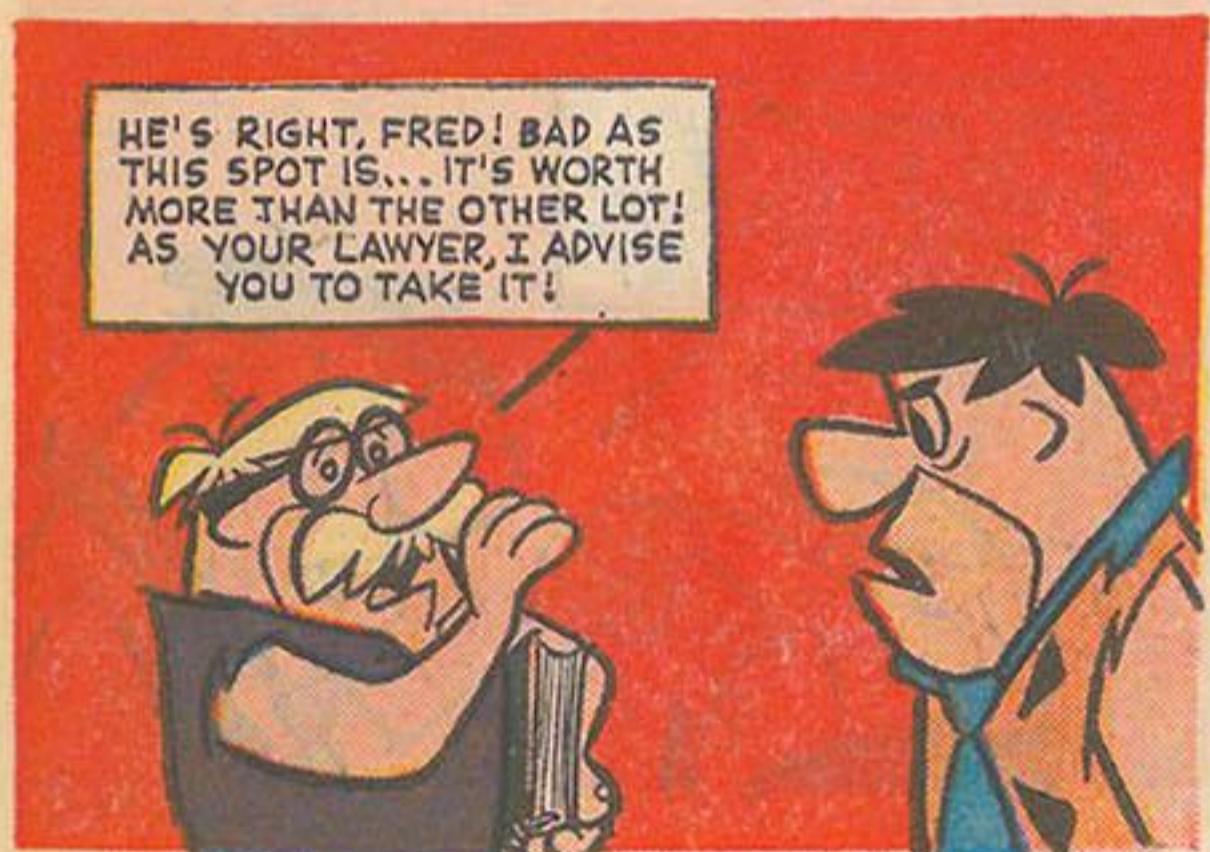
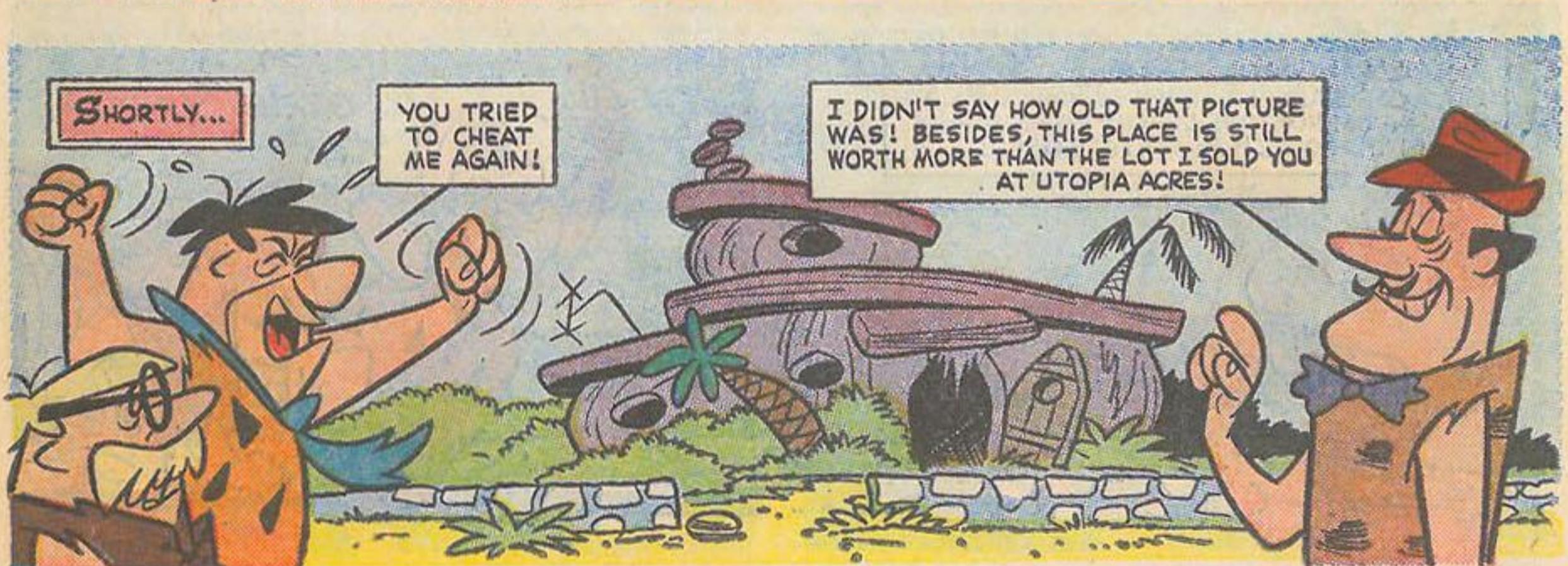
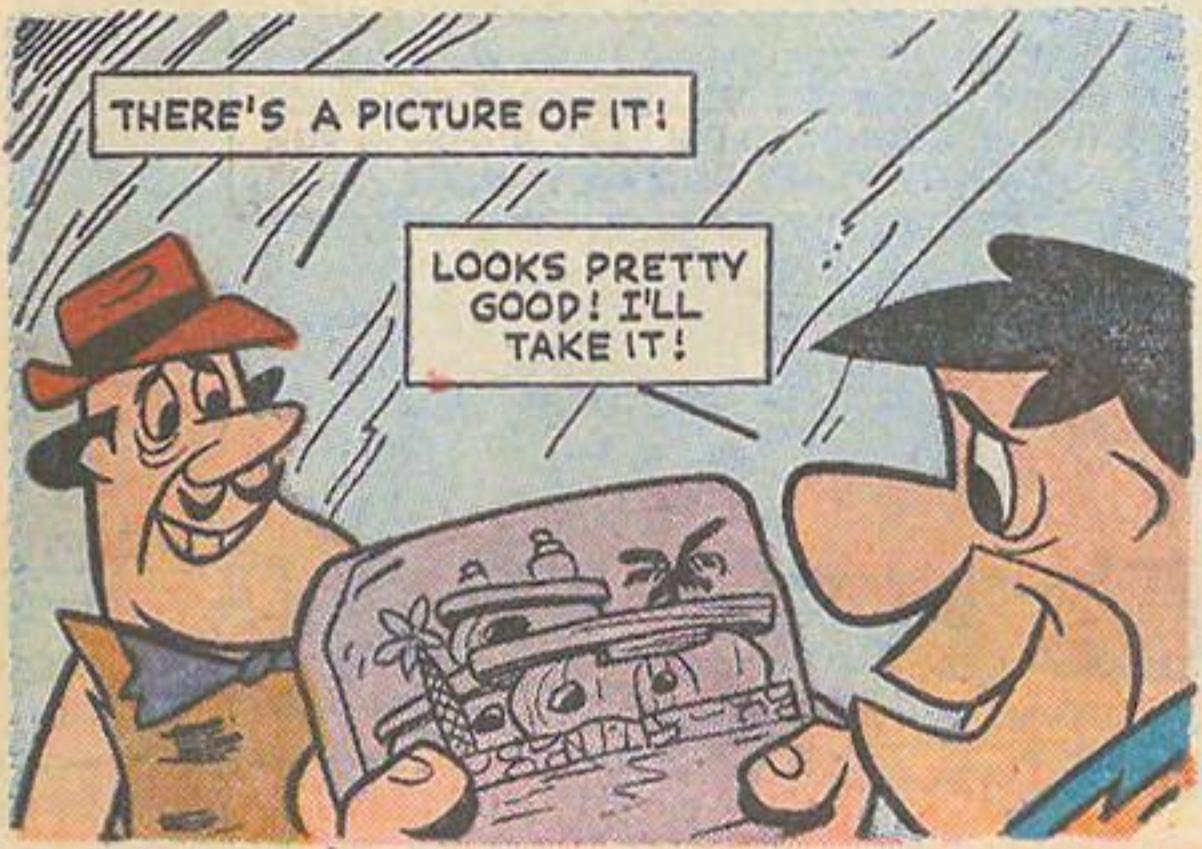
FOR LAND SAKES











GOOD! THE PLACE IS ALL YOURS! PAYMENTS START AT THE END OF THE MONTH!

PAYMENTS?!

CERTAINLY! THE OTHER LAND WAS JUST A DOWN PAYMENT! YOU SIGNED A CONTRACT TO PAY A HUNDRED DOLLARS A MONTH FOR TWENTY YEARS ON THIS PLACE!

HA-HA! YOU SHOULD TELL YOUR LAWYER TO READ CONTRACTS! BUT, MAYBE YOU'LL FIND SOME OF THE FORTUNE LEGEND SAYS IS HIDDEN IN THE HOUSE! HA-HA! FAT CHANCE!

VOOM!

GRRR!

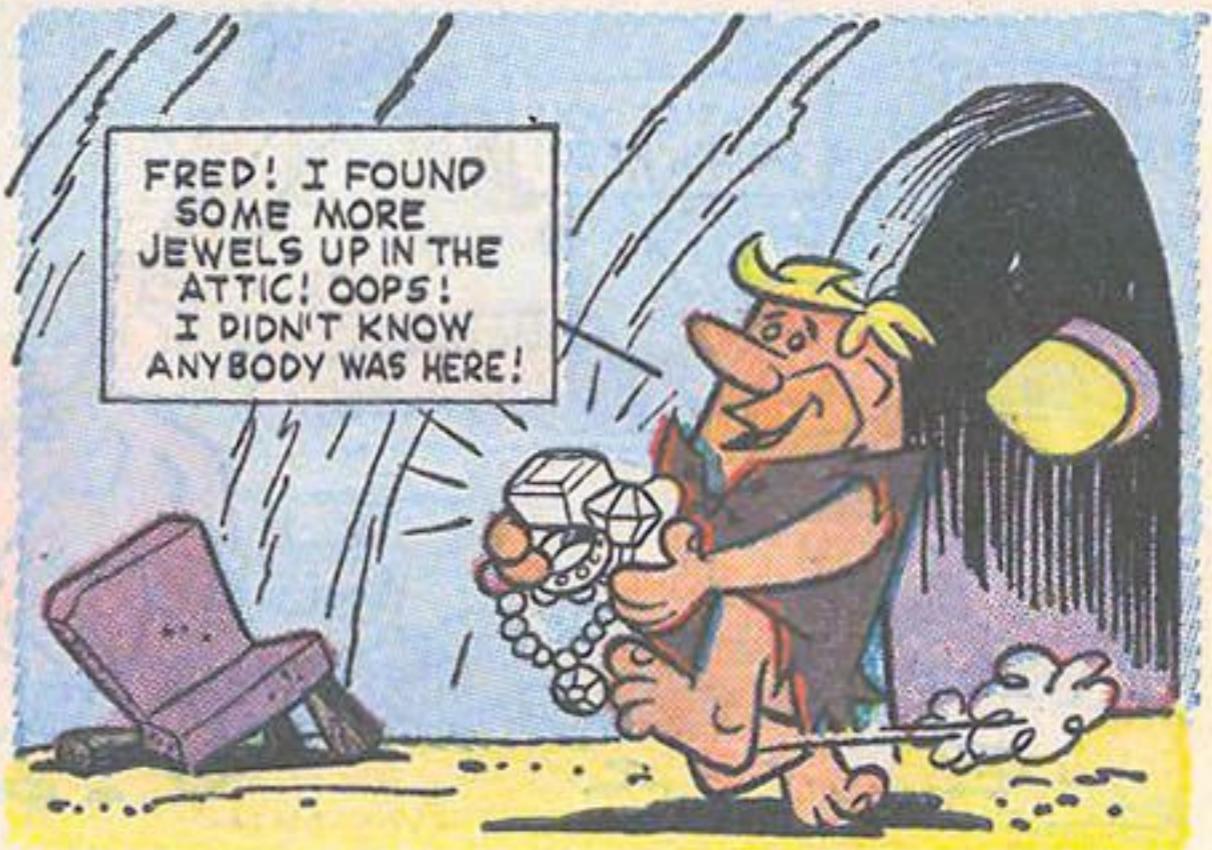
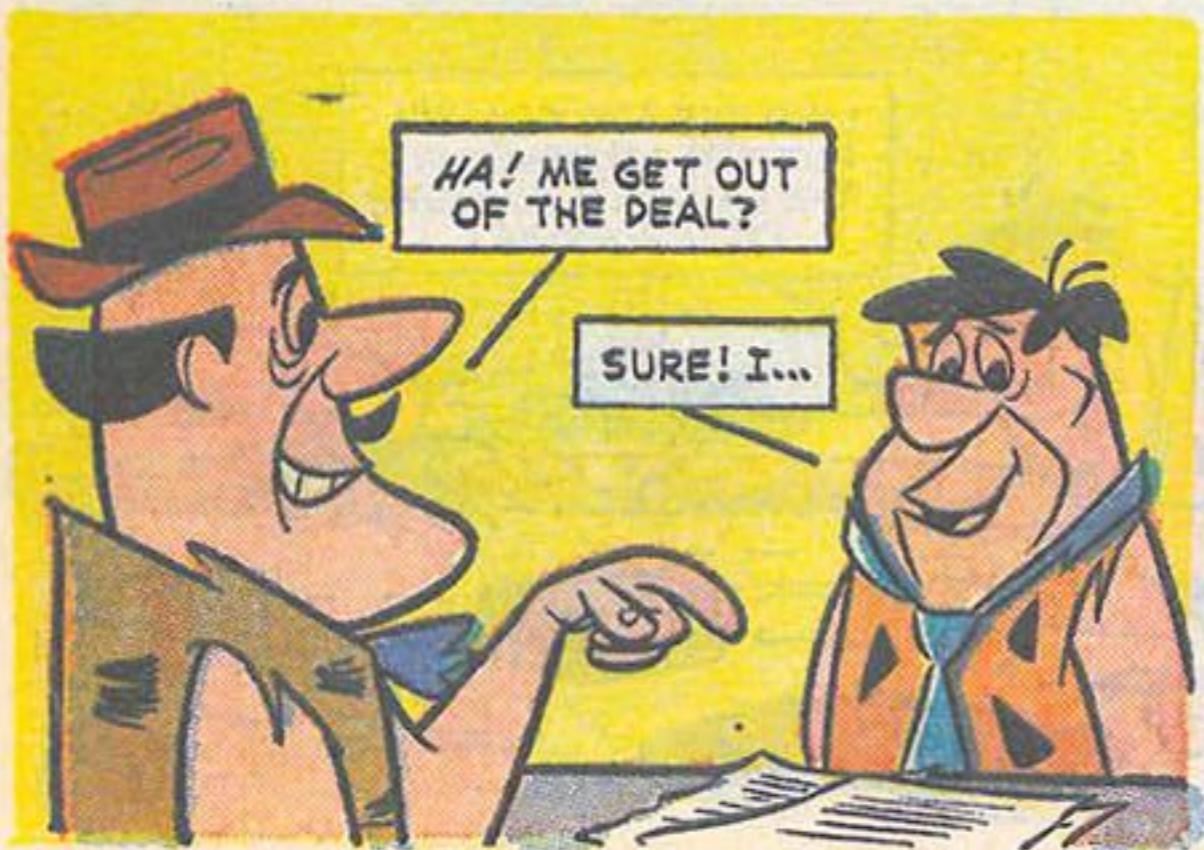
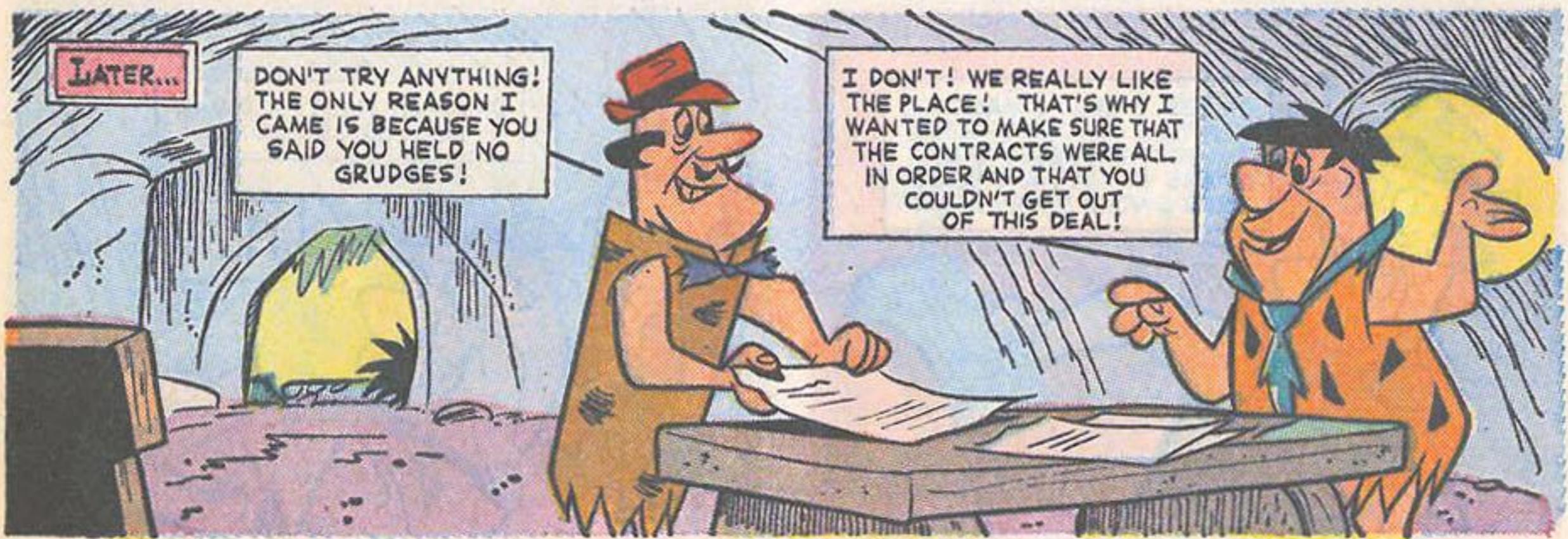
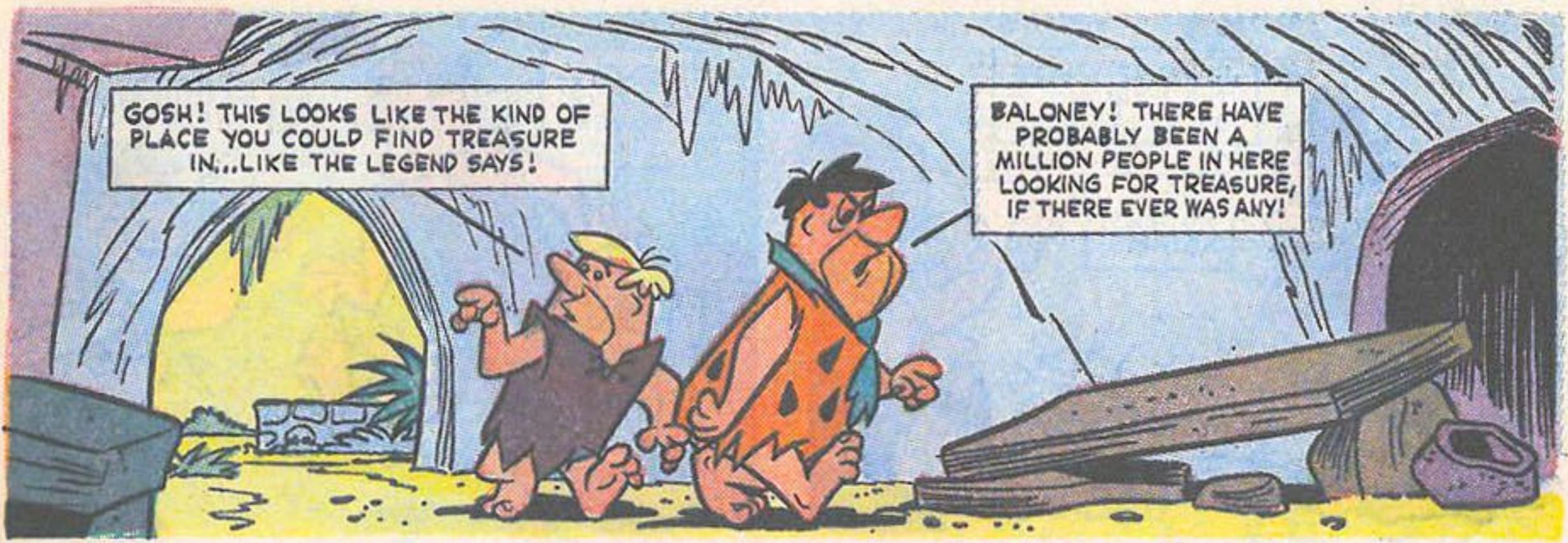
SO LONG, FRED!
HOPE YOU LIKE
YOUR NEW HOUSE!

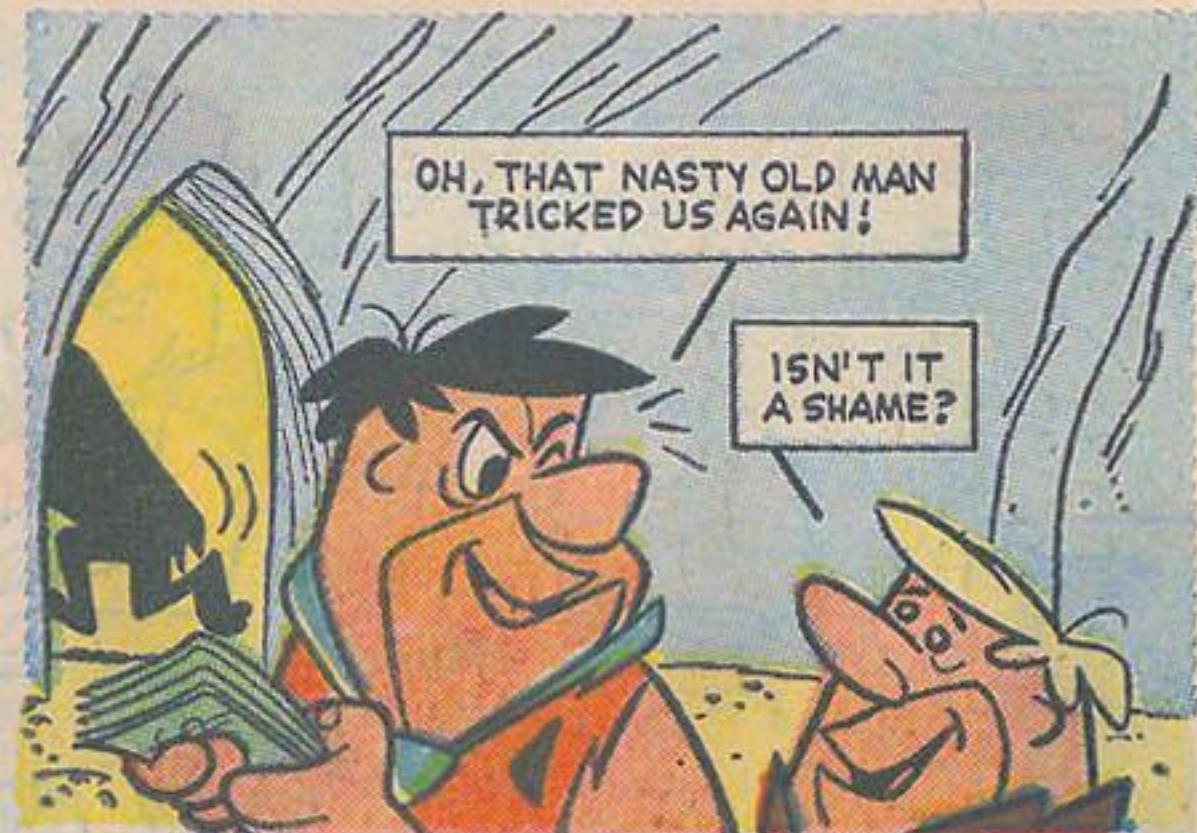
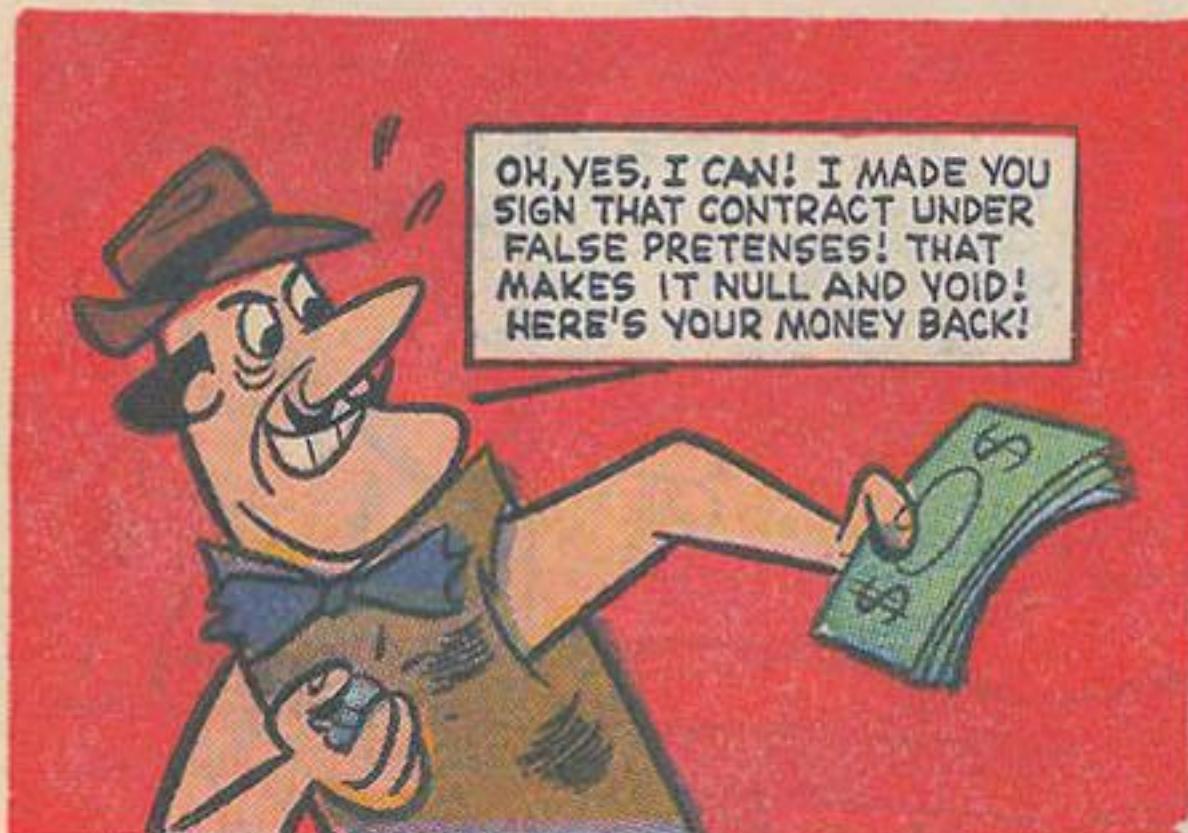
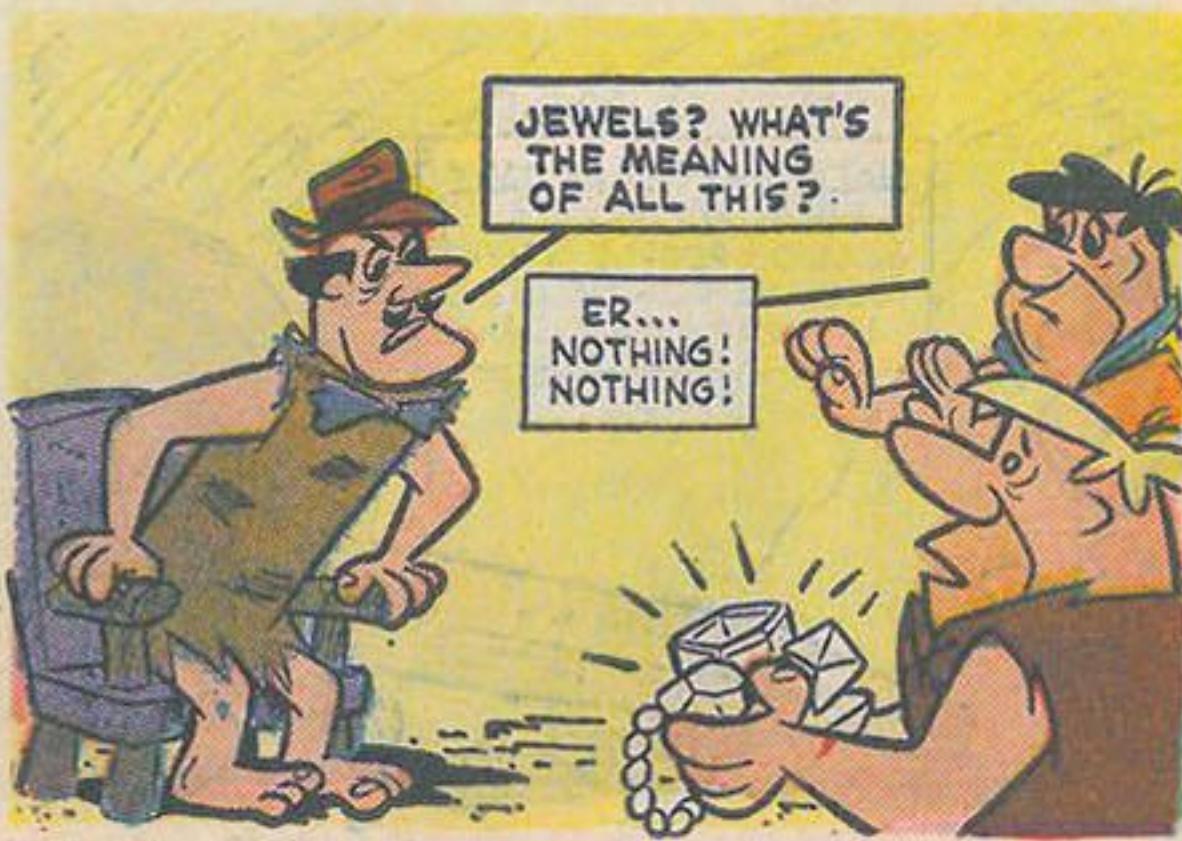
OUR NEW
HOUSE,
WISE GUY!

YOU AGREED WITH ME!
YOU SIGNED THE
CONTRACT WITH ME, AND
YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE
PAYMENTS WITH ME!

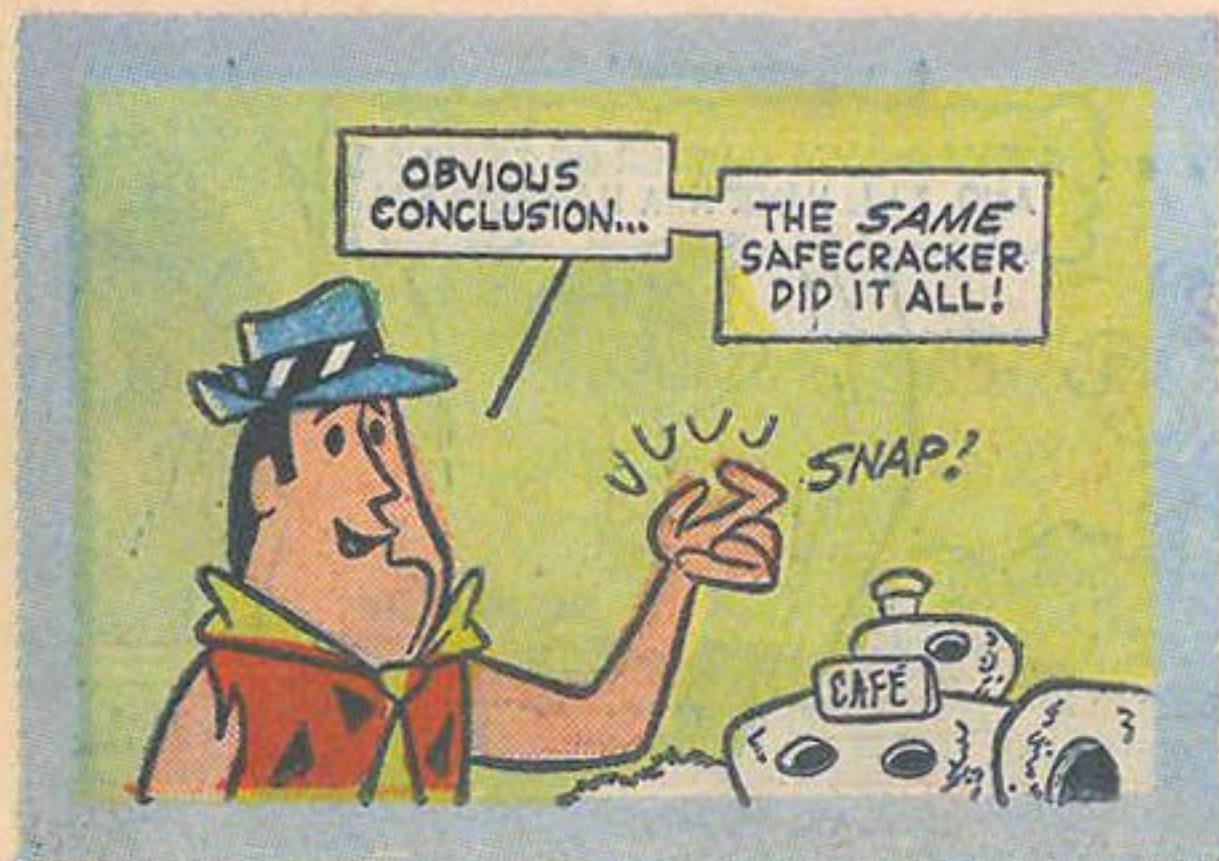
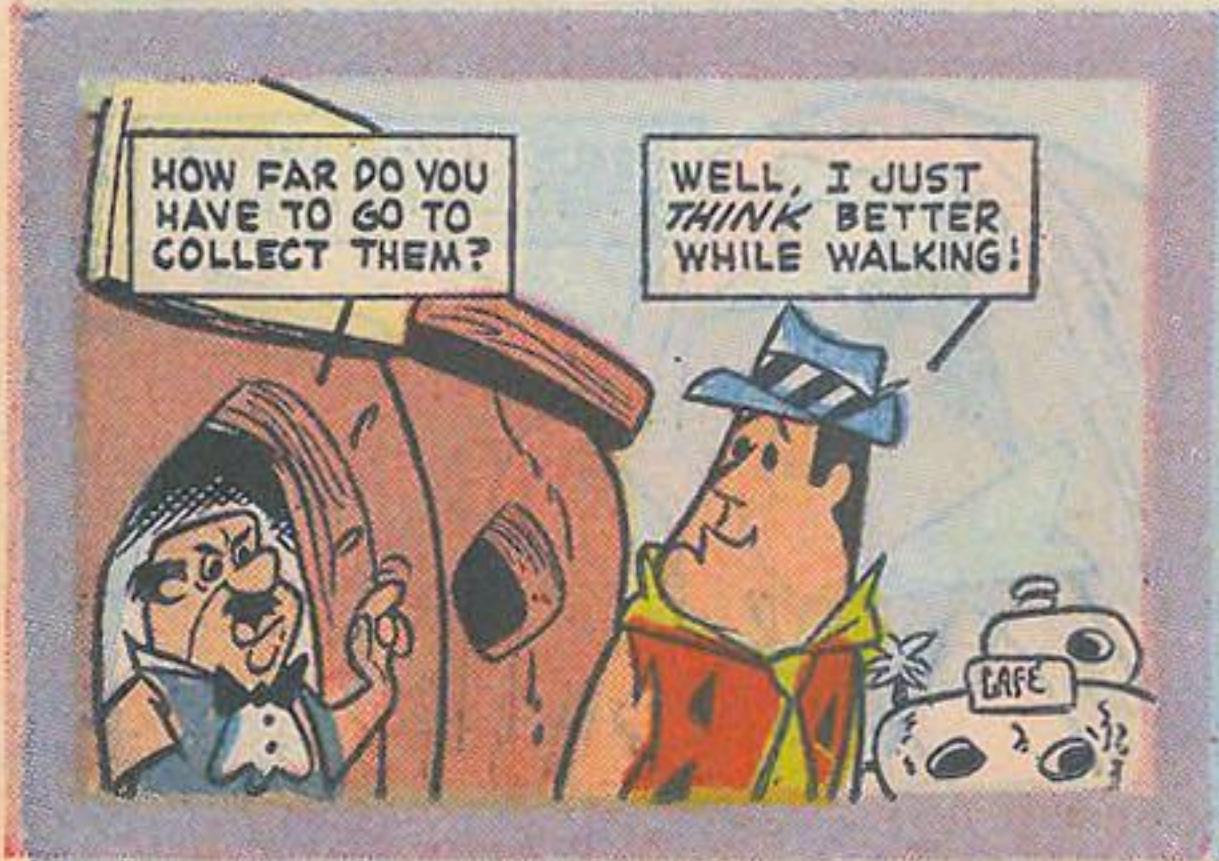
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, FRED? WHEN THE GIRLS
HEAR ABOUT THIS, THEY'LL BRAIN US!

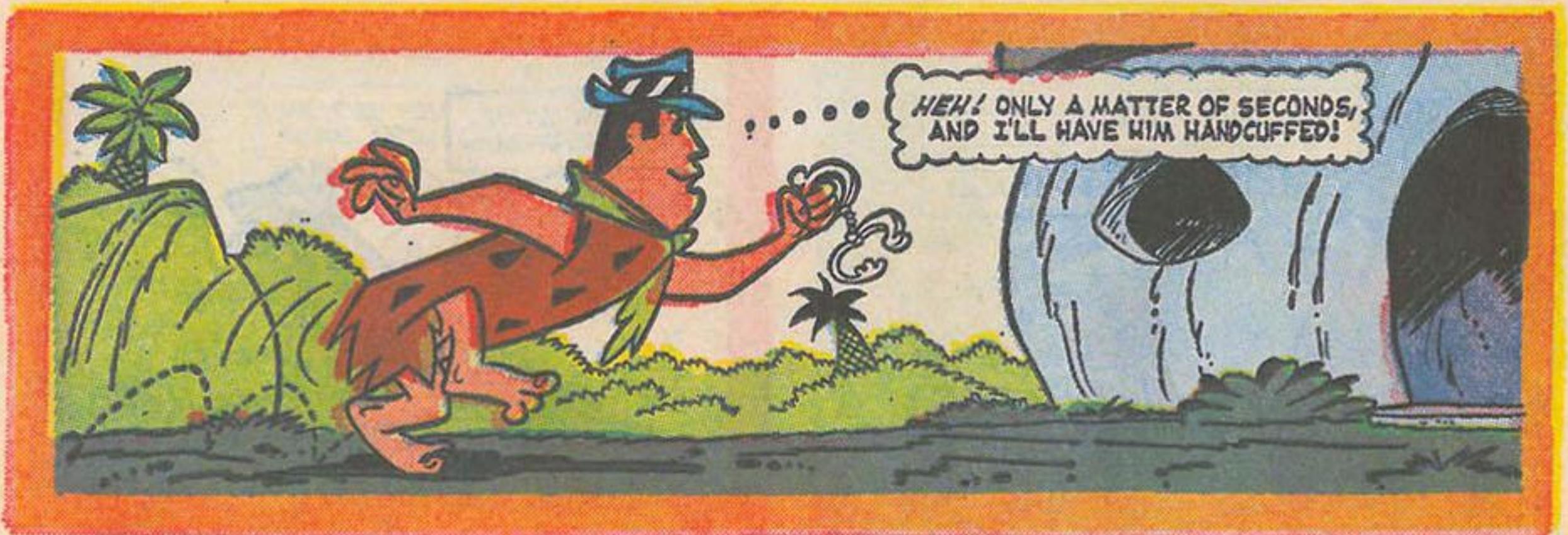
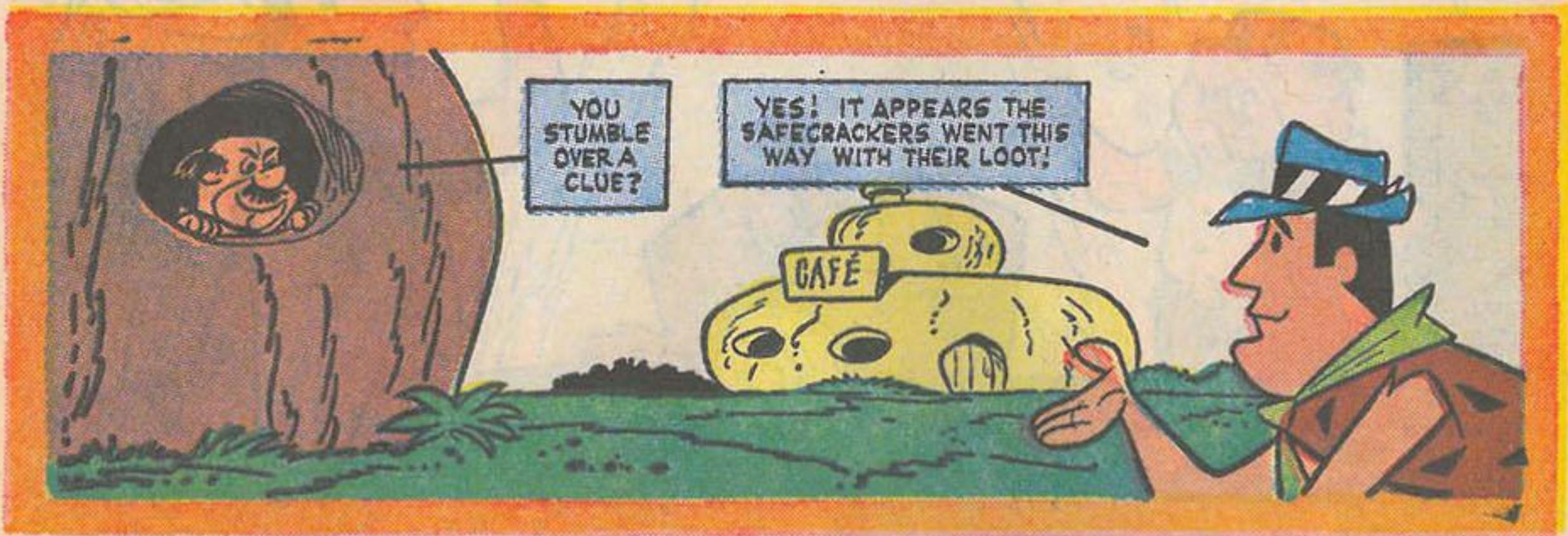
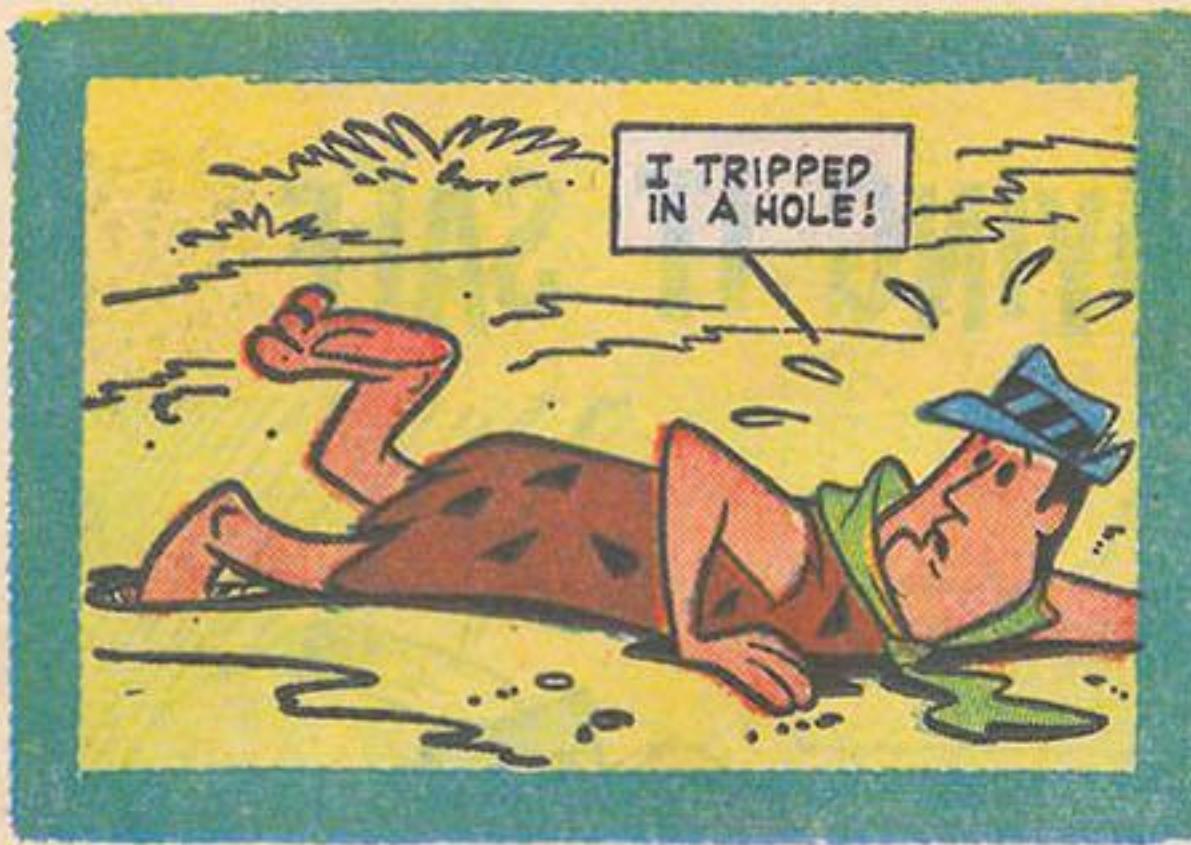
WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY
BRAINS TO BRAIN!

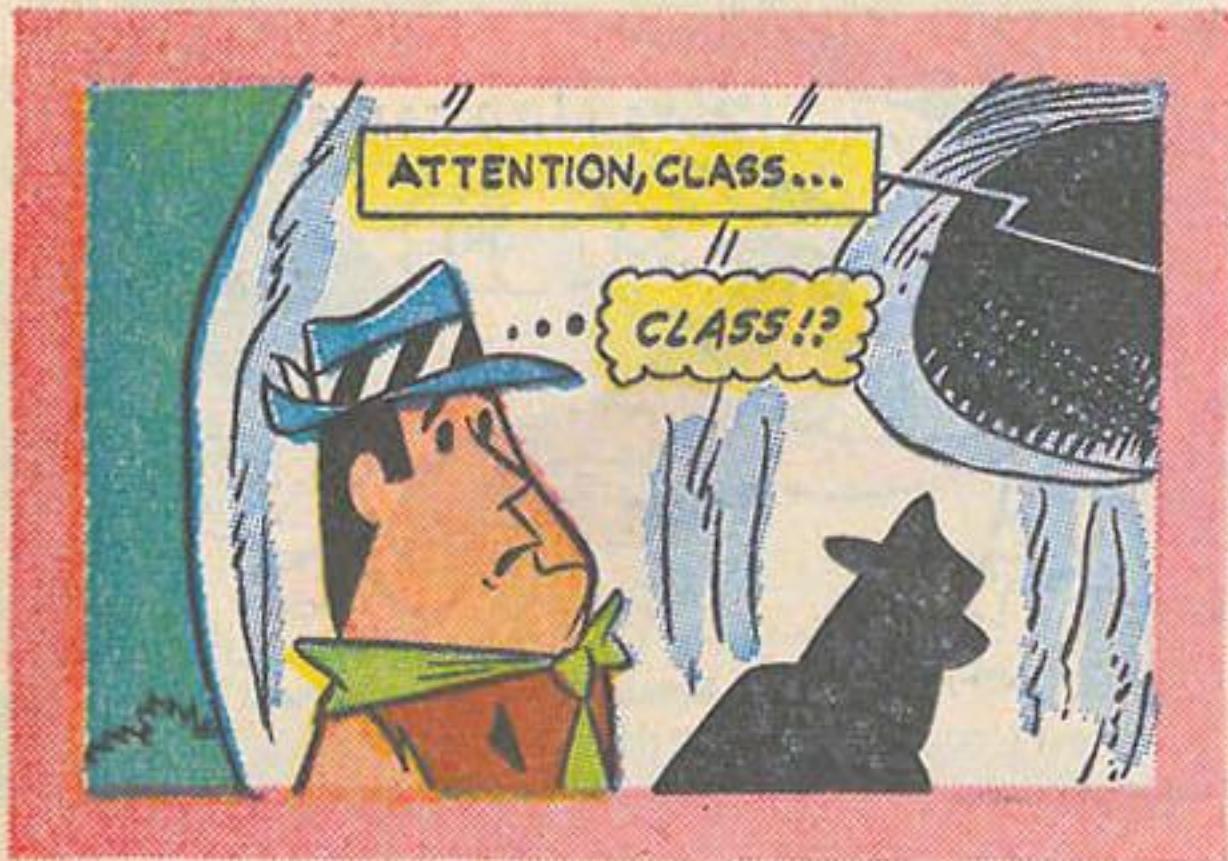


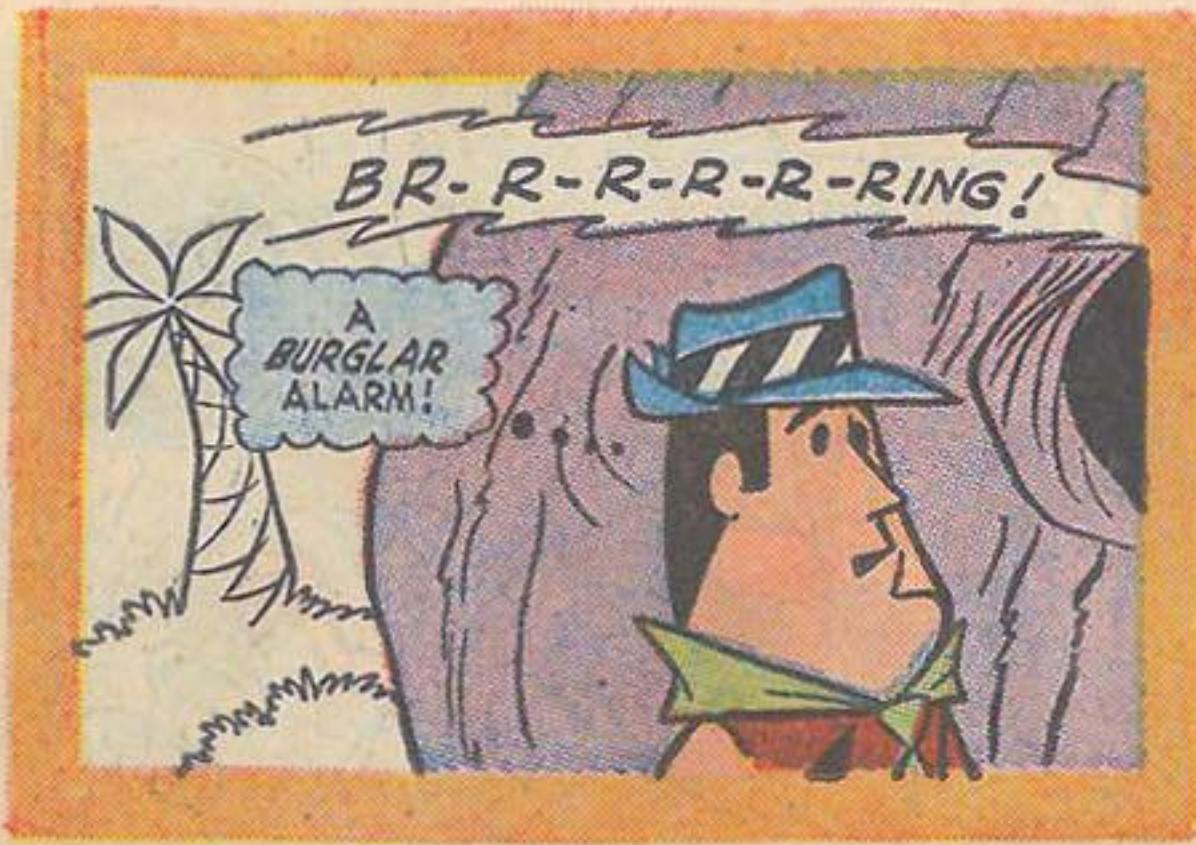


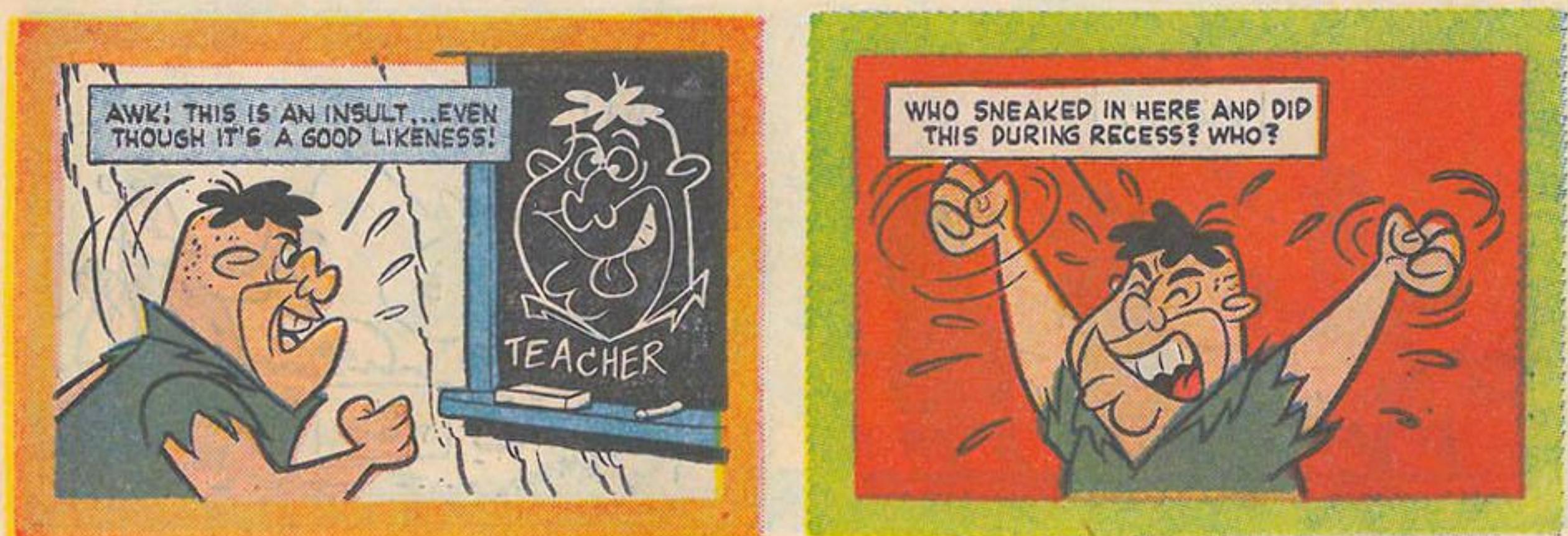
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PERRY GUNNITE **PLAYING IT SAFE**

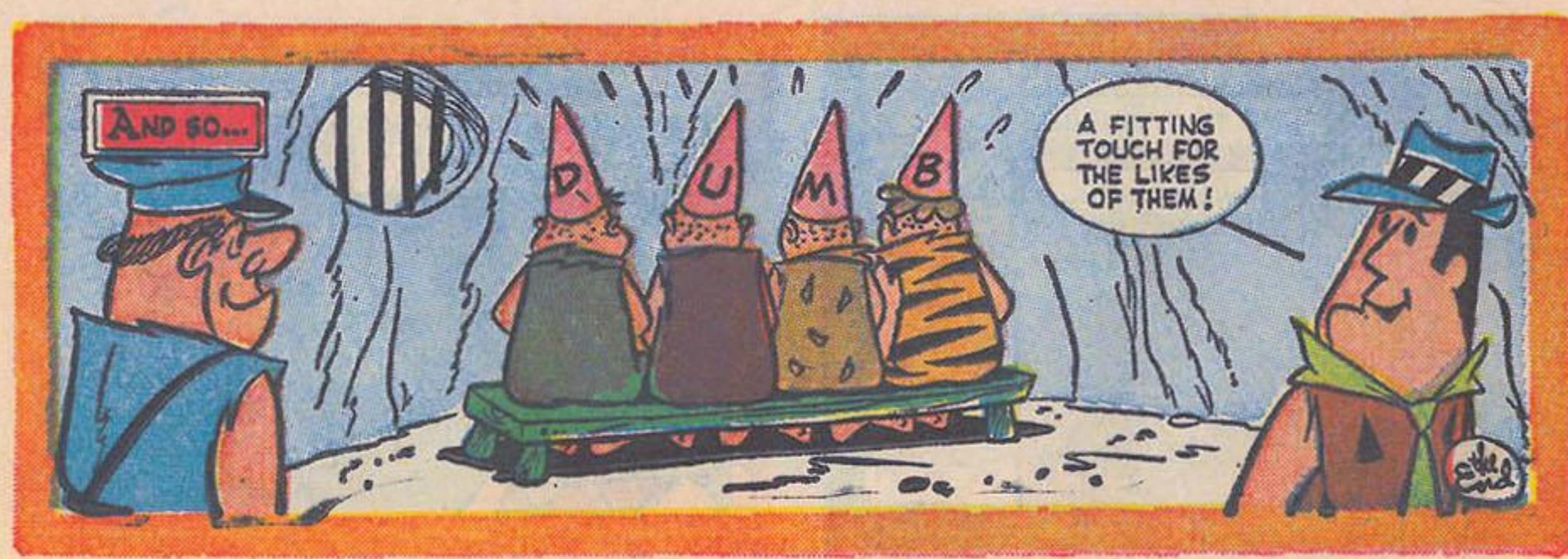
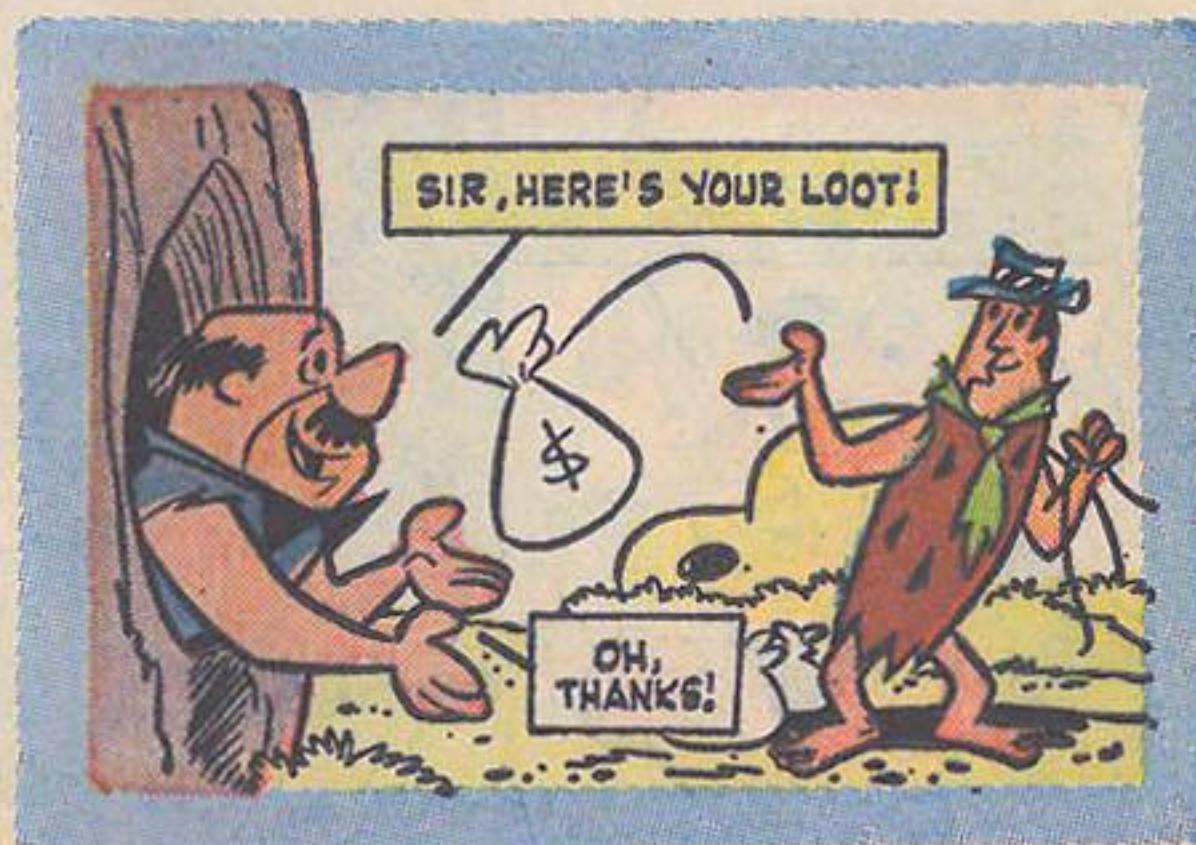
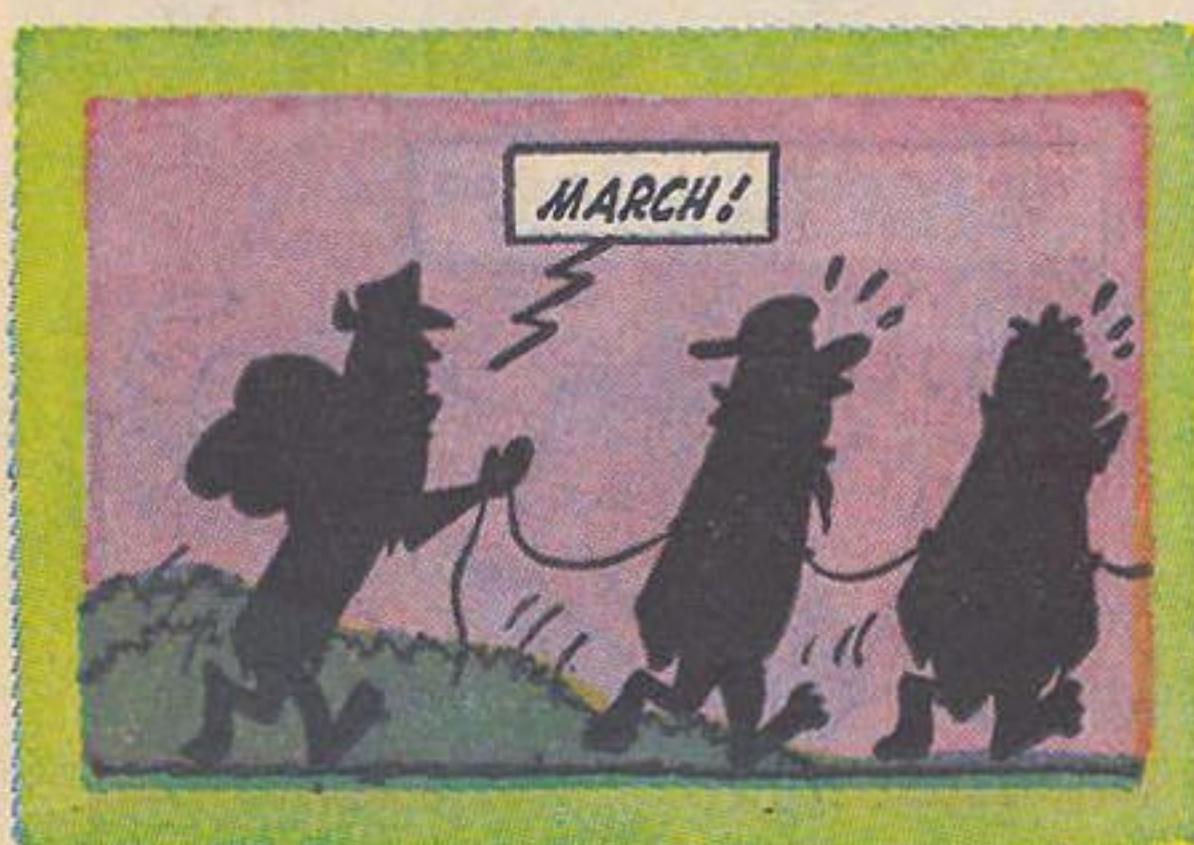
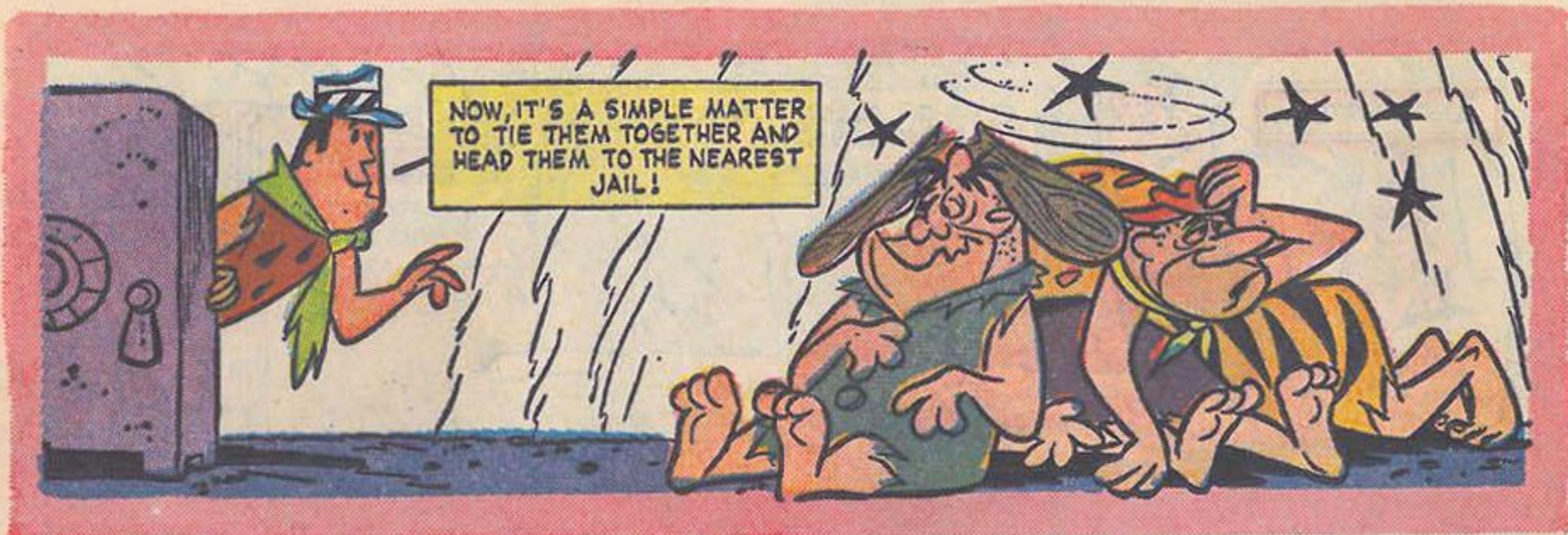






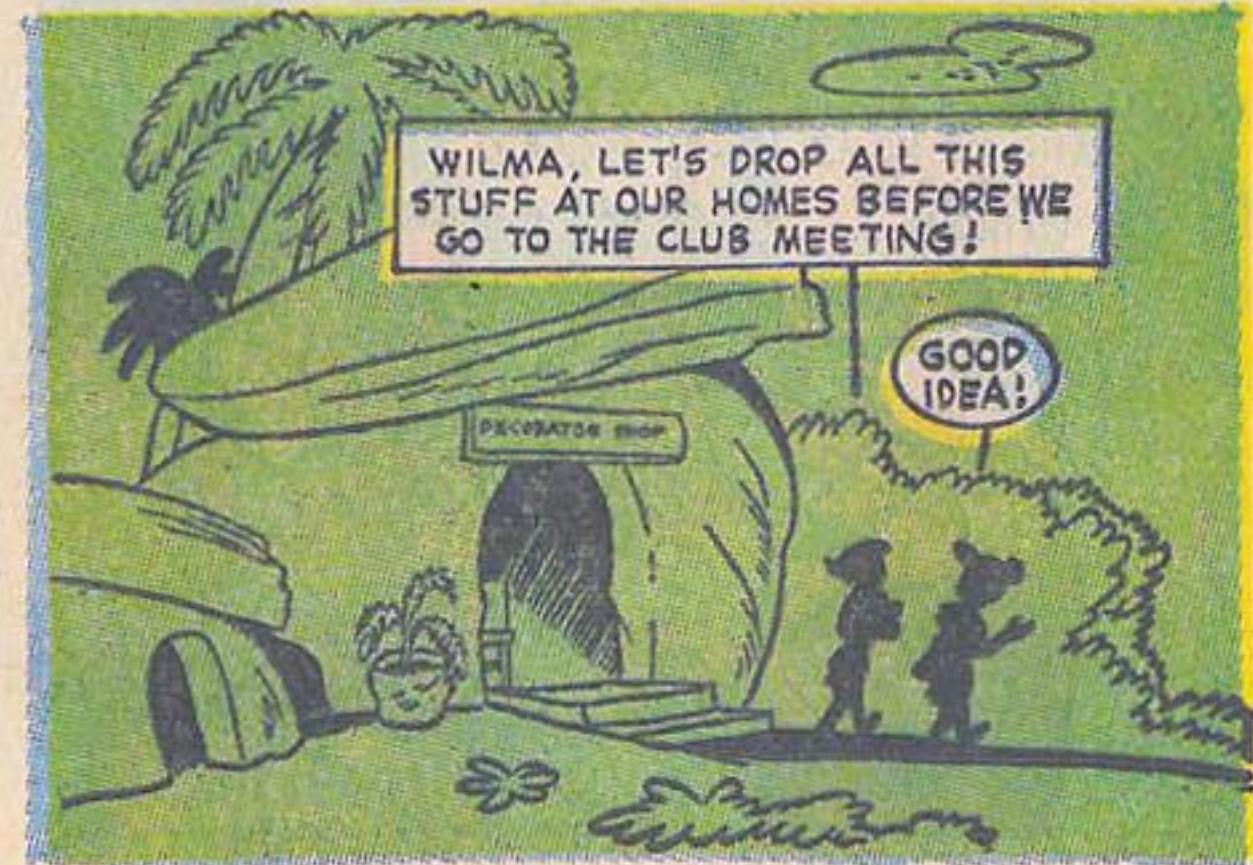


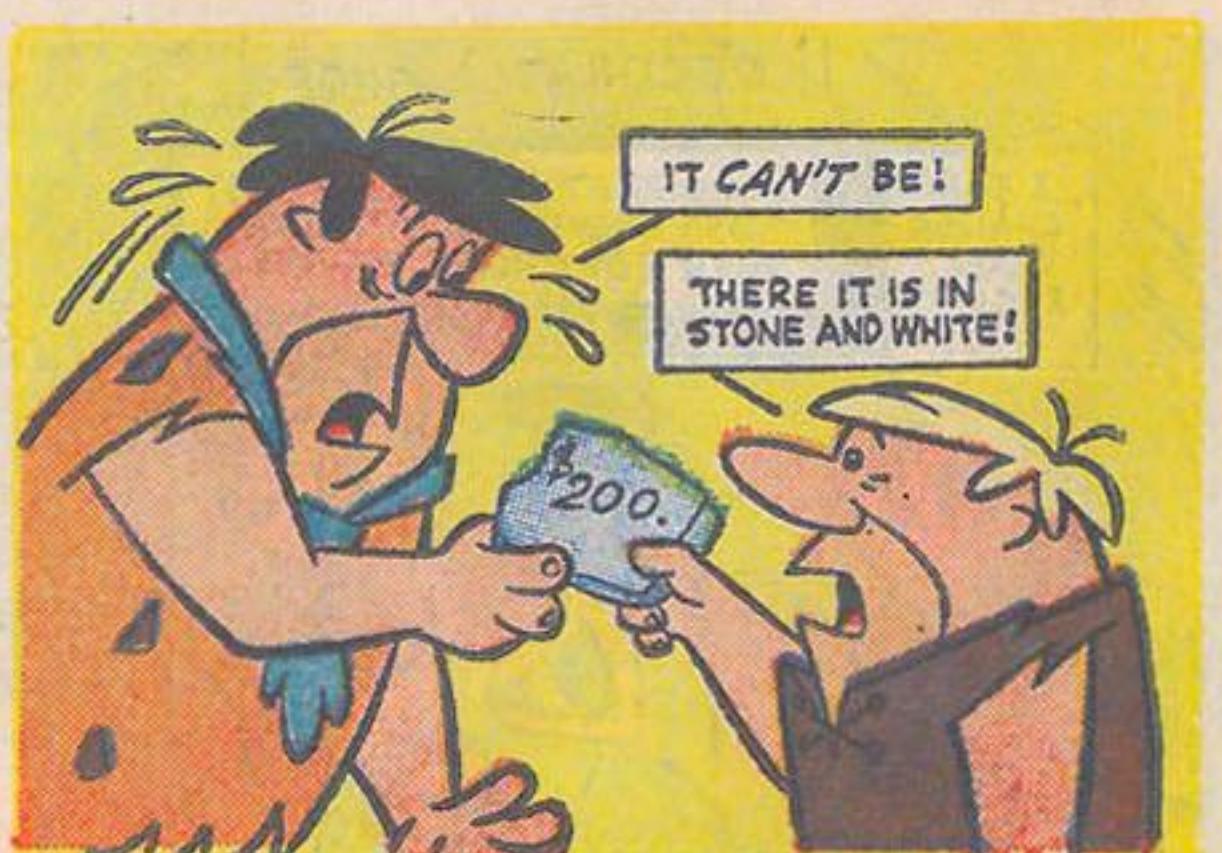


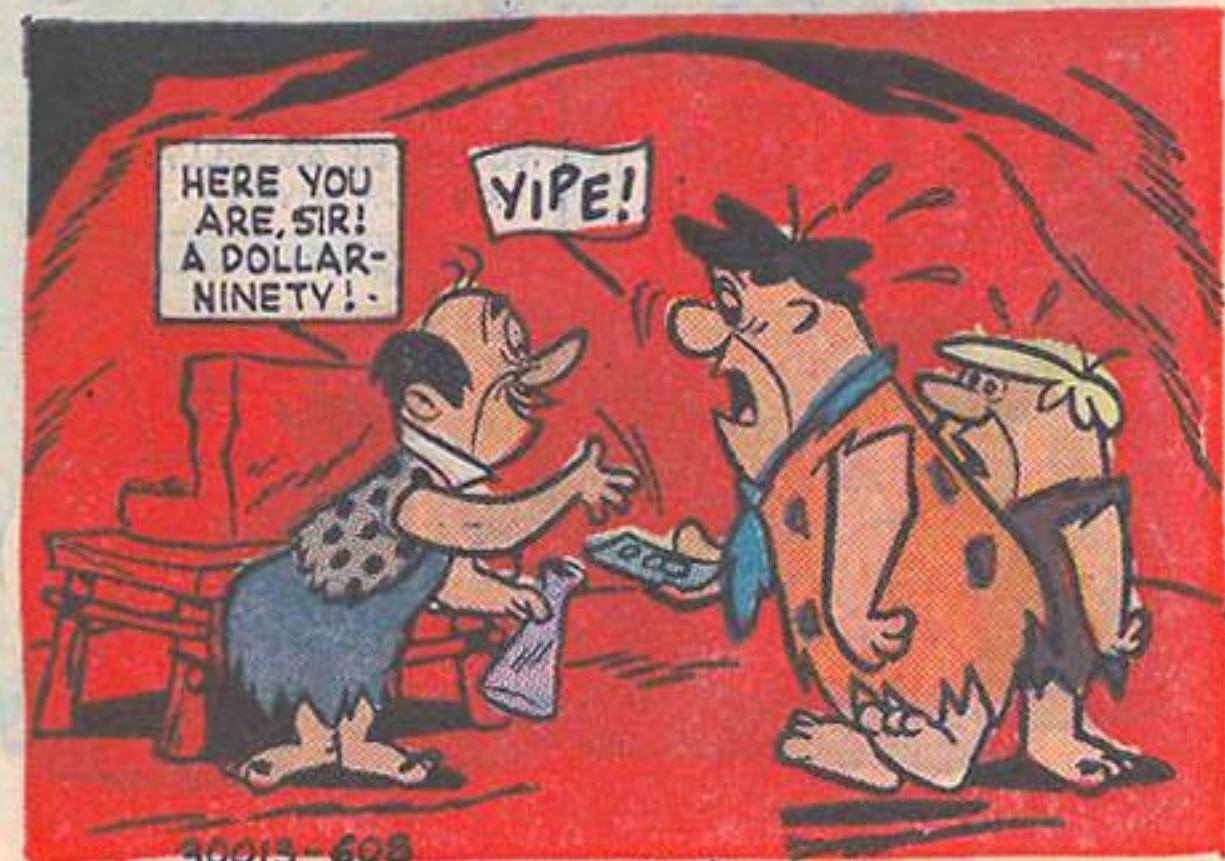
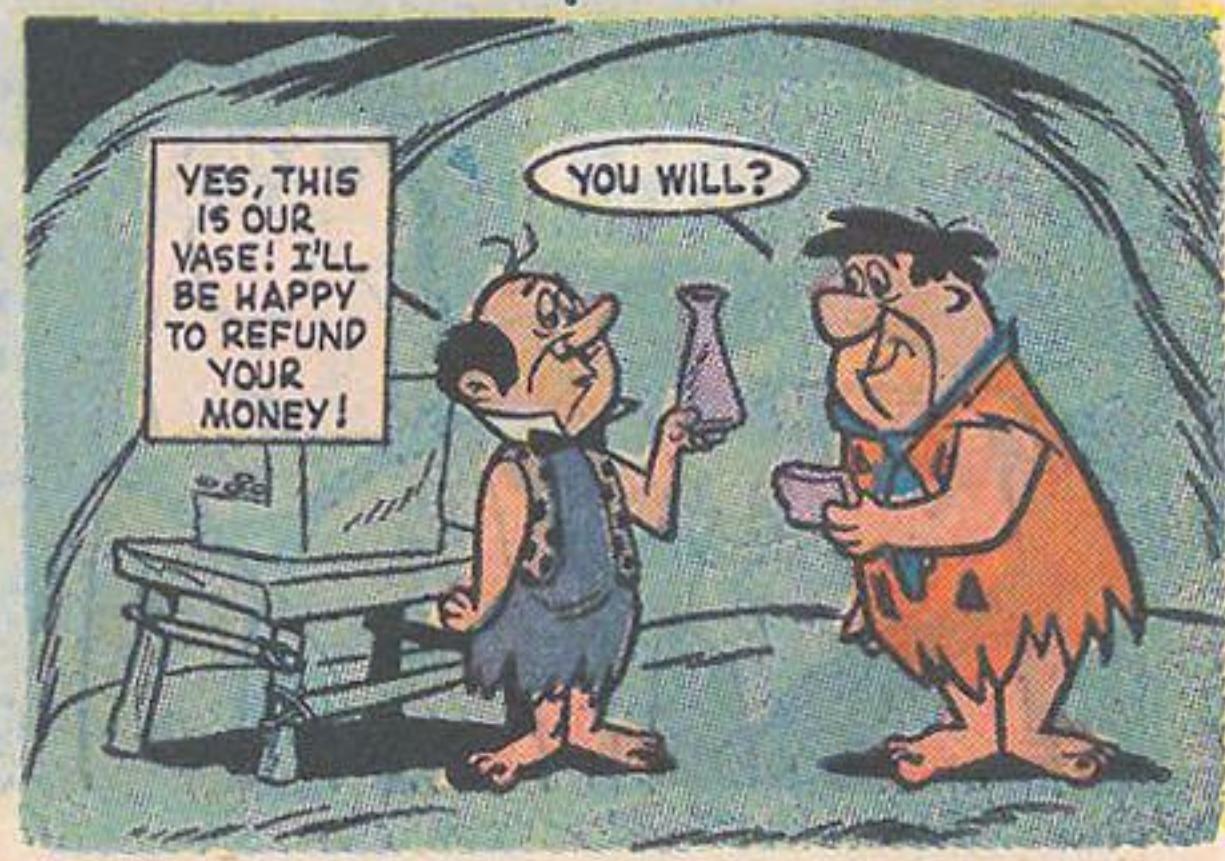


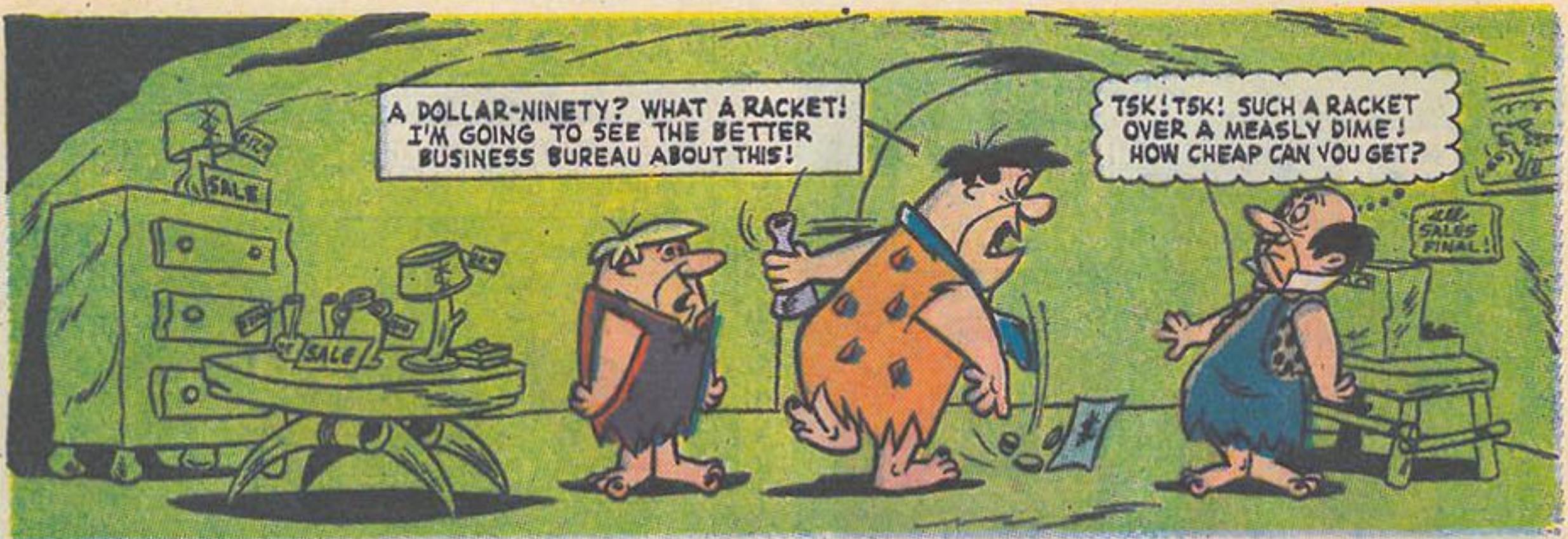
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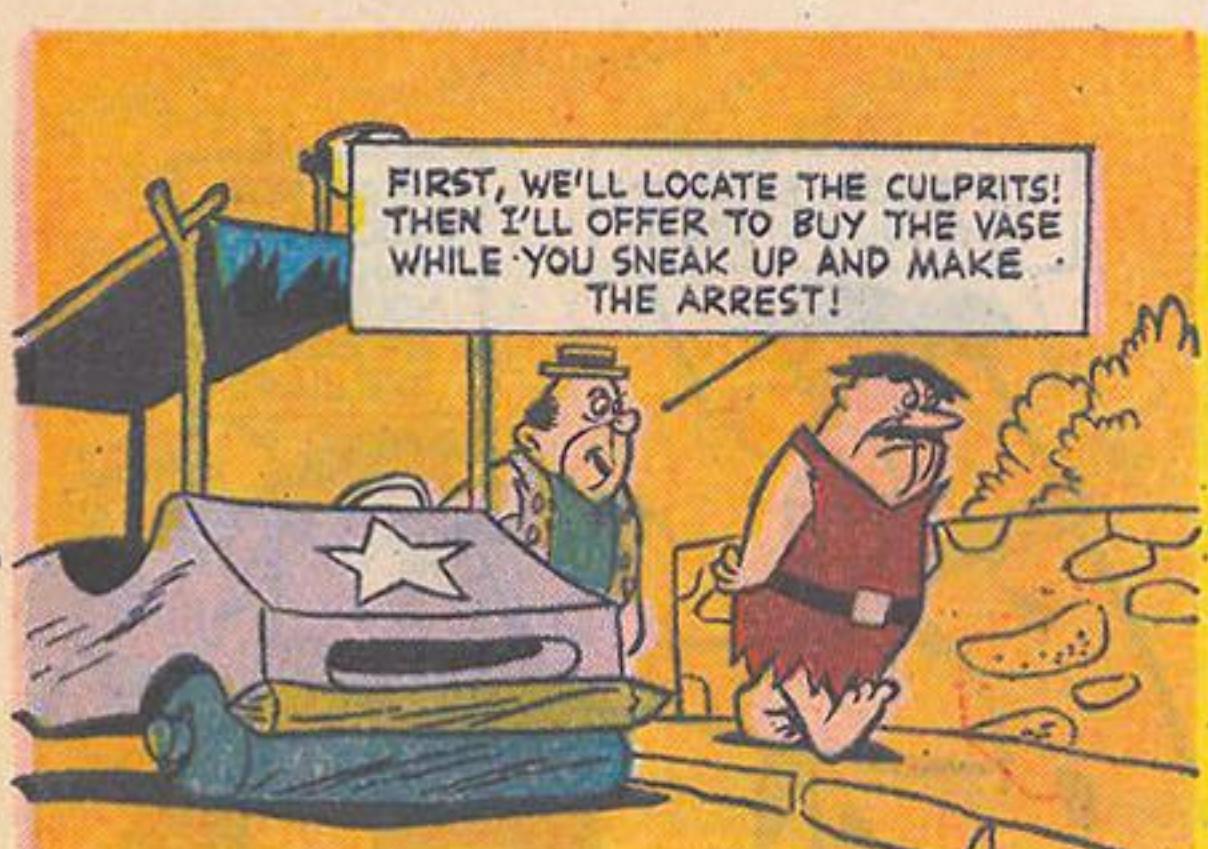
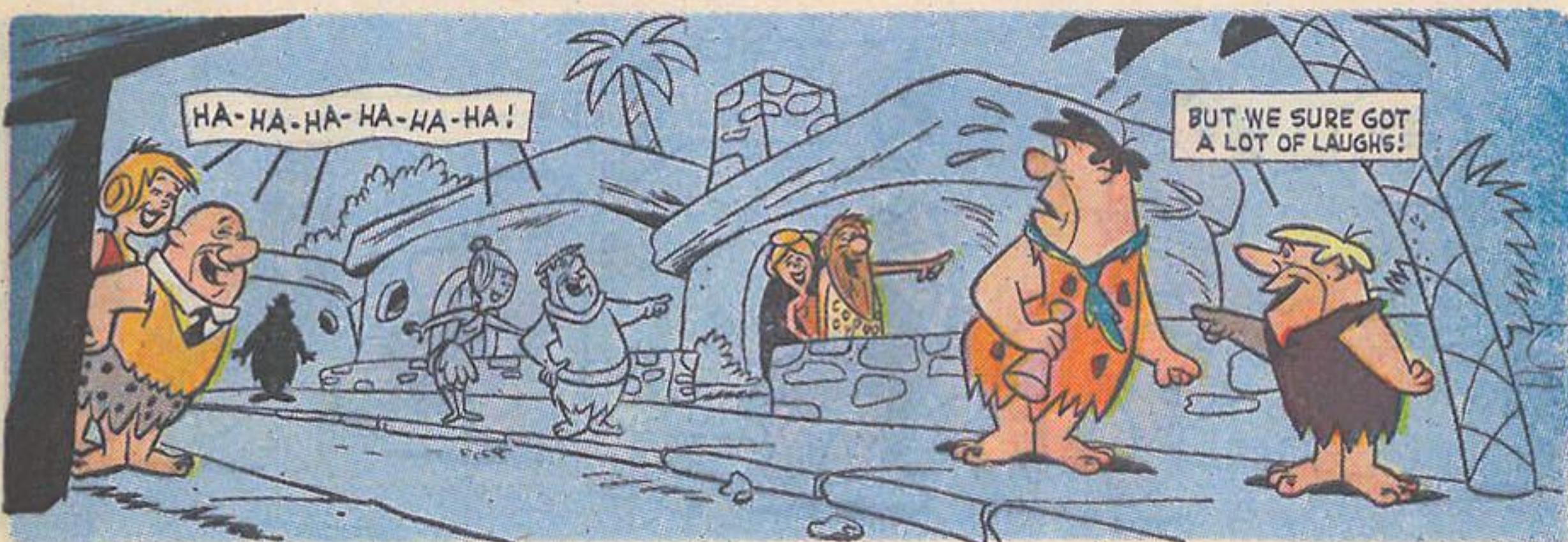
VASE MAKES WASTE

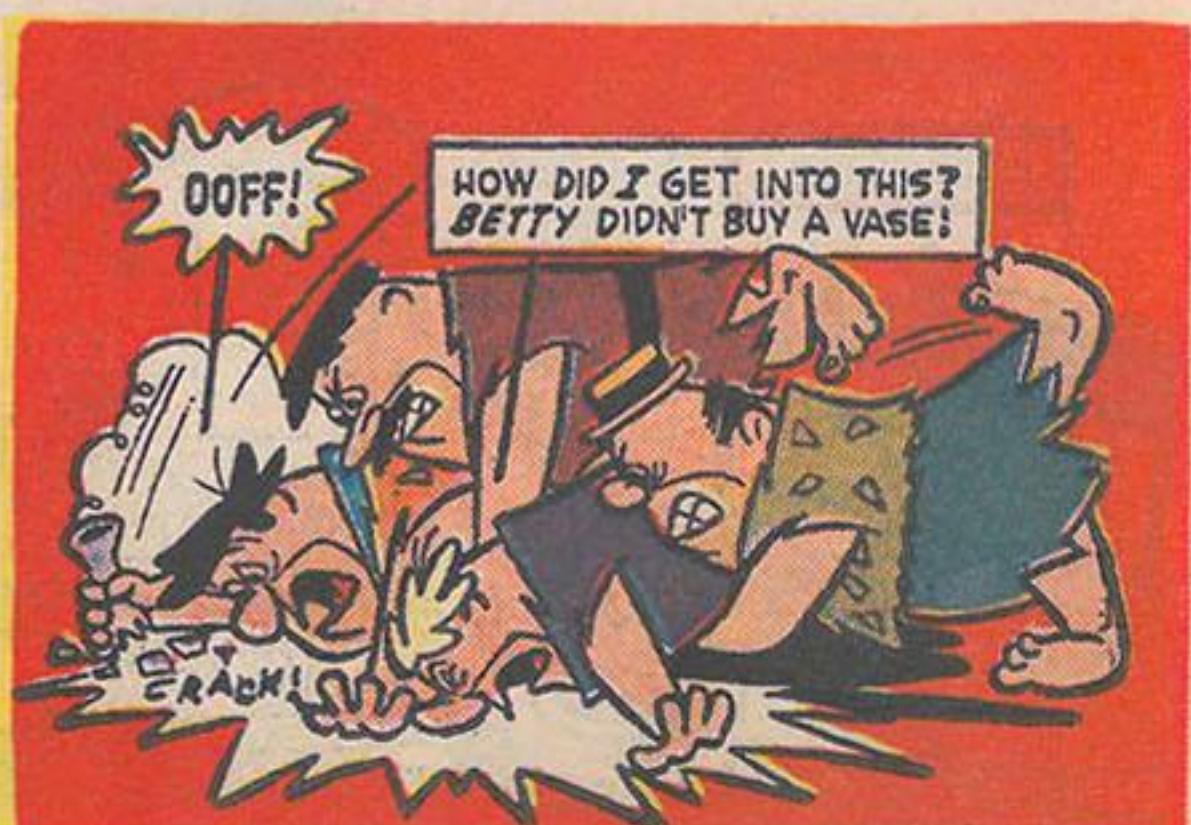


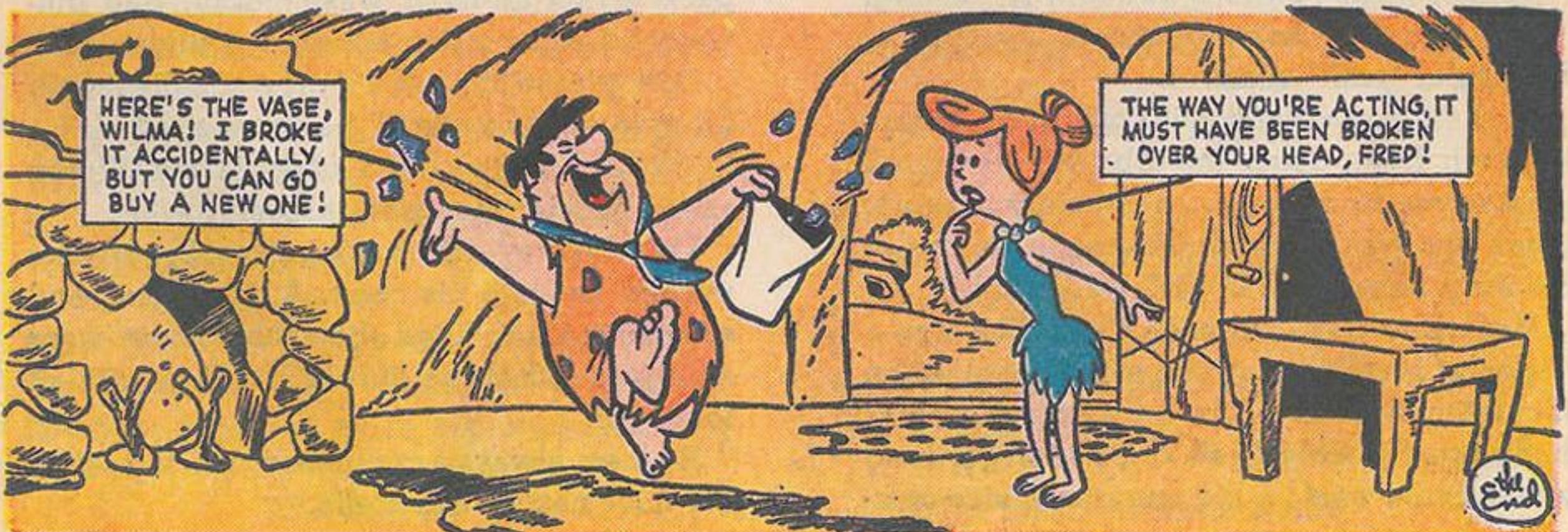
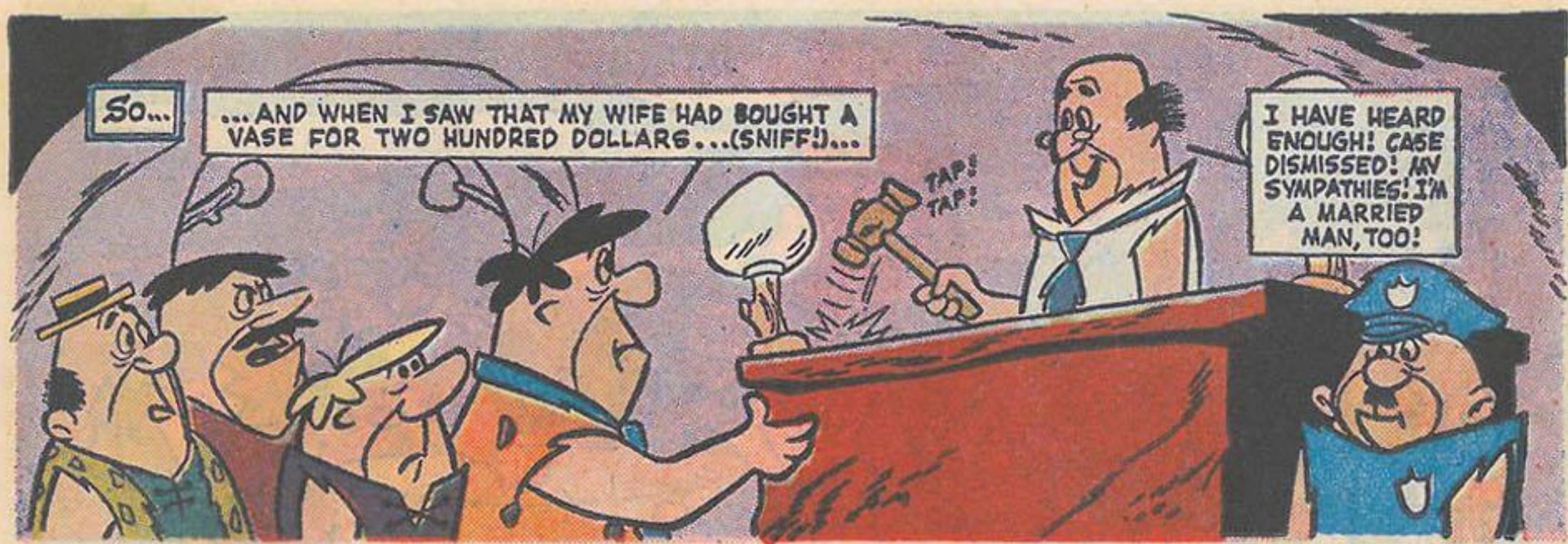












To Beat, or Not To Beat



Rodney Rocktop, Bedrock's biggest beatnik, sat in his seat of honor at the Purple Zen Den coffee house. He was proud of his chair: the only one there with all four legs.

The Purple Zen Den was a dangerous place — not because of the beatniks, but because of the falling plaster, rotting floor and slipping foundation. (The city plans to tear it down and build a slum some day.)

Nevertheless, it was home to Rodney; so as he sat idly peeling off wallpaper with one hand, braiding his beard with the other, and playing the bongoes with his toes, he felt choked with emotion. He felt even more choked when he paid for his thimble full of Café Espresso.

"Man, this place is a real gas," Rodney said with a shiver. "Now like, I wish they'd turn some on. Like, my toes are freezing!"

"Yeah, man," Twitchy Itchy, Rodney's best beat buddy said profoundly. "Yeah, man."

"Why are we complaining? At least we're not out in the ugly world working," Rod added.

"Yeah, man," Twitchy replied, scratching. (As you may have guessed, Twitchy is Rodney's "yeah" man.)

So, here these two poetic souls were, enjoying their lives, doing the job they dedicated themselves to doing . . . absolutely nothing, when Rod was suddenly shaken to the tips of his dirty fingernails as SHE walked in!

Her name was Citronella Klotz. She was a vision of loveliness as she stood there in the flickering light of a fire an angry customer had started at table three. She had everything a man could want . . . big muscles, a nice mus-

tache . . . her hair was done up neatly in a bun, with the hamburger still in it. She had a huge lower lip, but it didn't matter . . . her upper lip covered it.

As Rodney gazed at her standing in her open-toed sneakers, overalls and YMCA sweat shirt, he could contain himself no longer. Leaping from his chair he ran to her side, his bones creaking after weeks of not moving.

"O wondrous beauty, . . . creature of perfection," he declared, grabbing her hand, "will you send my humble soul soaring and be mine?"

Citronella's lips parted, and she said in her sweet and simple way (mostly simple), "What are you? Some kinda nut or something?"

Rodney fell back in ecstasy.

"She spoke to me! Did you hear that, Twitchy? She spoke to me!"

"Yeah, man," Twitchy replied, quickly downing Rodney's cup of Café Espresso while his back was turned. "Yeah, man."

Rodney began tugging his new dream girl back to his table. It wasn't easy. She outweighed him by two hundred pounds.

"Oh, please join me. I'll give you the moon. I'll give you the stars," he beseeched.

"Will you give me a chocklit malt?" she asked, picking her teeth gracefully.

This, Rodney had to think over. Eagerly he pushed her into his chair. A splintering and sickening crash filled the room. There were no chairs left at the Purple Zen Den with all four legs.

Rodney, always a gentleman, quickly sat on the floor next to Citronella.

"In Japan, all people sit this way," he said merrily.

"Maybe that's why they lost the war, you big drip. Say, you made me swallow my bubble gum," Citronella gasped, with a touch of pique in her voice, "and it was only three weeks old!"

Angrily, she started to get up and leave, but Rodney restrained her gently with a full nelson.

"Like, don't go," he pleaded. "We were meant to be together. Something guided you to this place." He lowered his voice for emphasis. "Something bigger than both of us."

"Yeah. A bus," was her sweet reply.*

"No," Rodney protested. "I mean you were seeking something. You were seeking love, or you were seeking truth, or . . ."

Citronella interrupted, "Look, loose lips, the only thing I was seeking in here was some old stones to sell to the junk yard. This place looked like a condemned building from outside, so I thought I'd come in and root around. I'm sorry I did. What a bunch of creeps. They all look like barber college rejects."

"But, dearest, these are my friends," Rod said.

"Um-hmm, I'll bet you could count your friends on the fingers of a catcher's mitt . . . and, who said you could call me dearest? You're not my type. You're broke."

Rodney jumped to his feet exclaiming, "You mean you would let mere money stand between us? You mean you won't accept me unless I have a . . . ugh . . . job?"

"Right, Charley," Citronella replied, rubbing her hands together. "Money doesn't buy happiness, but it puts you in a wonderful bargaining position. If you can't take it with you, I'm not going."

"Like, it's settled," Rodney declared, as he expanded his chest to its full sixteen inches. "I'm getting a job!"

For the first time in his life, Twitchy Itchy stopped twitching and itching. His face turned pale and he uttered something he had never uttered before or since.

"No, man! No, man!"

But Rodney's mind was made up. (What it was made up of is a matter for psychology books and not for us to explore.) Grabbing

Citronella's hand he made his way through the boozing beats and out the door.

Unaccustomed as he was to sunlight, Rodney managed to open both his eyes and stare into Citronella's. Tears were brimming in her eyes, the blue one and the brown one. Rod had had onions for lunch.

Then he made the vow.

"I will find employment in this hostile world and then seek you out to be mine," he declared fervently.

"Seek, shmeek. If you find a job and can afford to buy me chocklit malts and garlic toast and stuff like that, I'll be glad to go out with you. I'm staying at the Bedrock Kennel Club. See ya'." And with that, she tripped off lightly. (As lightly as possible for a three hundred pounder, that is.)

The next days were not easy ones for our hero, Rodney. He went from pillar to post to look for jobs, but there just weren't any jobs around pillars and posts; so he finally tried some stores and offices.

He didn't want just any job. He wanted a job that would fit in with his character.

He tried working at a bakery cutting out brownie squares. But that was too square, so he cut out permanently.

He tried dragging sacks of cement for the Bedrock Building Company. But that was too much of a drag.

He tried working down in a coal mine, but that wasn't "far out" enough for our Rodney.

"What am I going to do, Twitchy?" Rodney asked, as they sat in the park. (Since he started looking for a job he was no longer permitted in the Purple Zen Den. Bad for the morale of the other beats.) "I can't live without Citronella. I must find a job that suits my particular genius. I must find a cool job. Like, being cool is even more important than Citronella. What do you suggest, man?"

"Yeah, man," said Twitchy. "Yeah, man."

Rodney leaped to his feet. "That's it! I know where I'll get a job!"

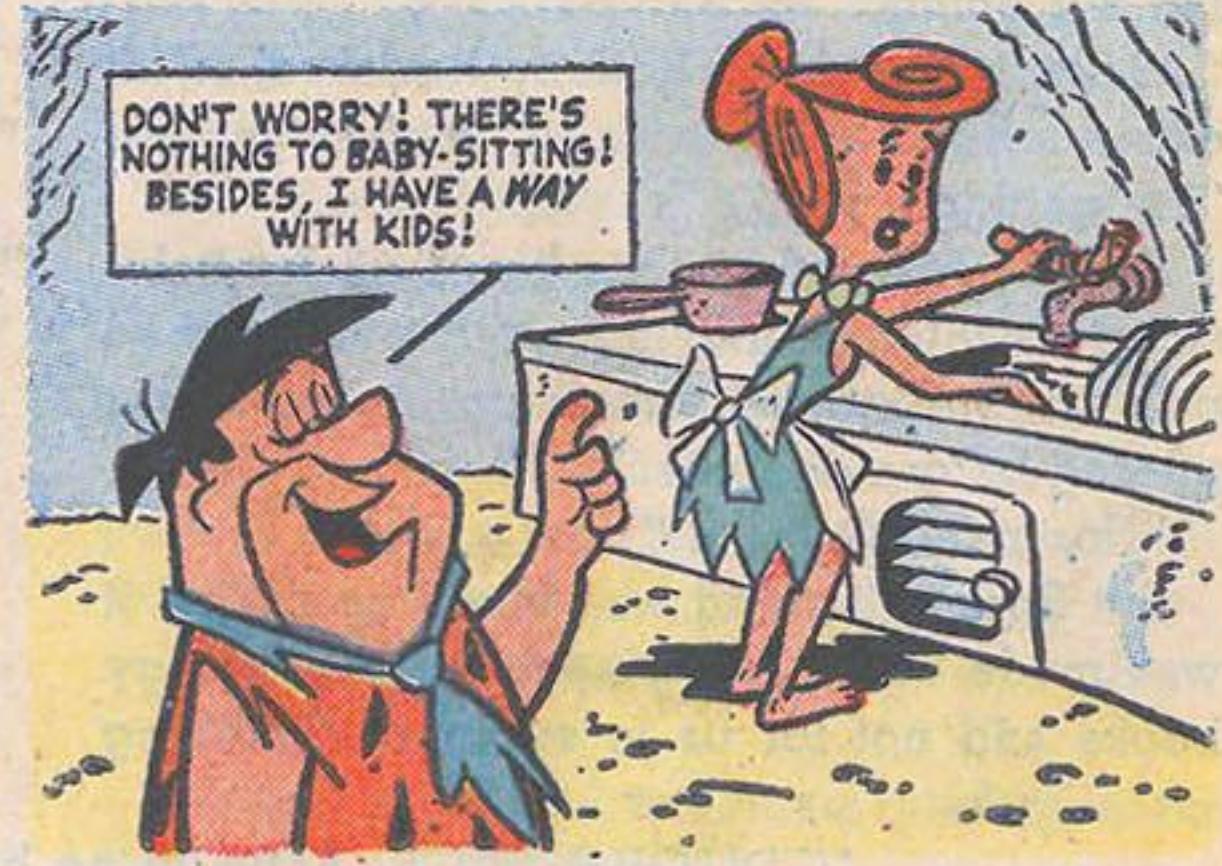
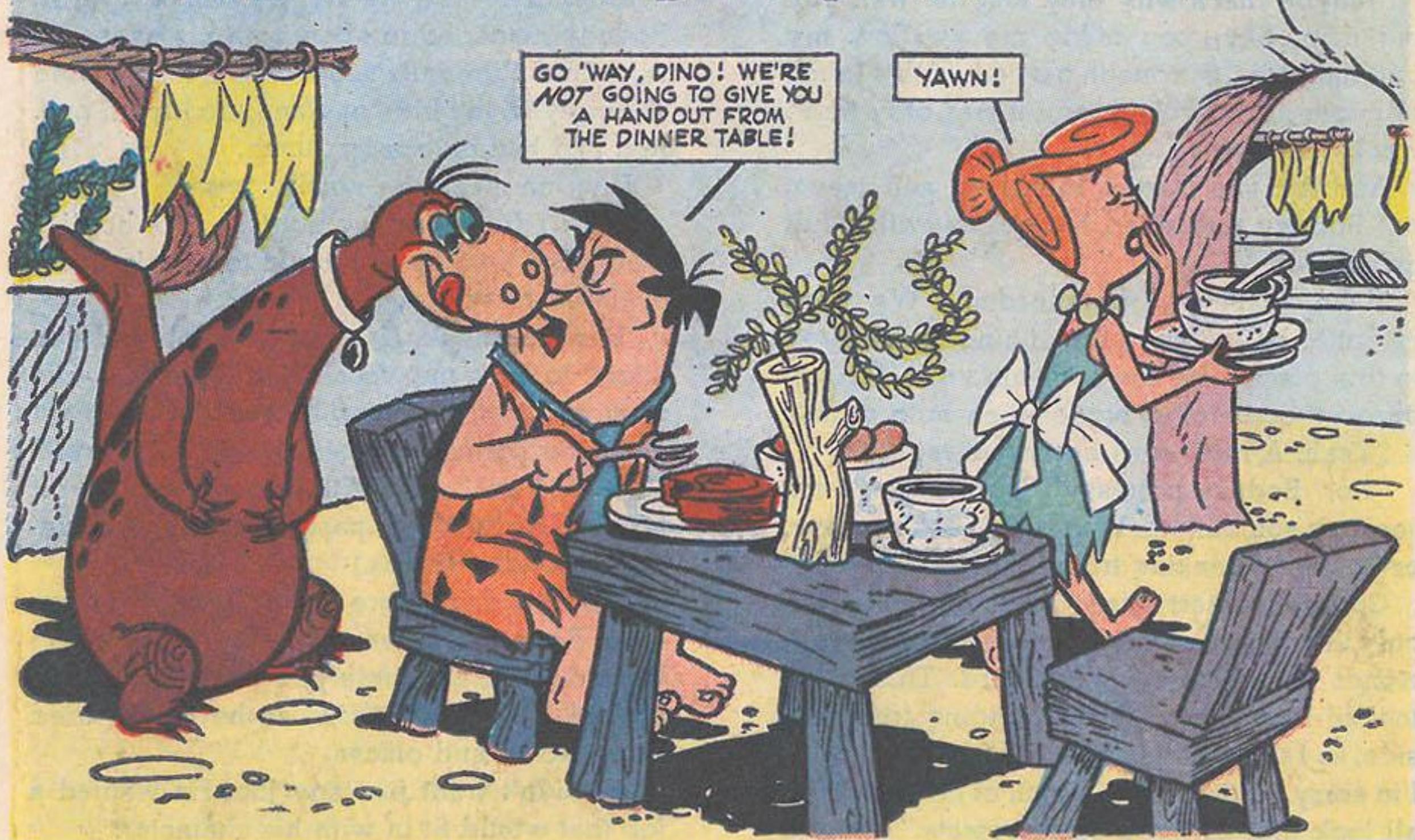
And so, our story has a happy ending. Rod found a cool job and Citronella truly loves him . . . on payday.

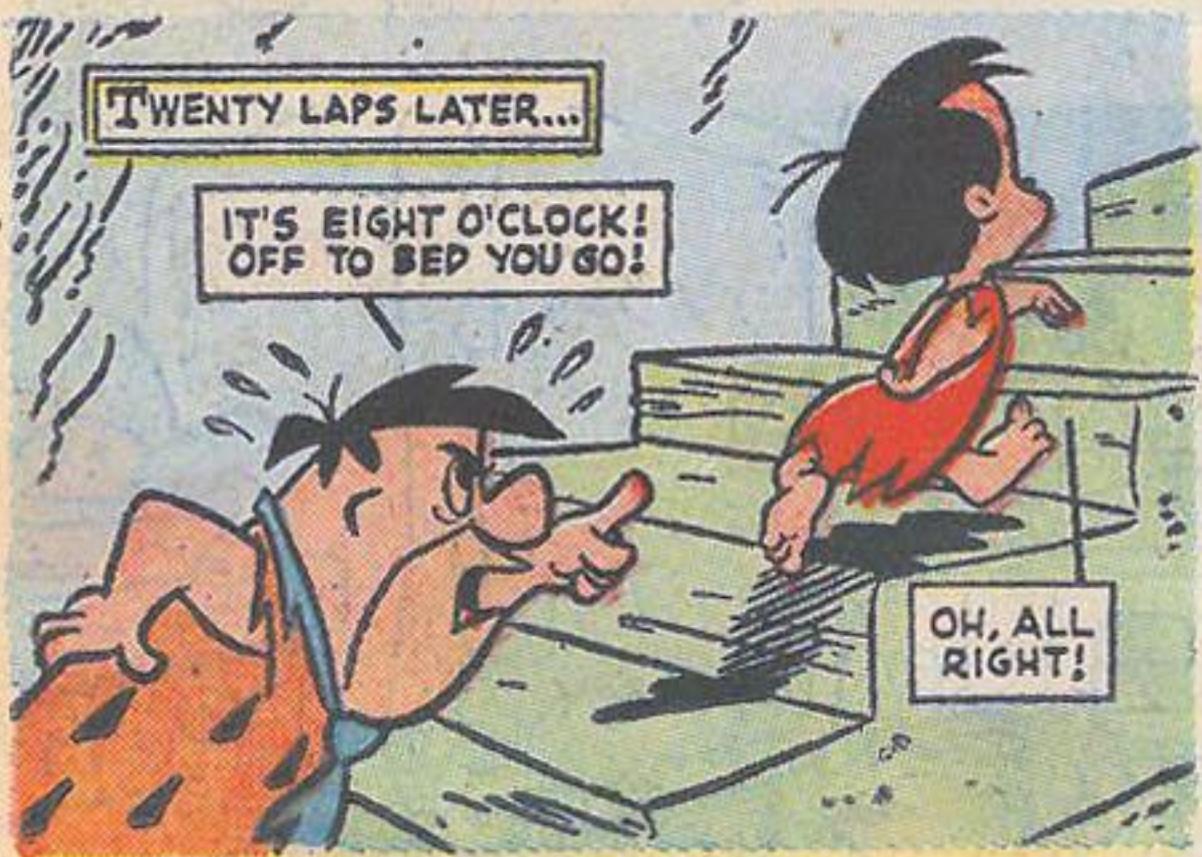
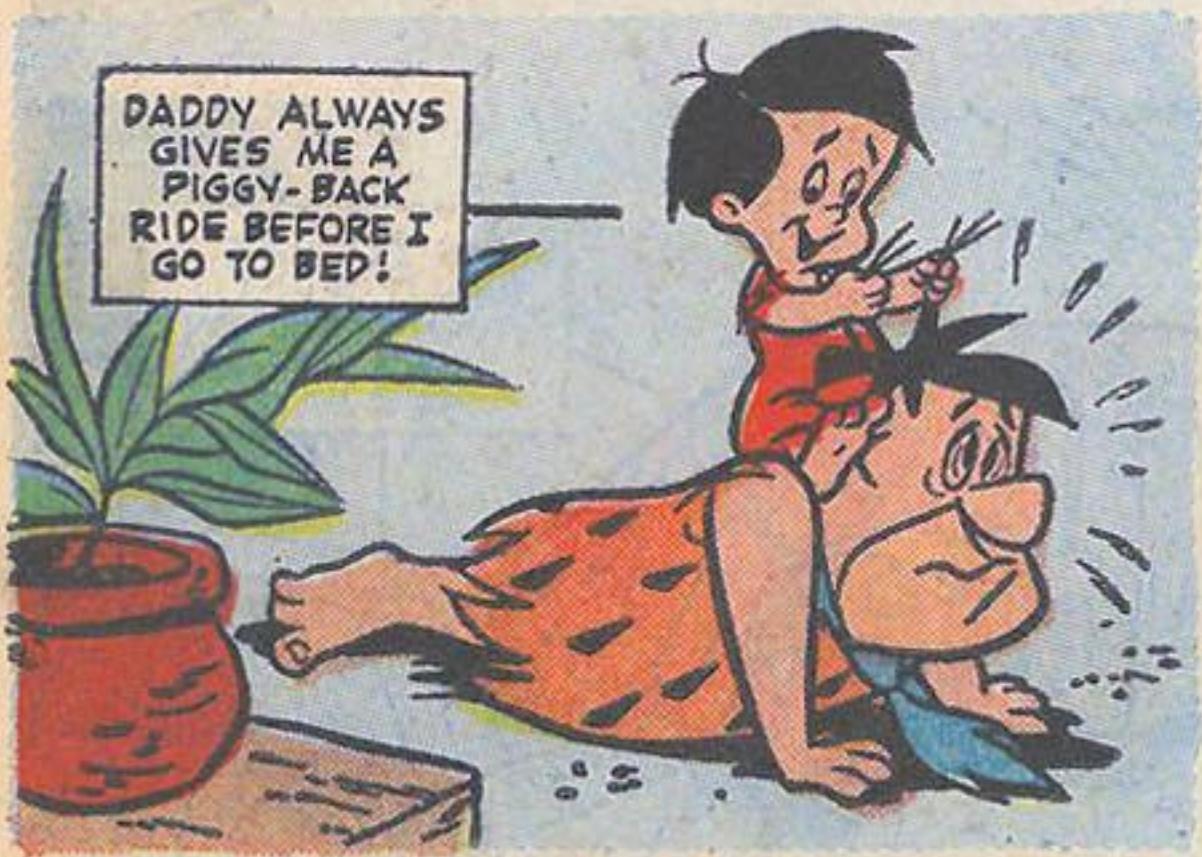
Where did Rodney Rocktop go to work? At the Bedrock Ice Plant . . . where it was "Cool, man. Real cool."

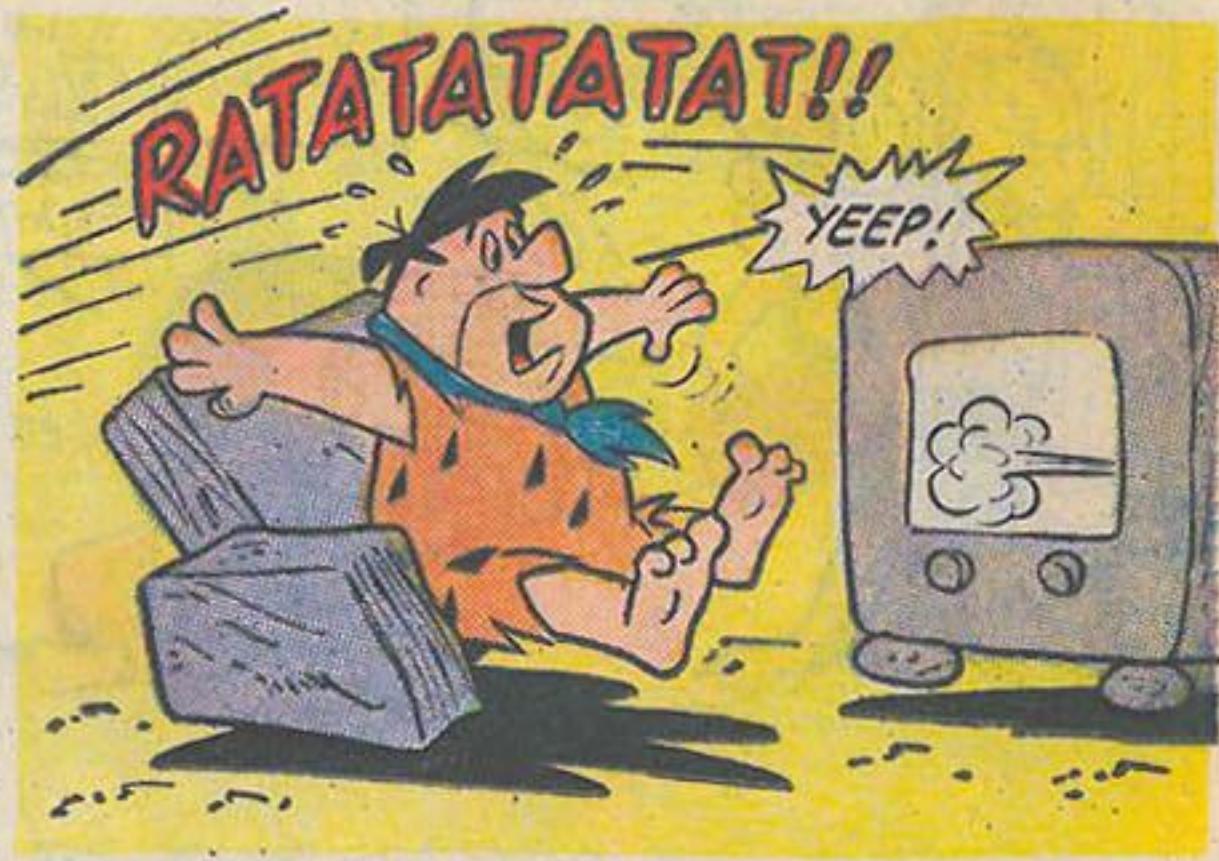
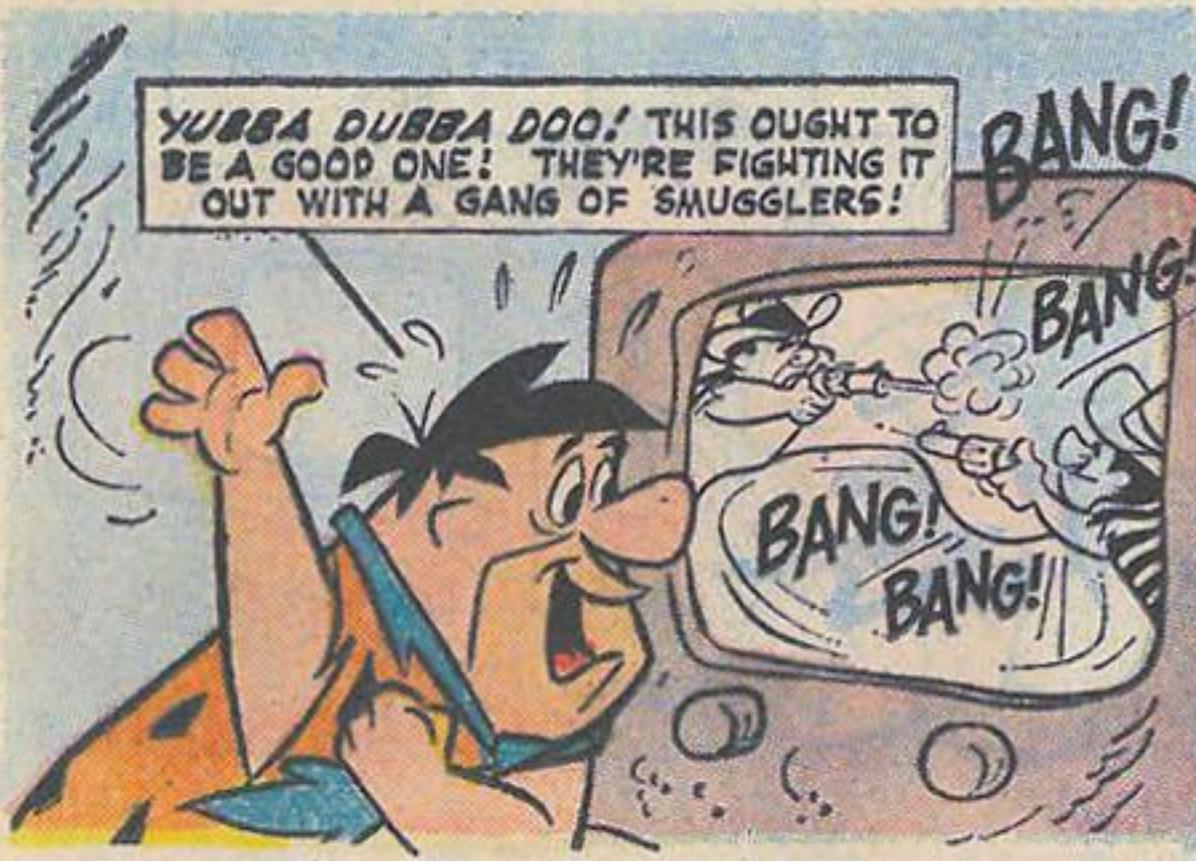
*(EDITOR'S NOTE: Actually no bus is bigger than Citronella Klotz)

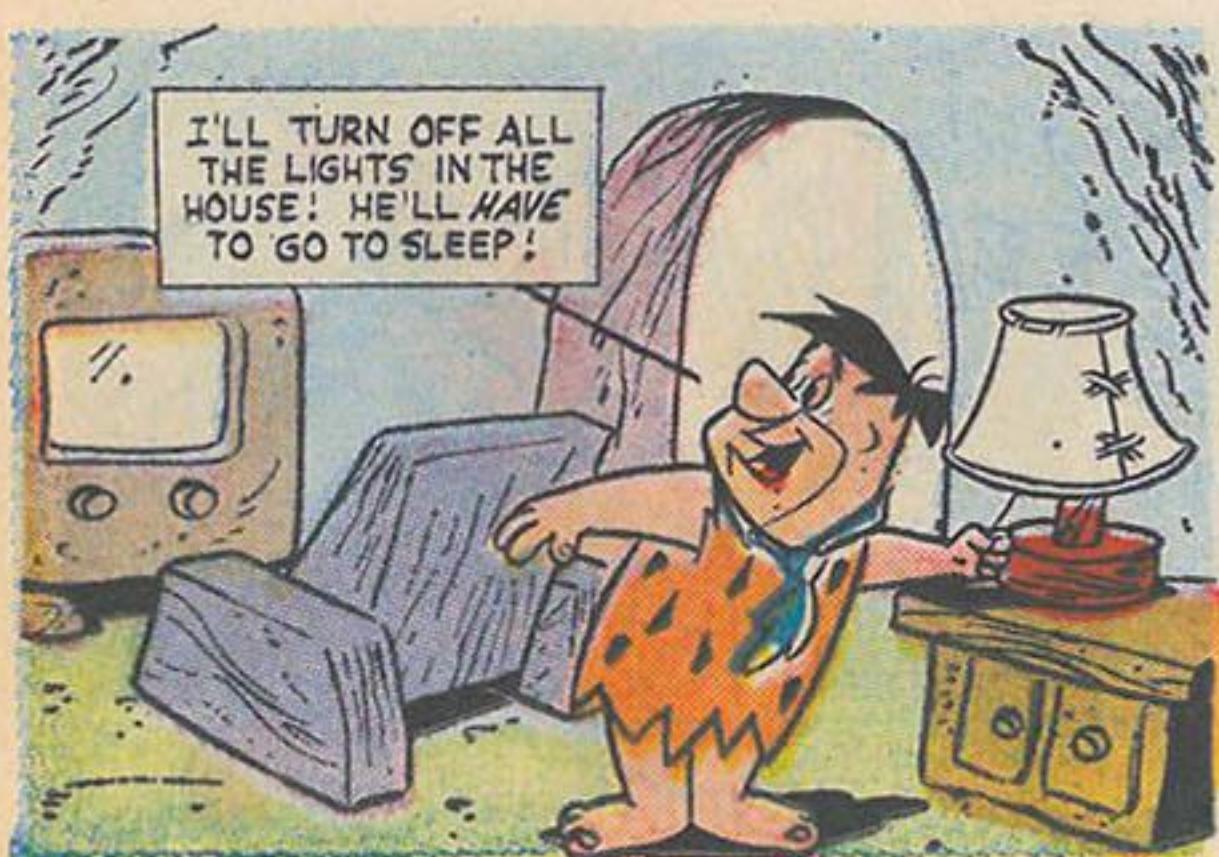
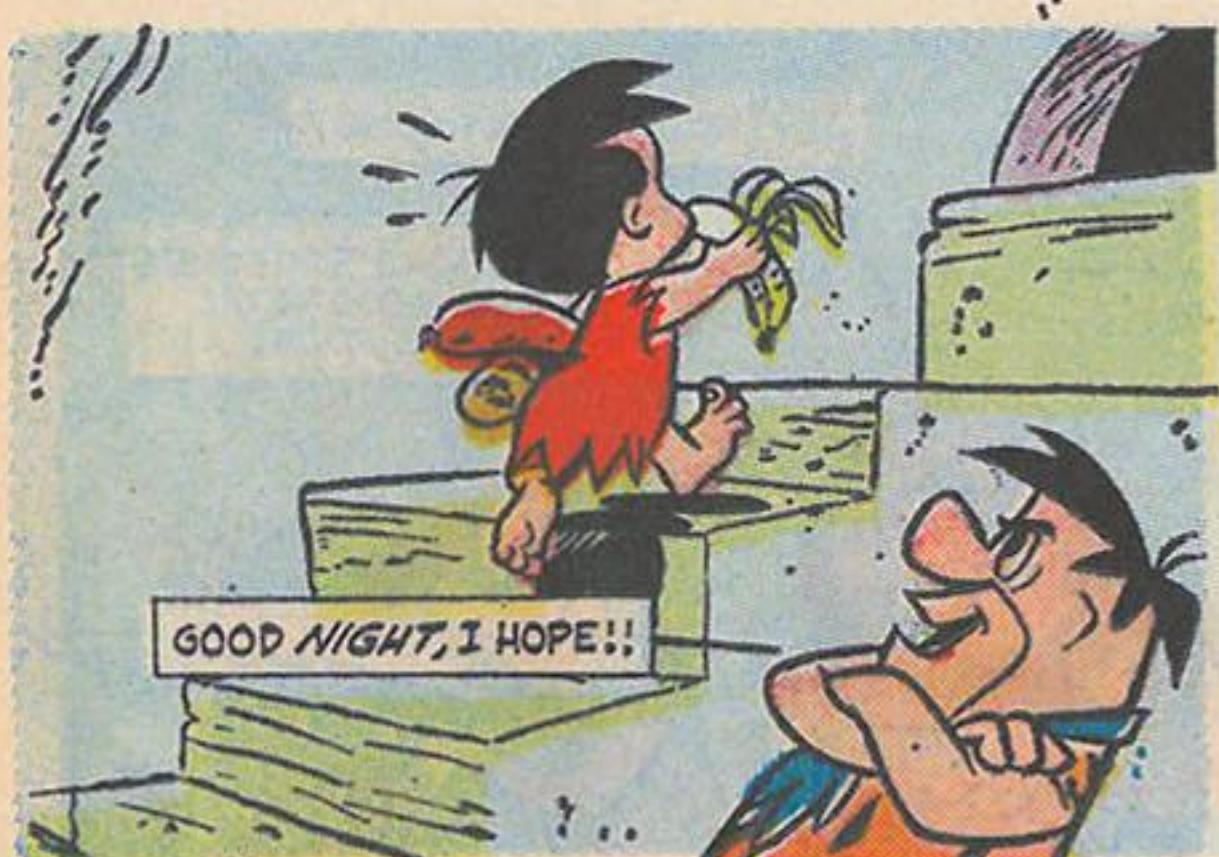
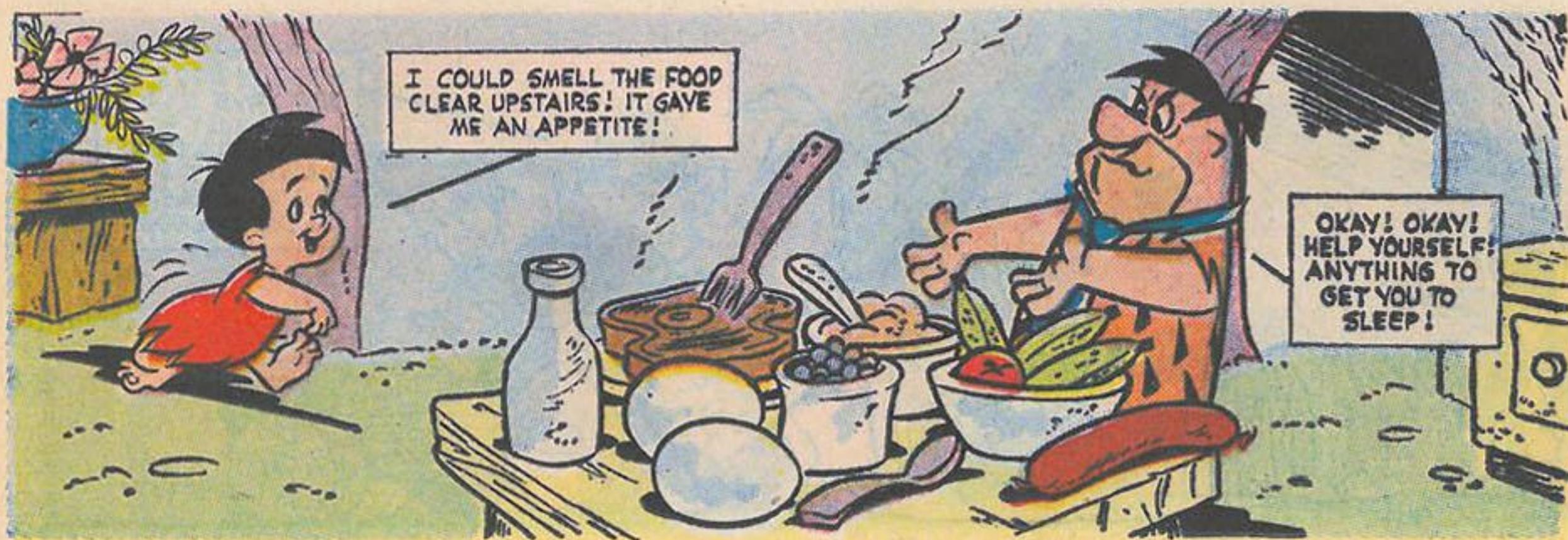
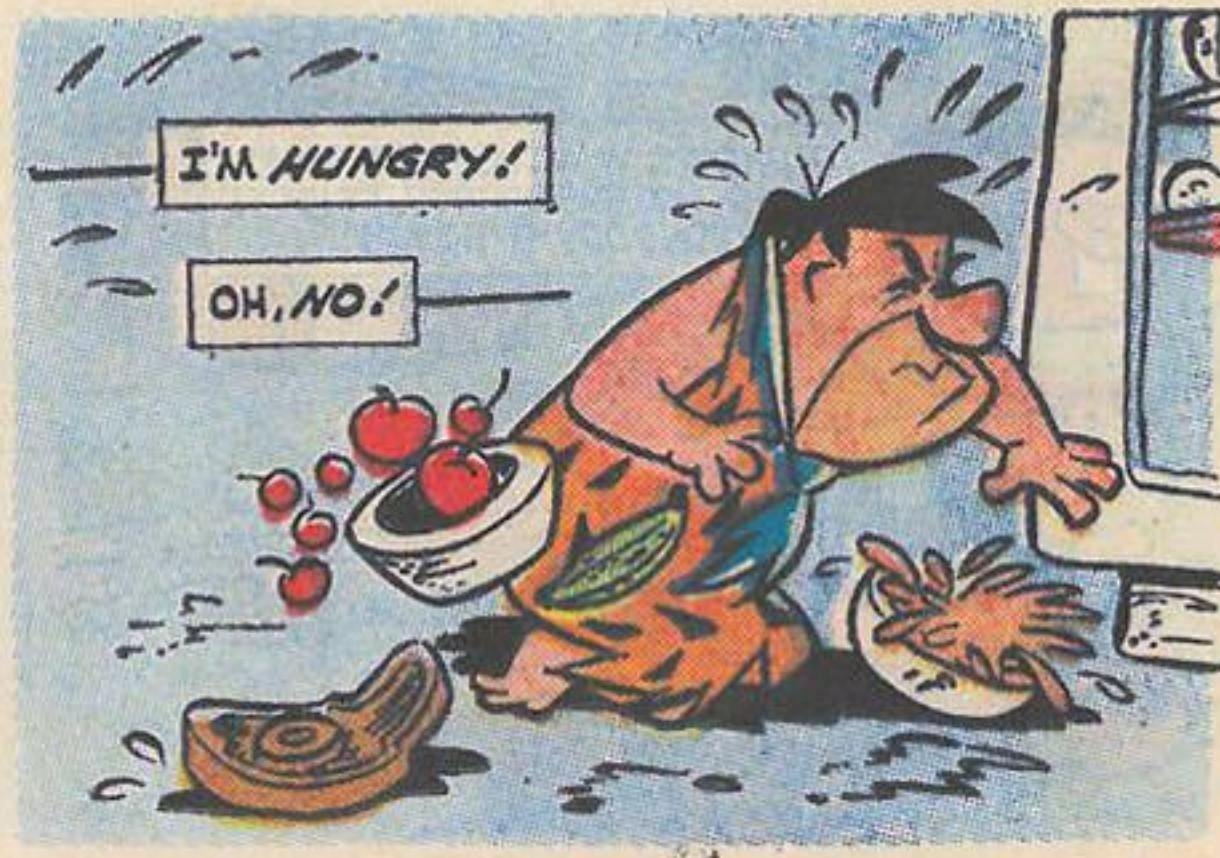
Hanna-Barbera
the FLINTSTONES

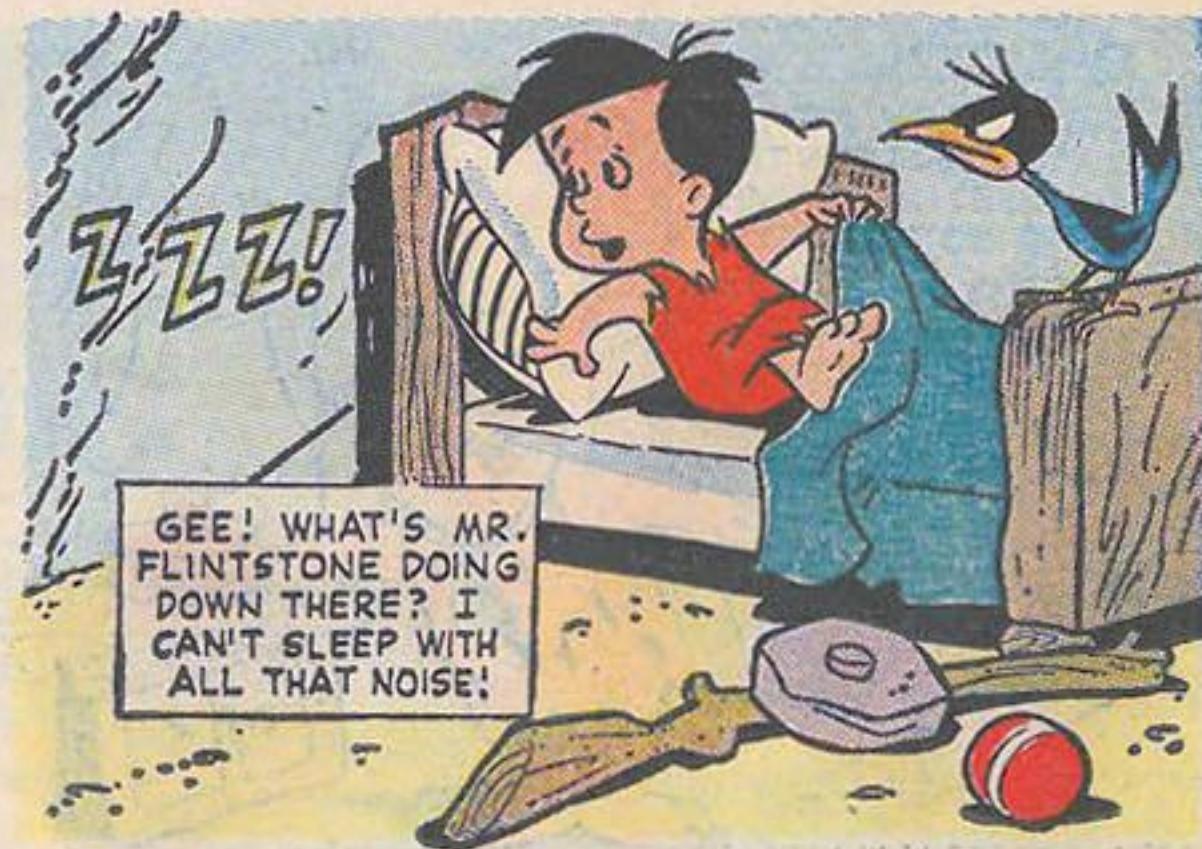
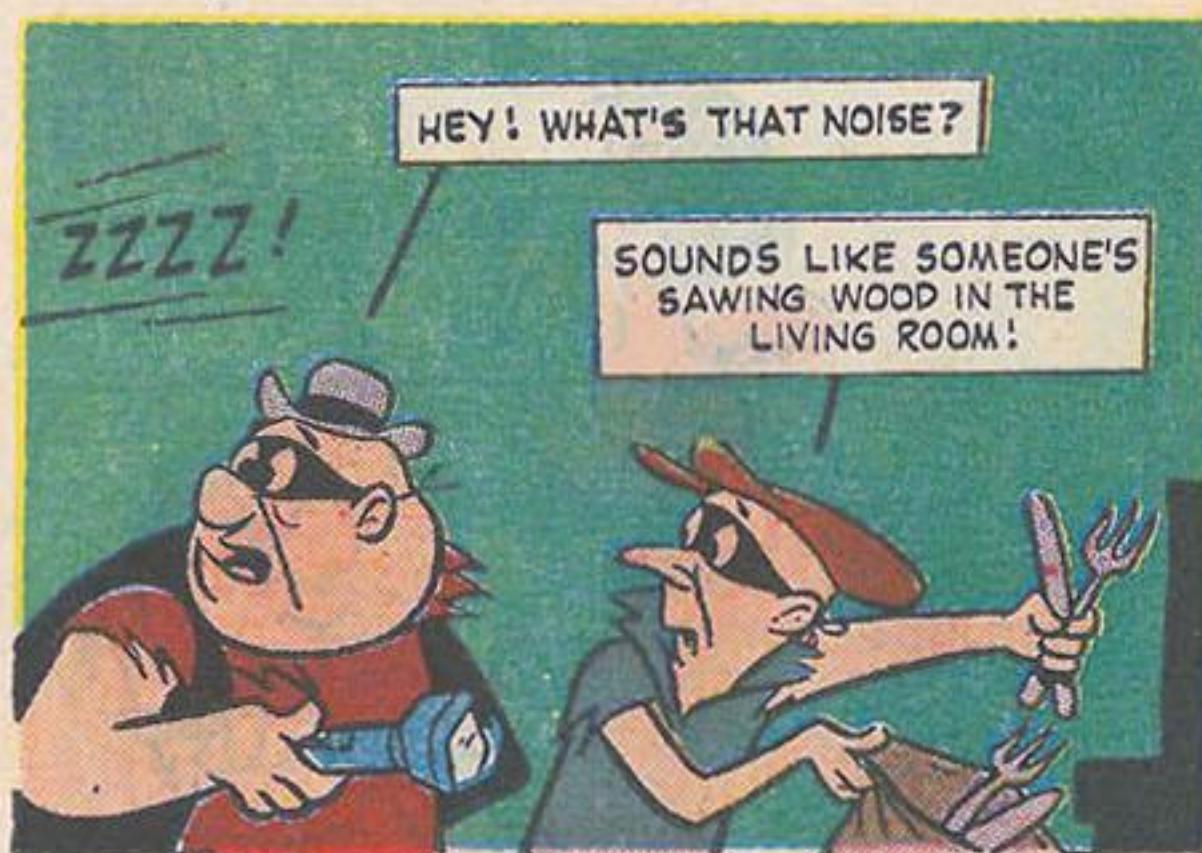
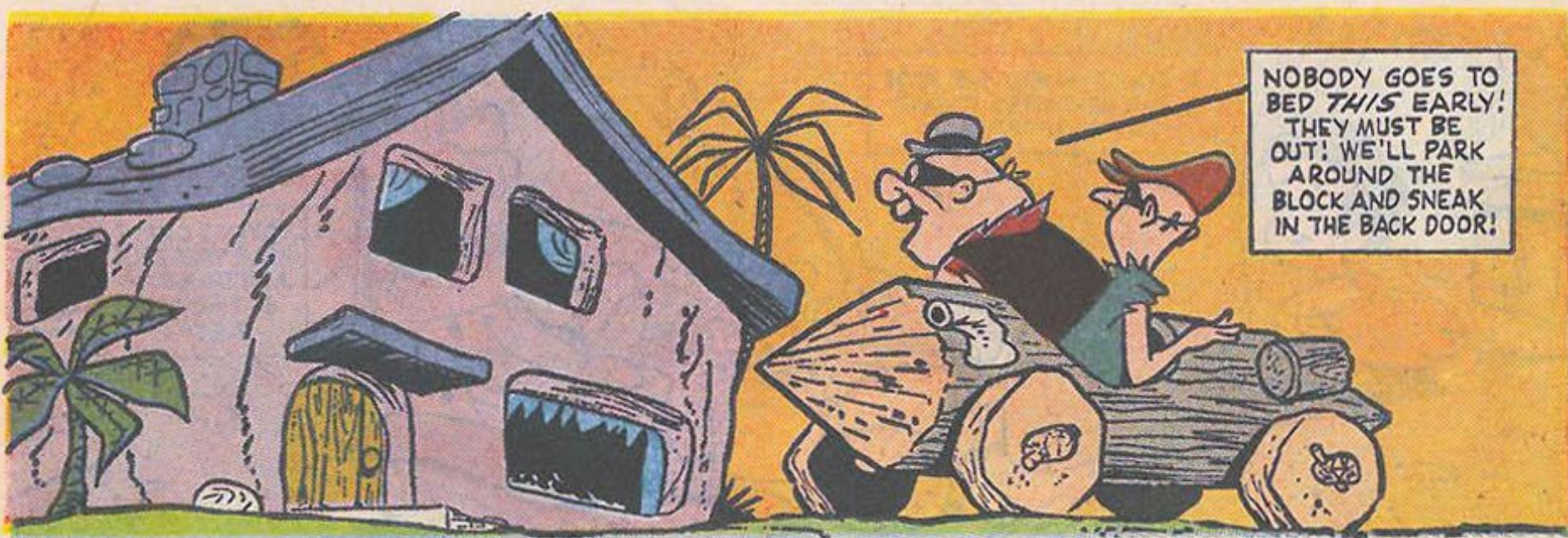
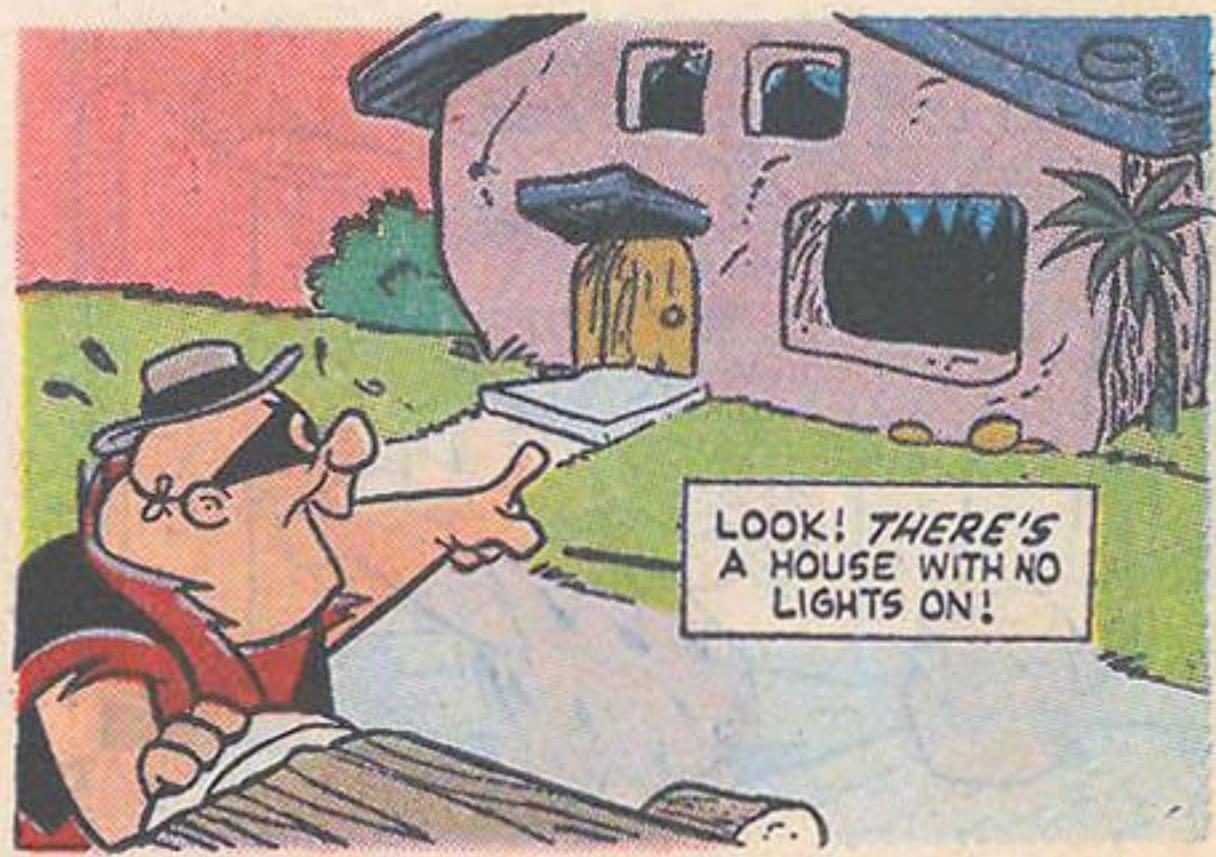
BEDDY-BYE AT BEDROCK

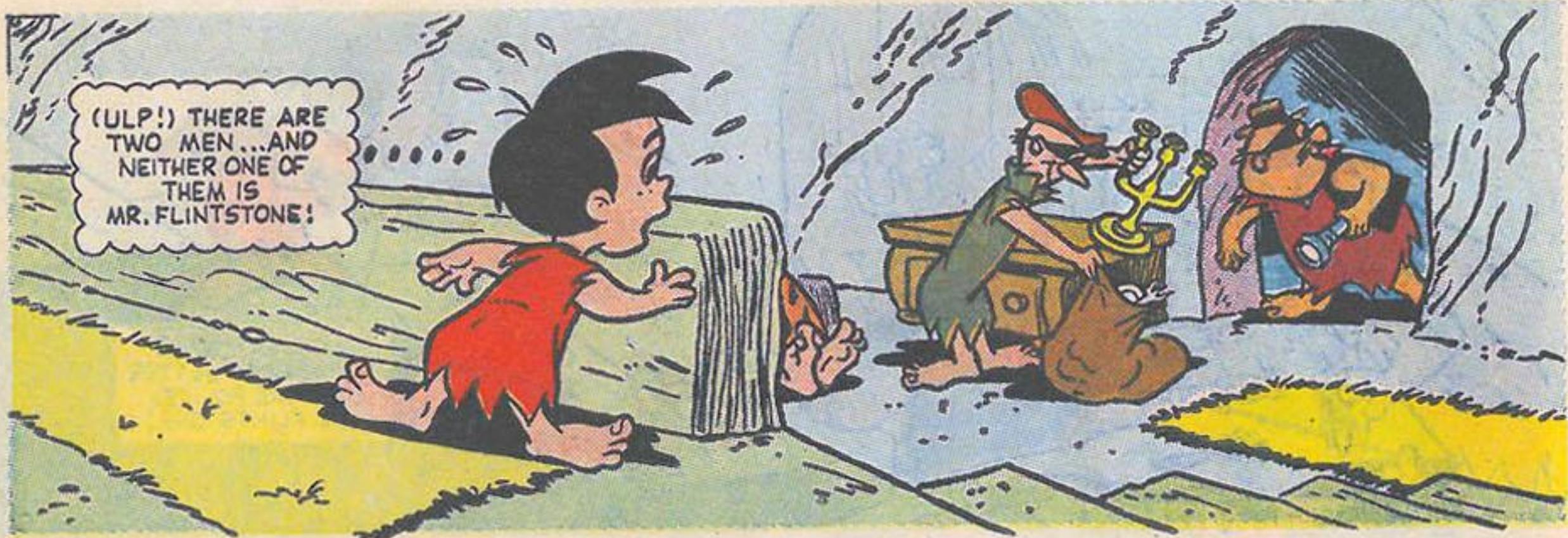


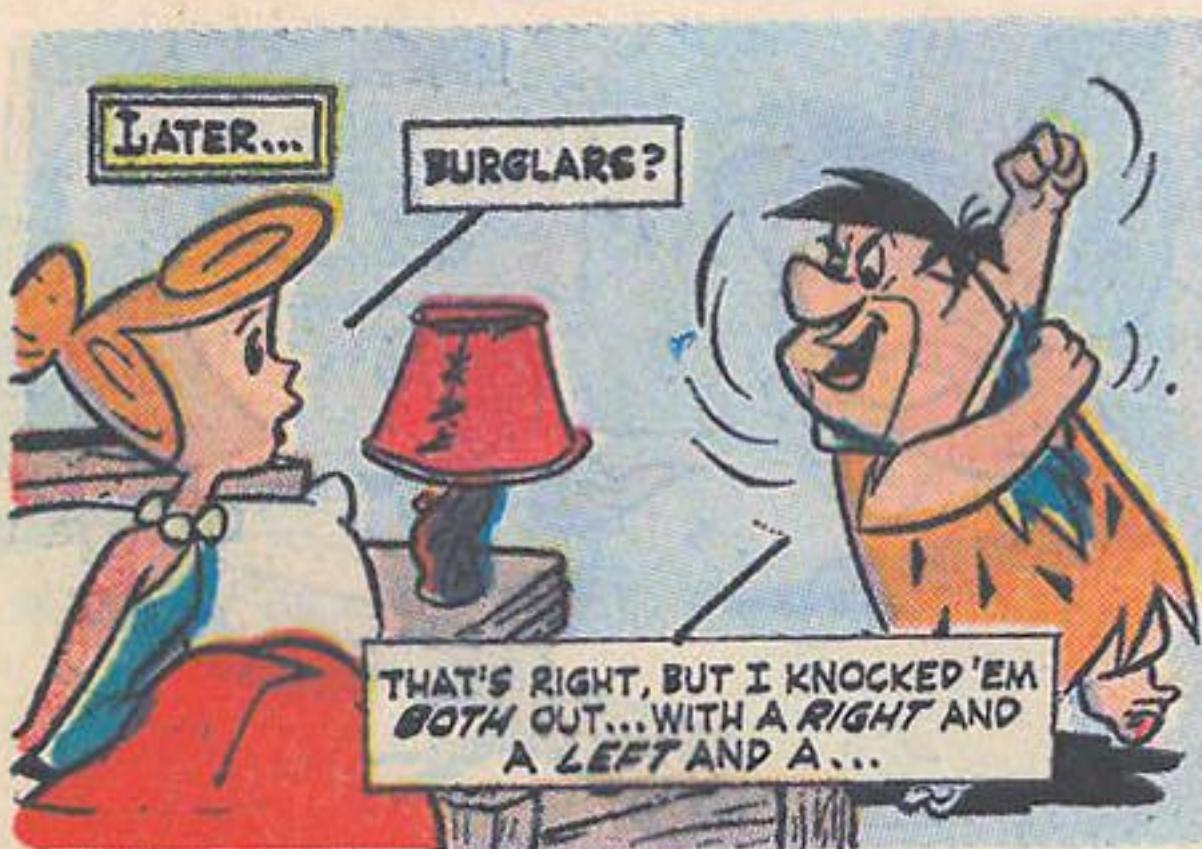






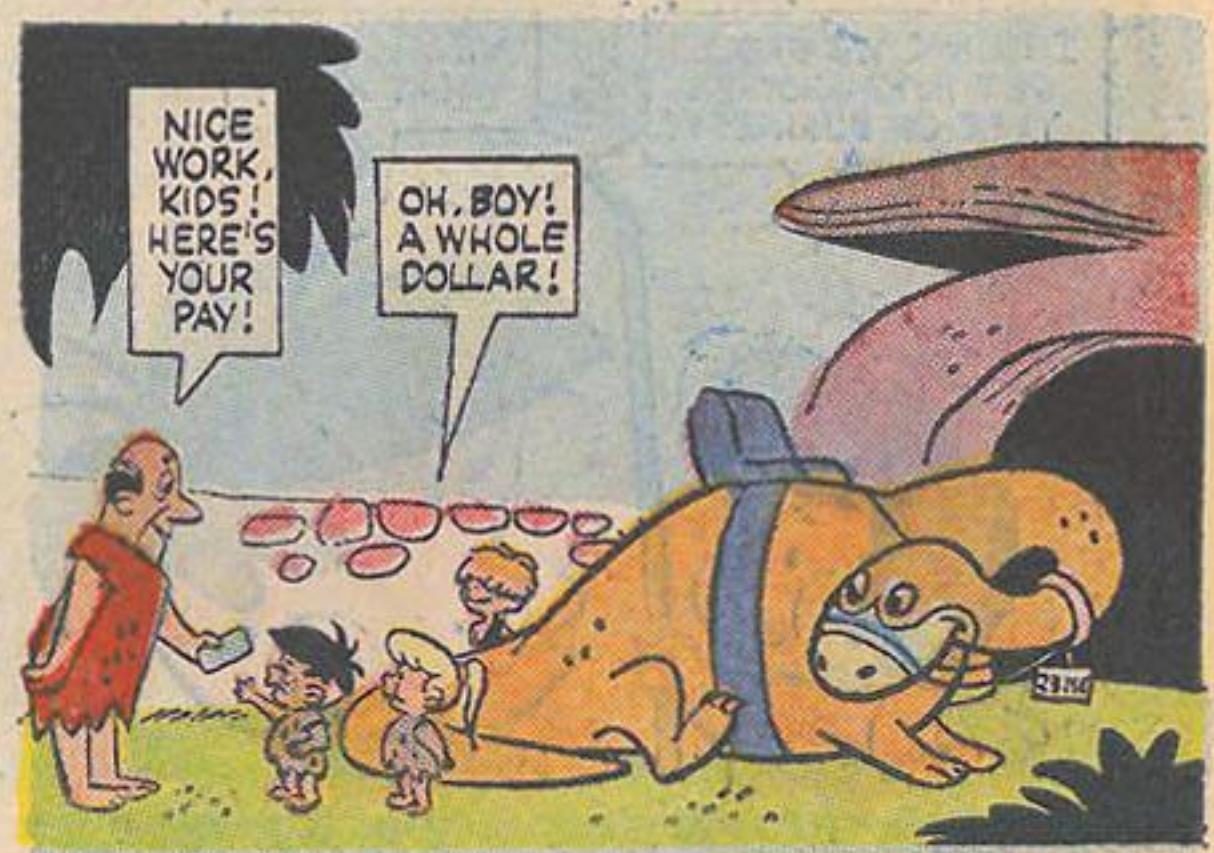
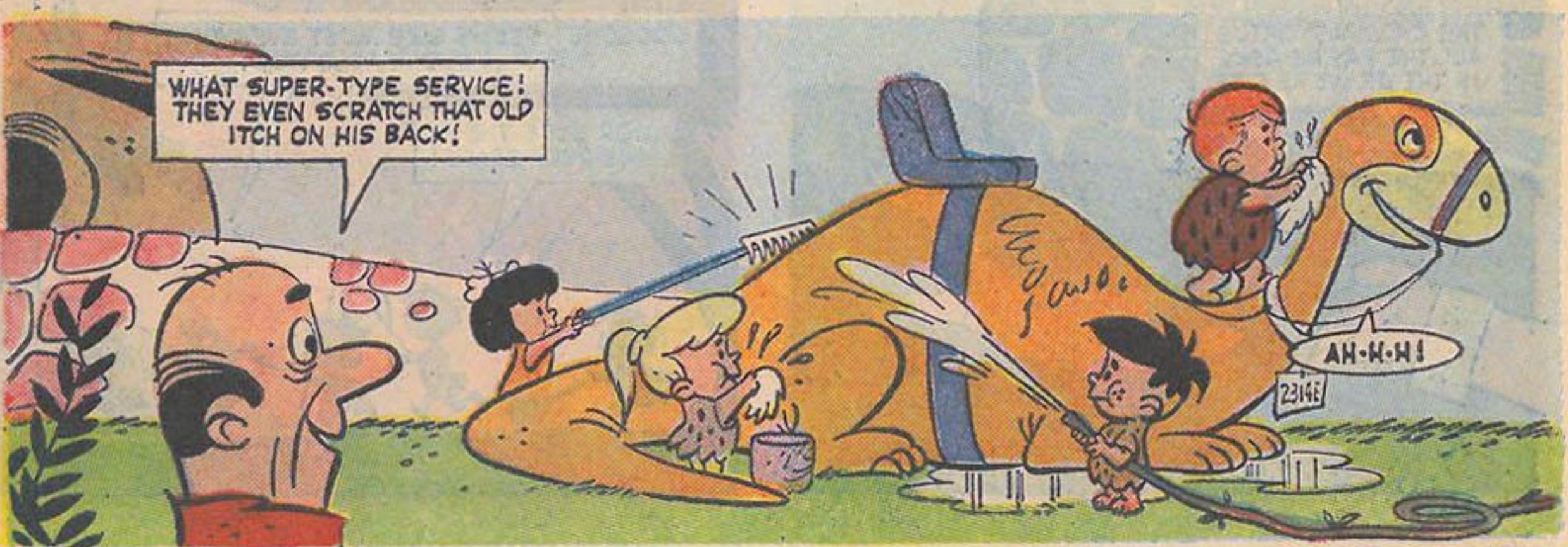
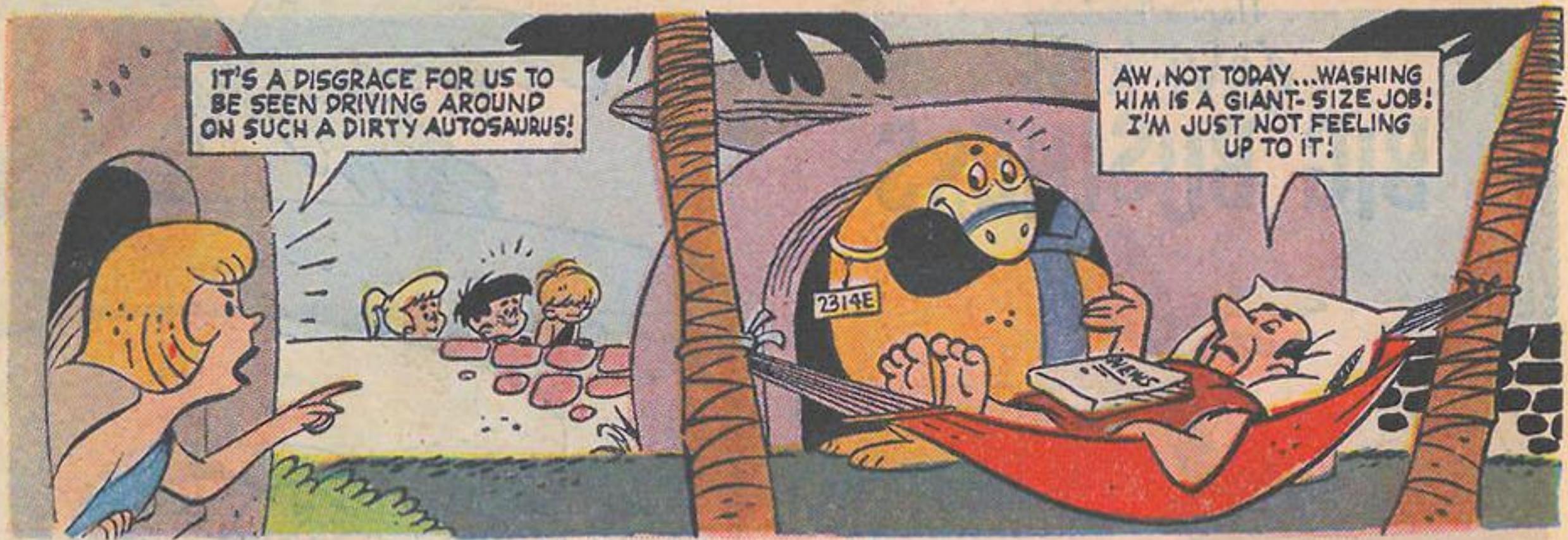


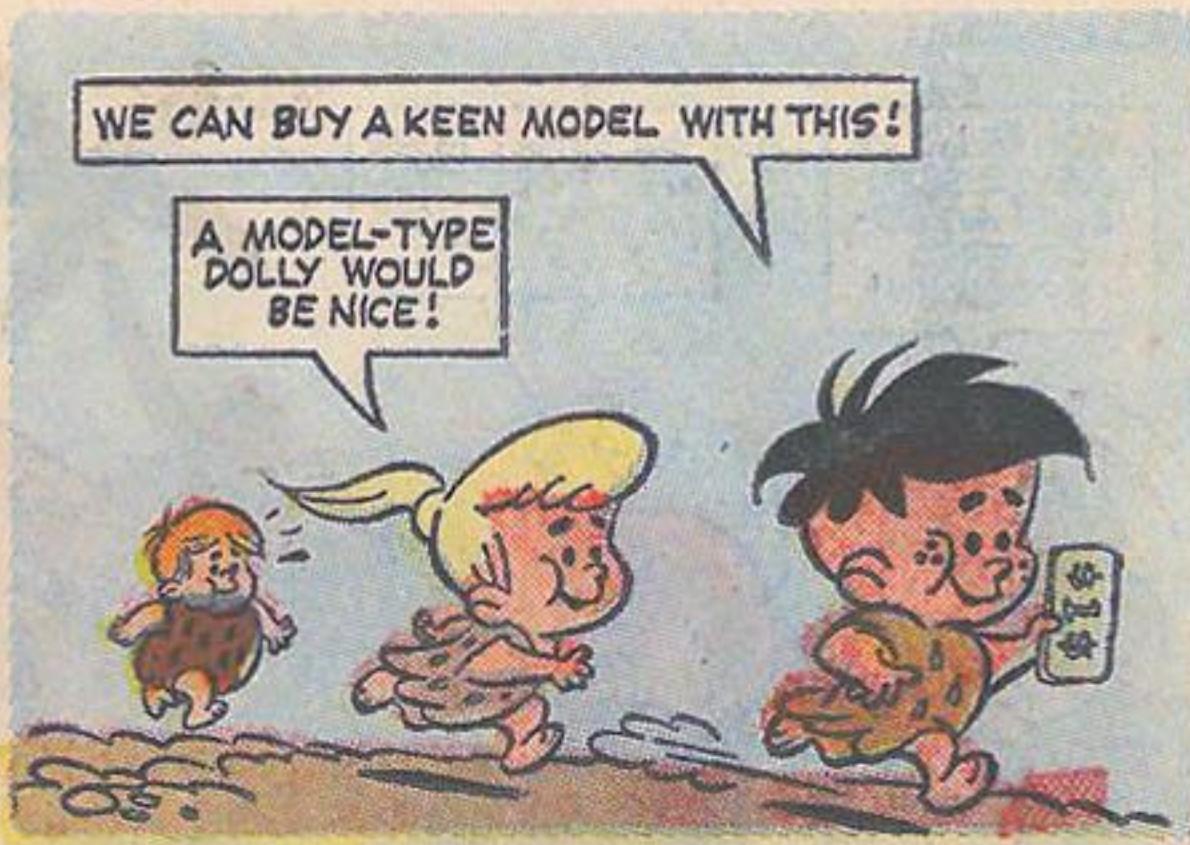


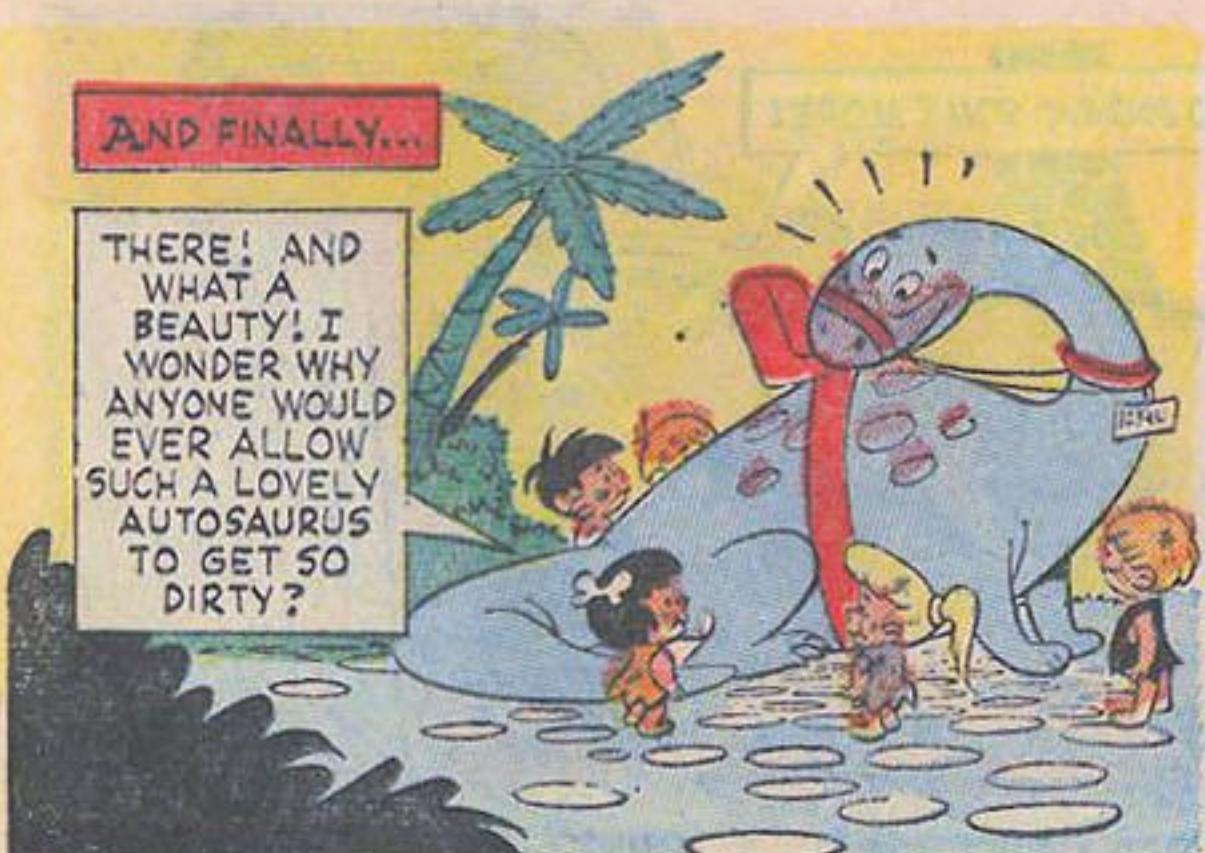
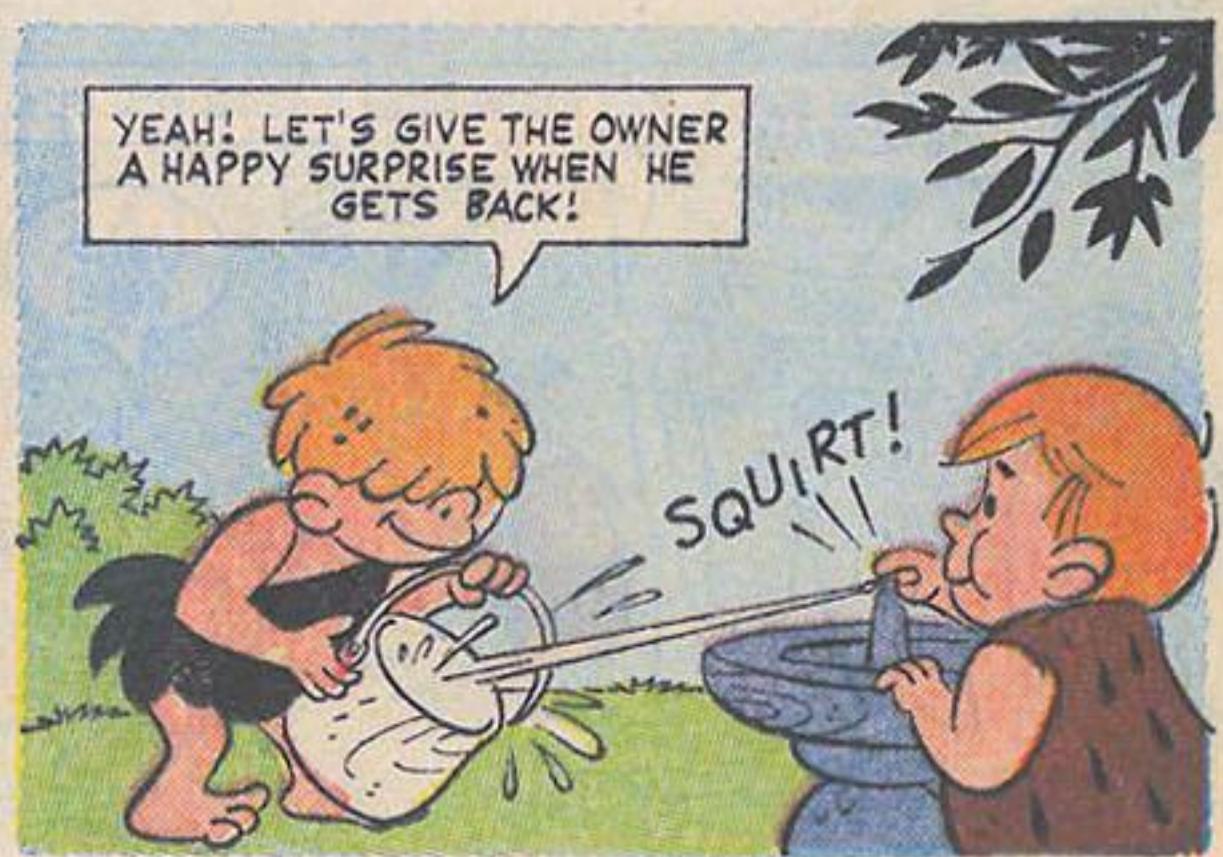
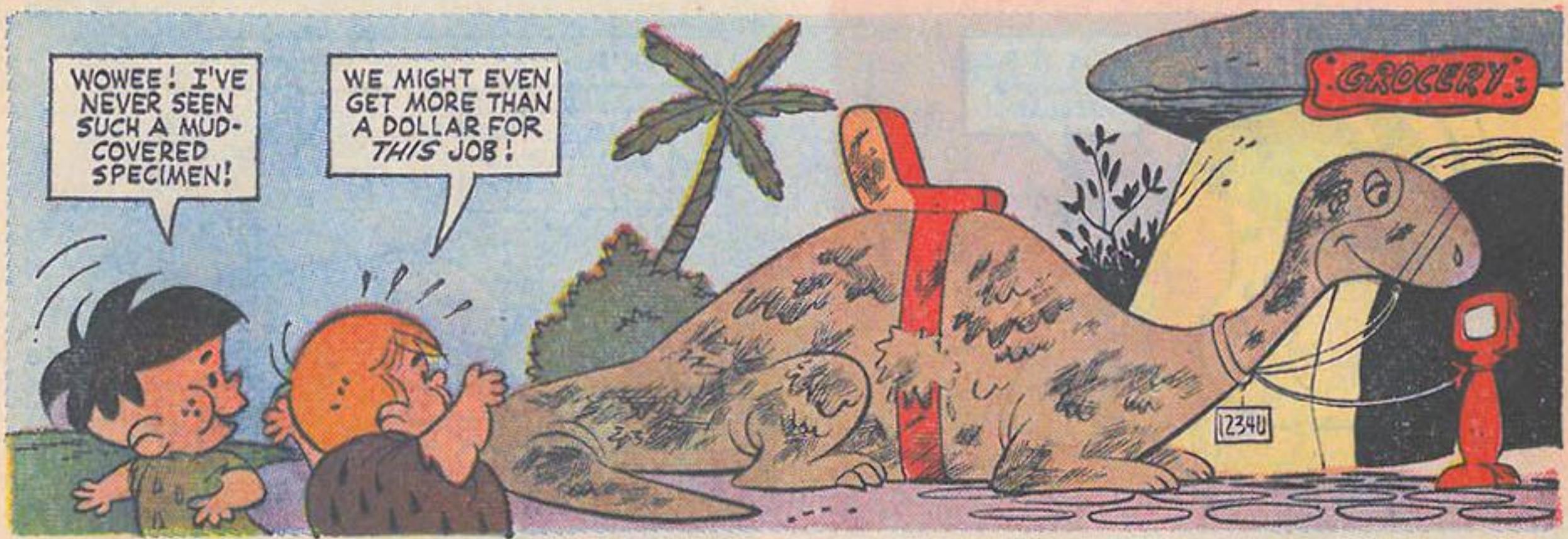


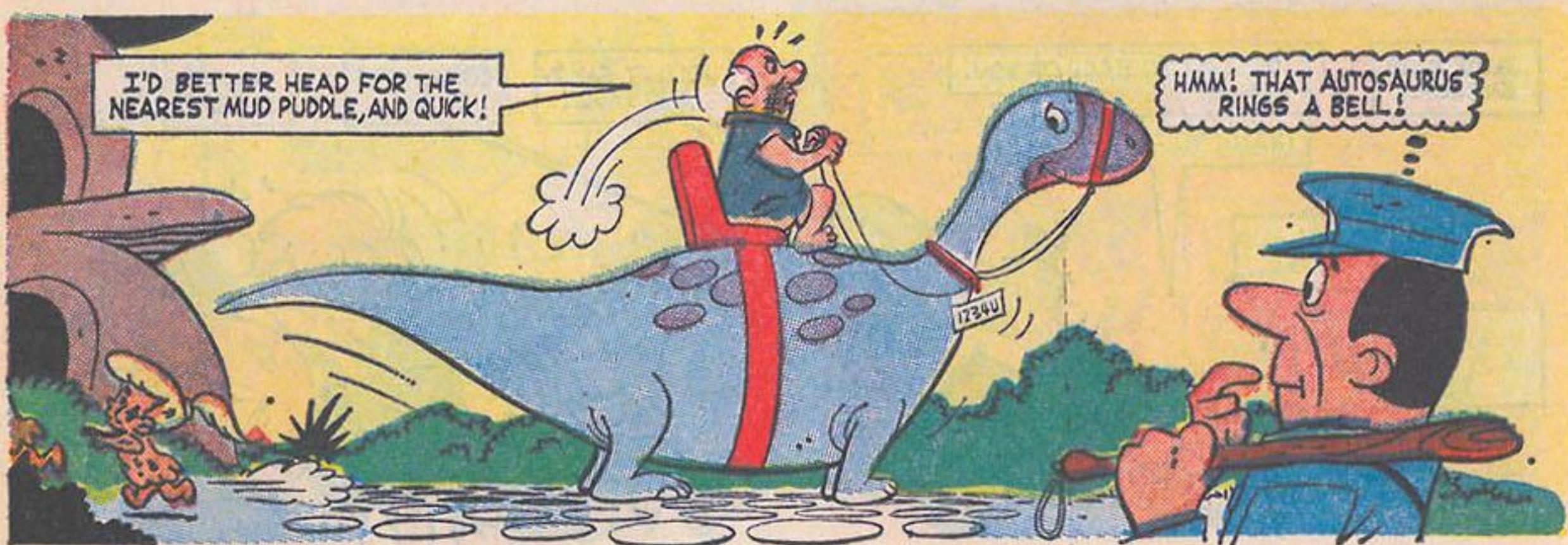
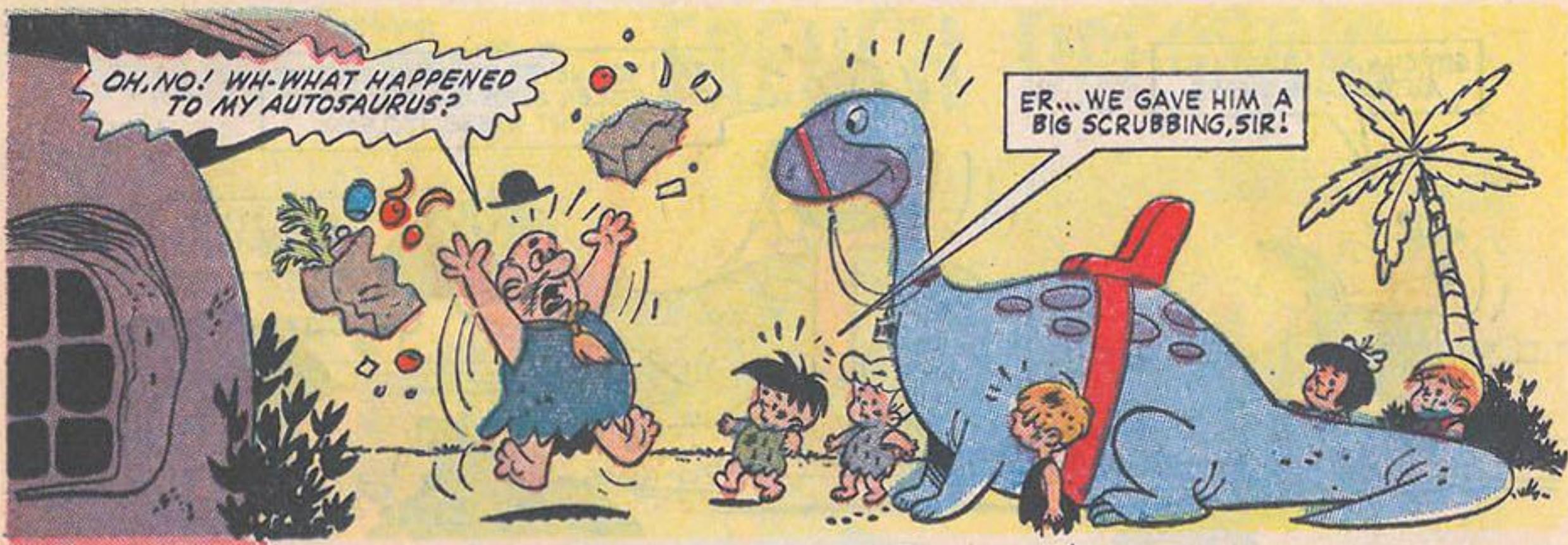
Hanna-Barbera
**CAVE KIDS
BIG BUSINESS**

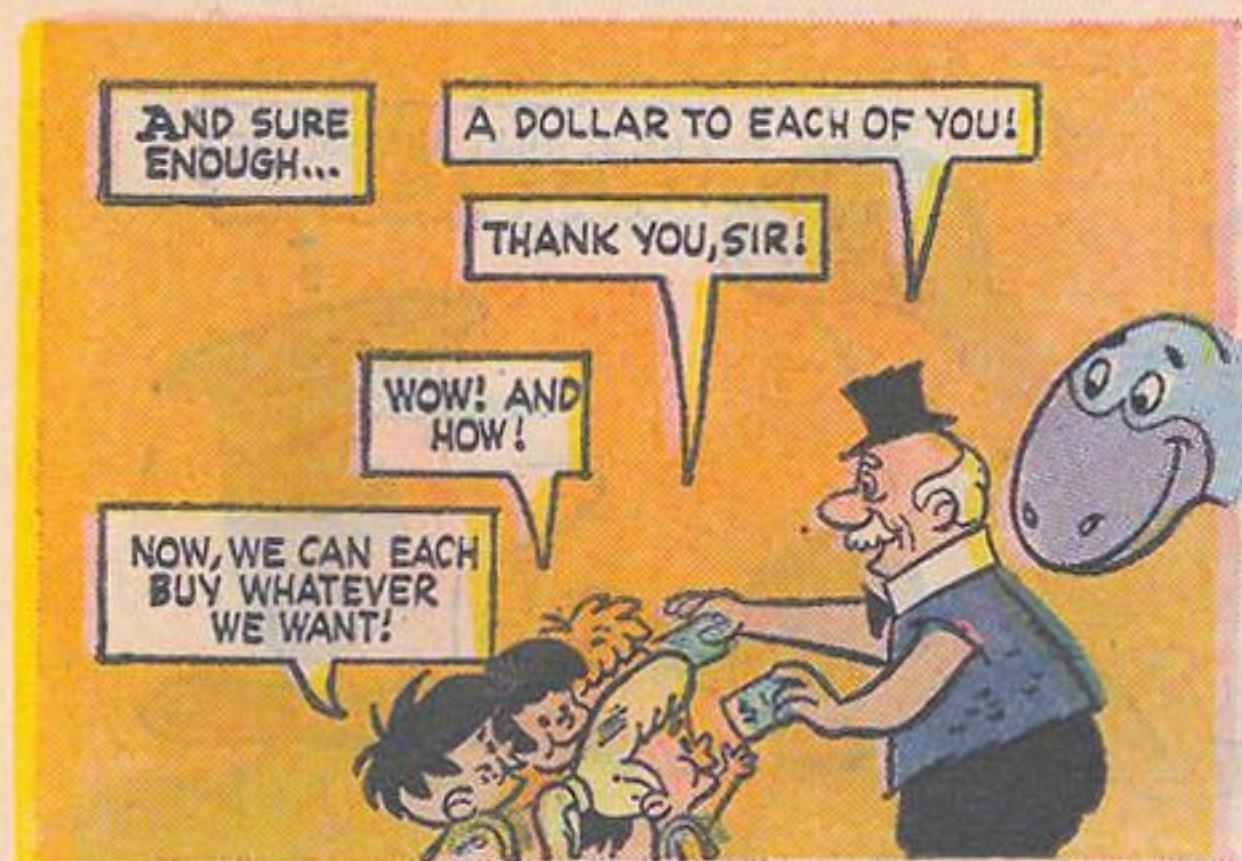
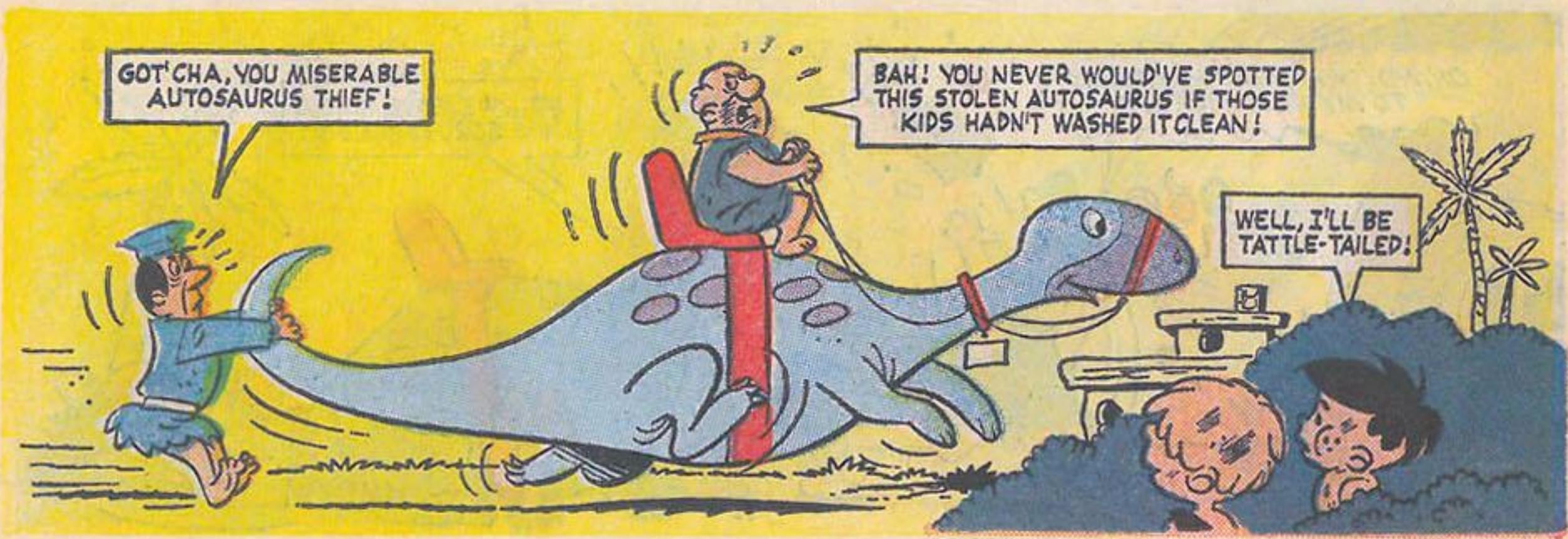






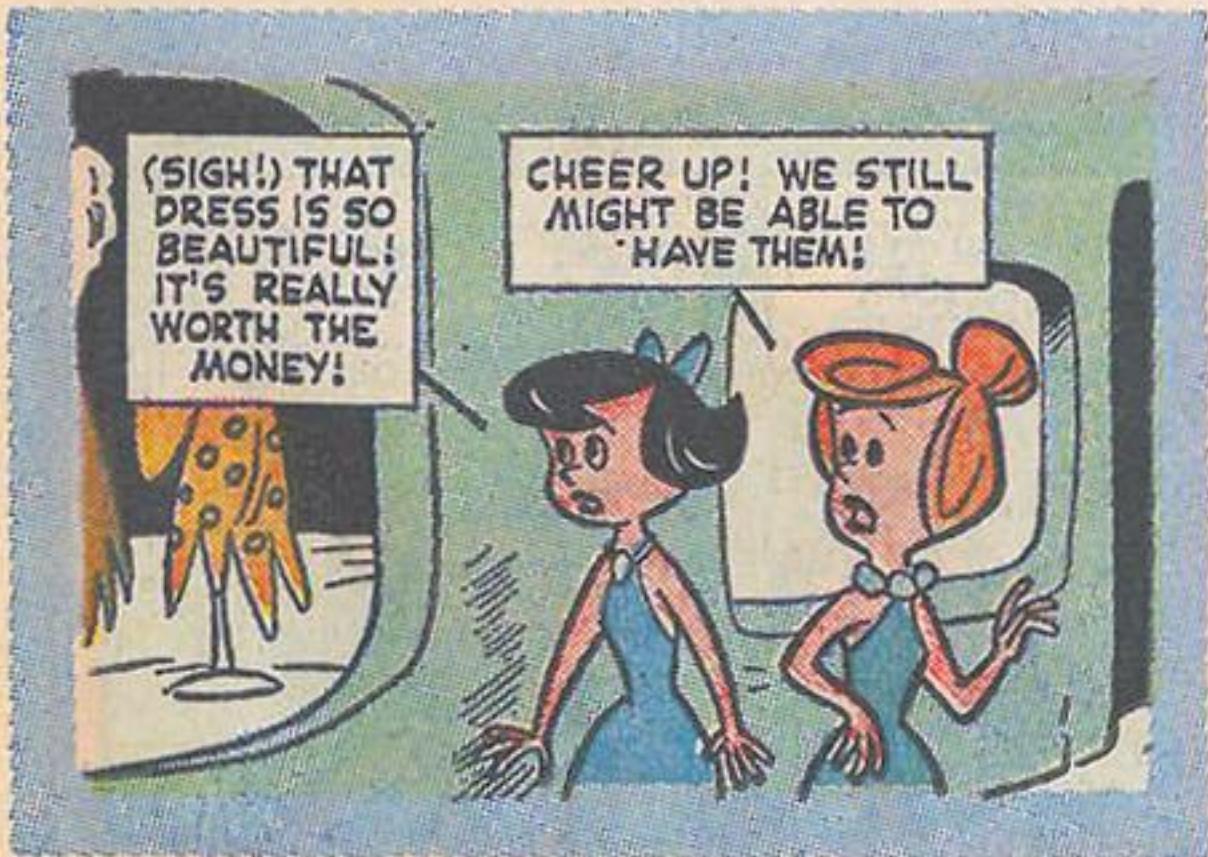
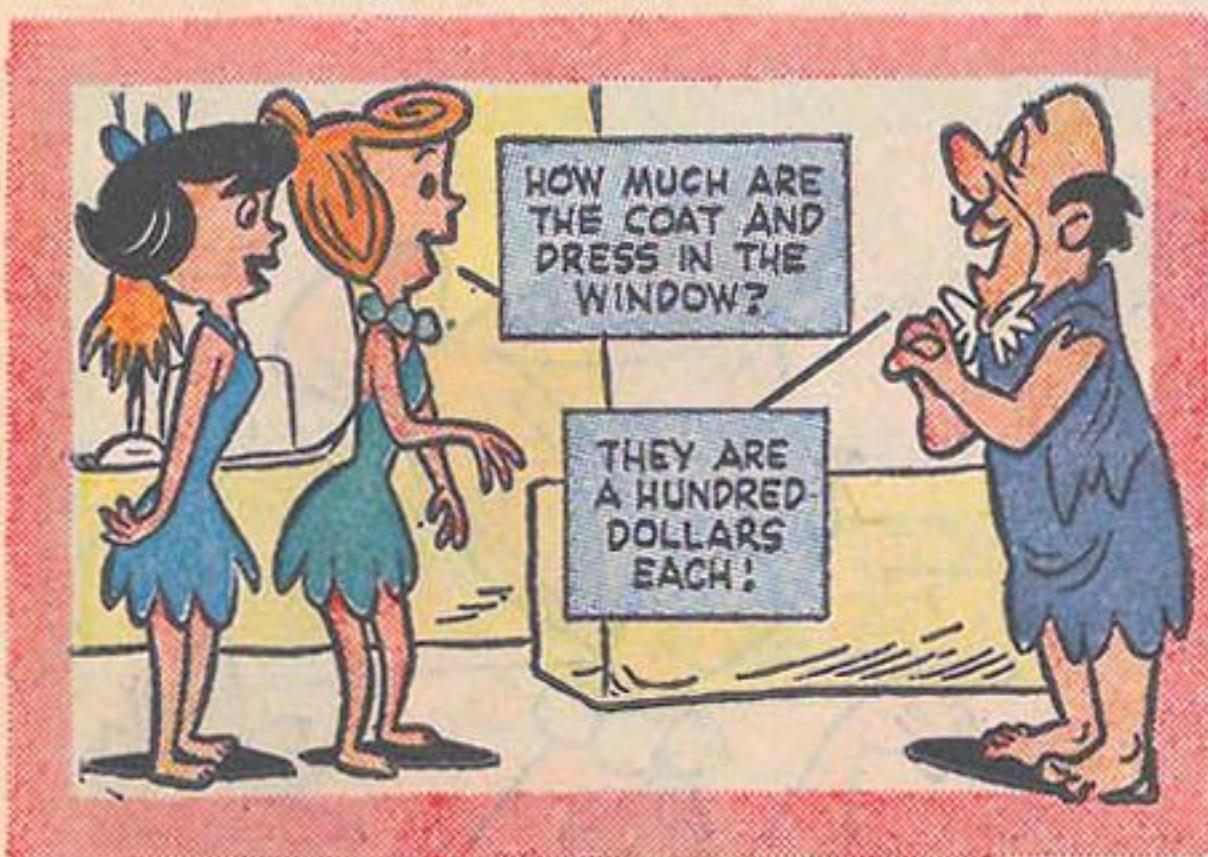
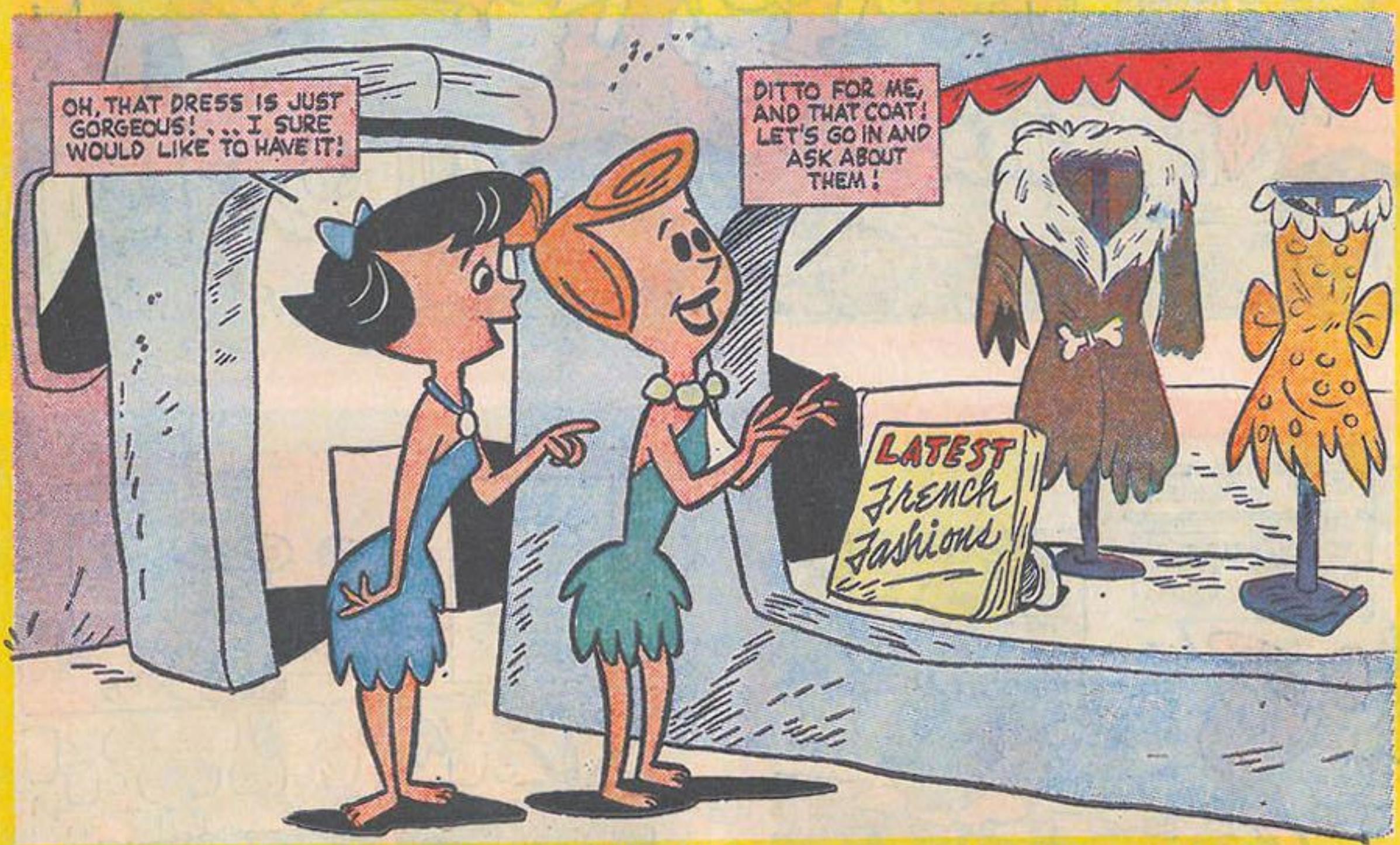






Hanna-Barbera
WILMA AND BETTY

FRENCH DRESSING



THAT NIGHT, THE GIRLS ASK THEIR HUSBANDS FOR THE MONEY...

NO! NO!



NEXT MORNING...

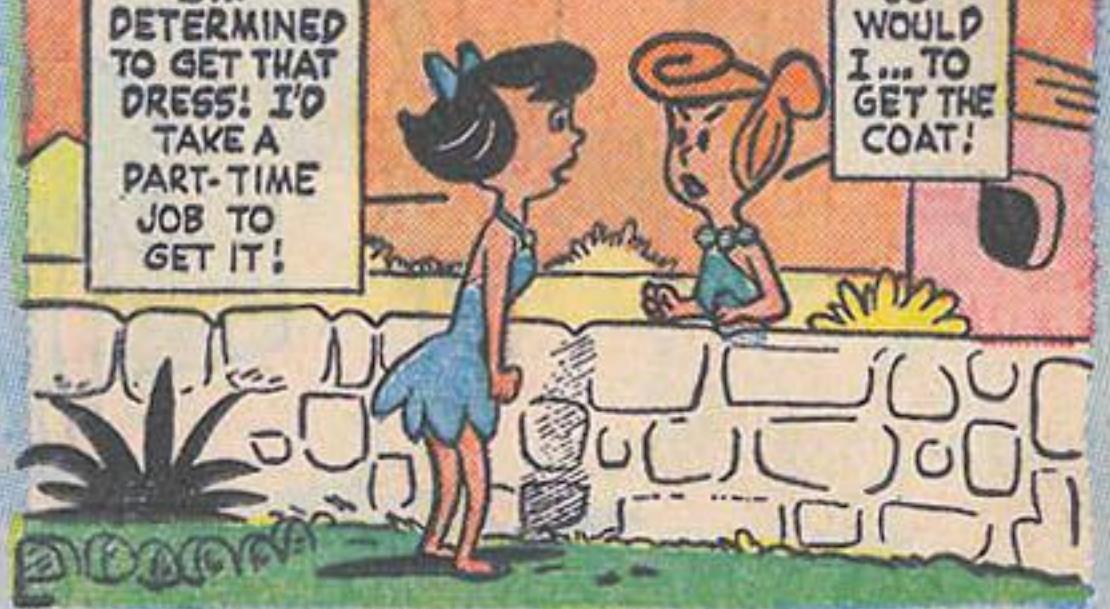
DID YOU HEAR THE SONIC BOOM AT OUR HOUSE LAST NIGHT?

NOT OVER THE EARTHQUAKE AT OUR HOUSE! WHEN THE BOYS SAY "NO," THEY SAY "NO!"



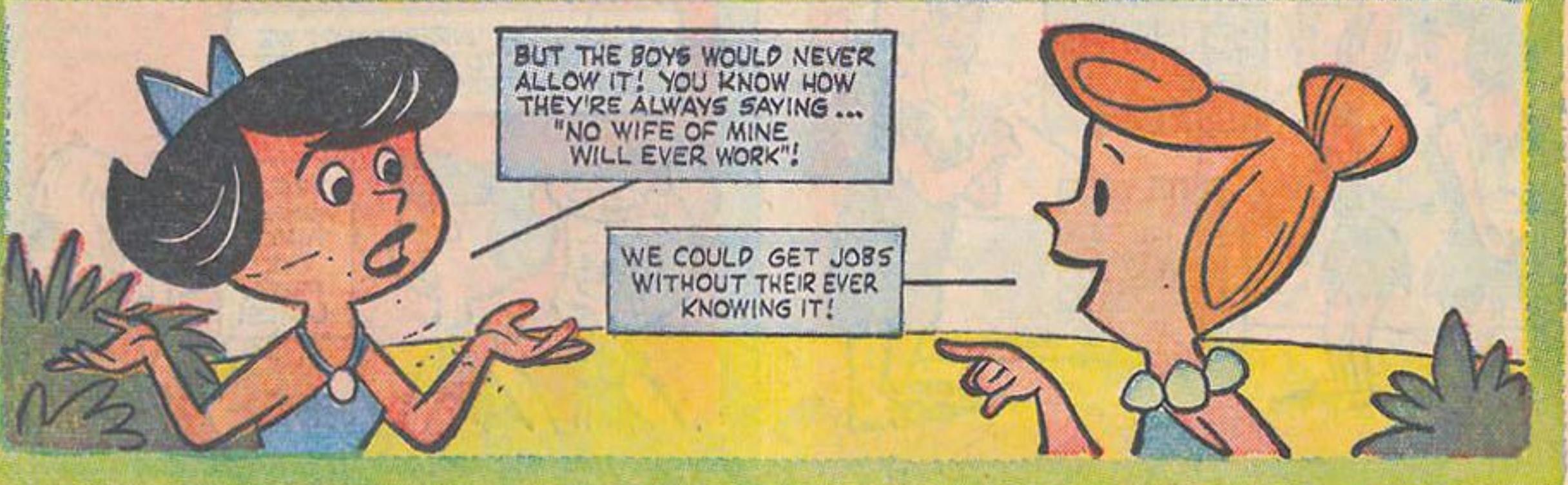
I'M DETERMINED TO GET THAT DRESS! I'D TAKE A PART-TIME JOB TO GET IT!

SO WOULD I... TO GET THE COAT!



BUT THE BOYS WOULD NEVER ALLOW IT! YOU KNOW HOW THEY'RE ALWAYS SAYING ... "NO WIFE OF MINE WILL EVER WORK"!

WE COULD GET JOBS WITHOUT THEIR EVER KNOWING IT!



HOW? THEY COME HOME FOR LUNCH EVERY DAY!

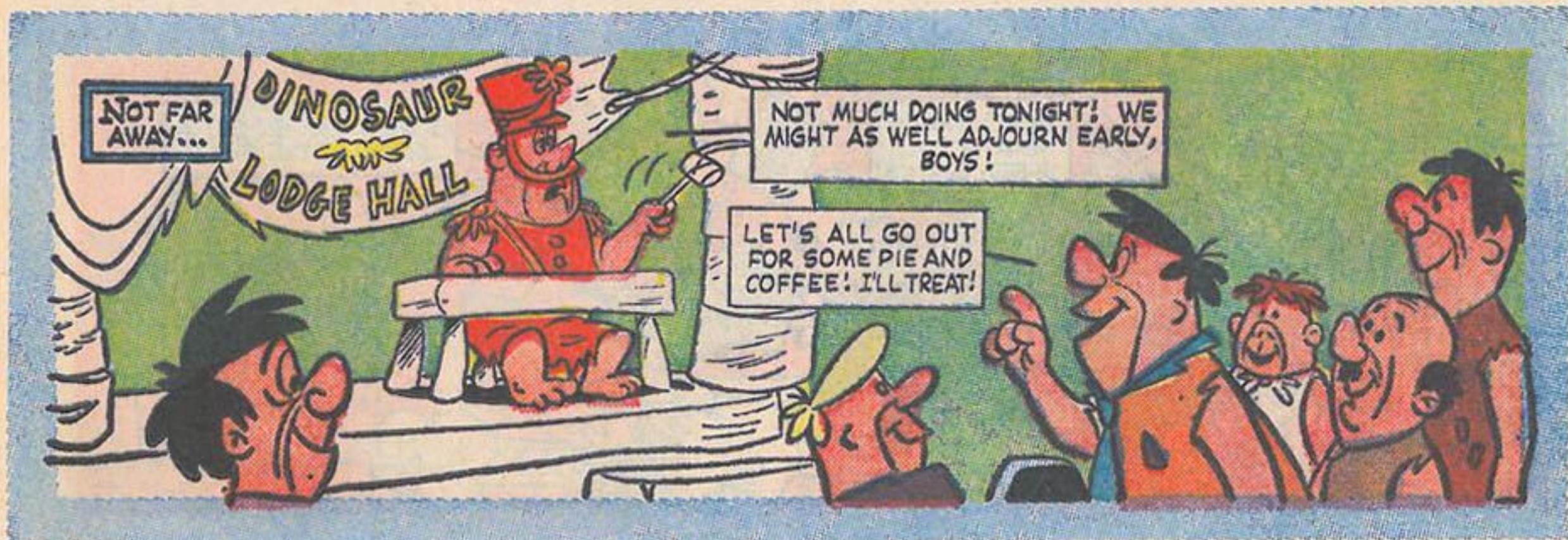
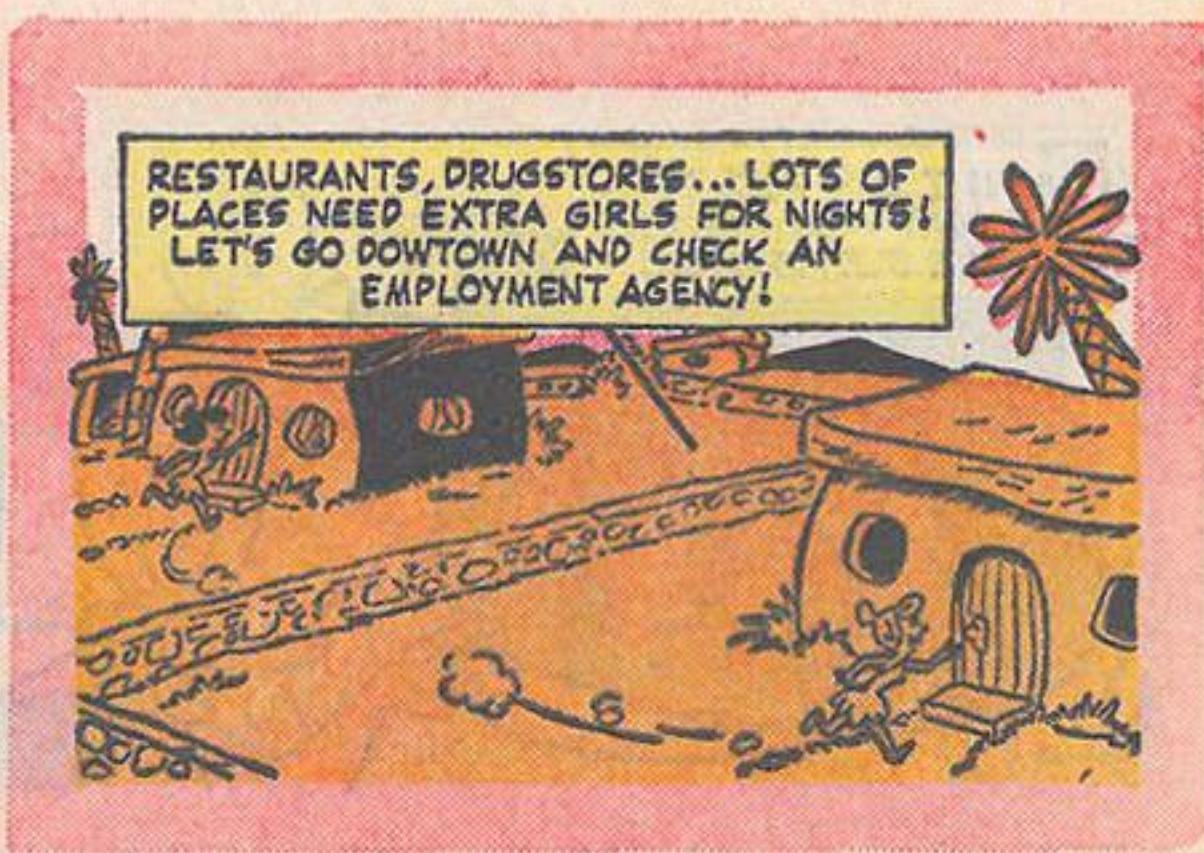
THEY ALWAYS GO TO THEIR LODGE MEETING EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT! MAYBE WE COULD GET SOME PART-TIME EVENING WORK!

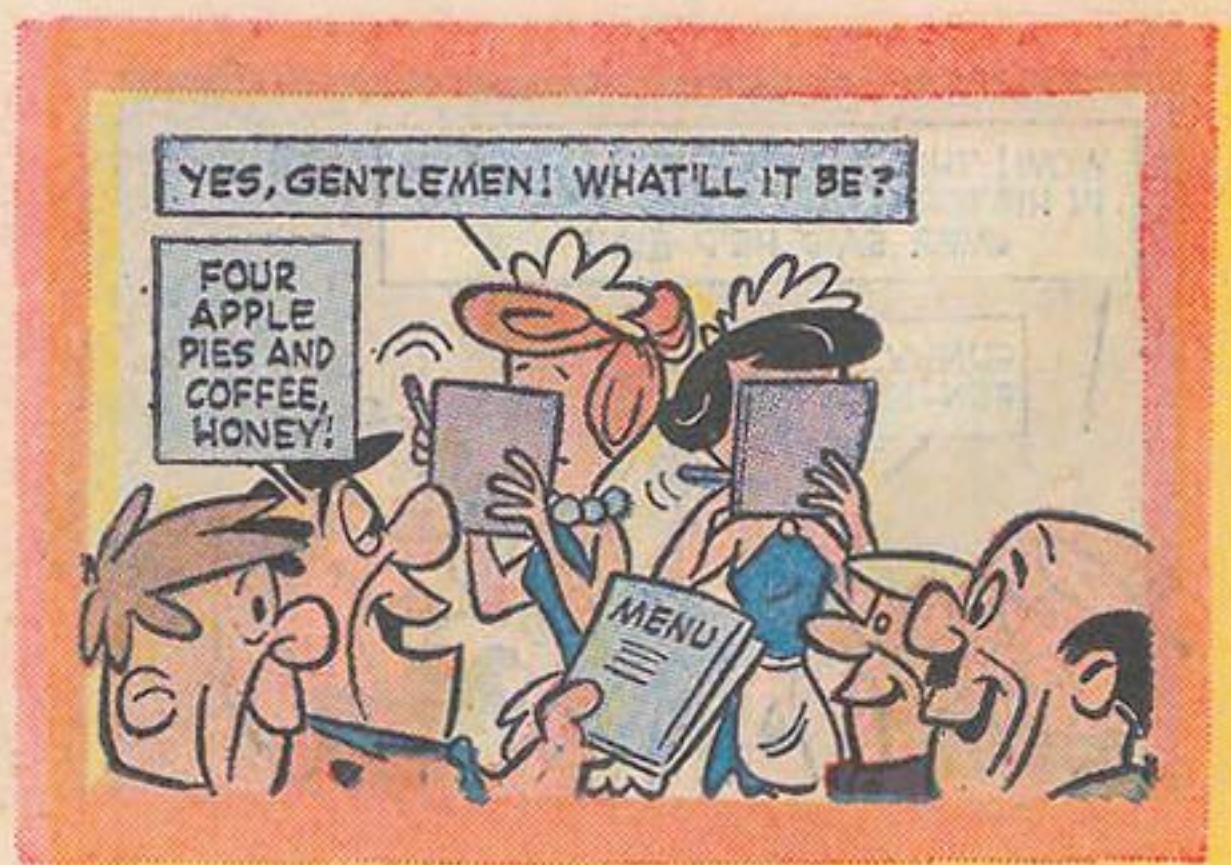
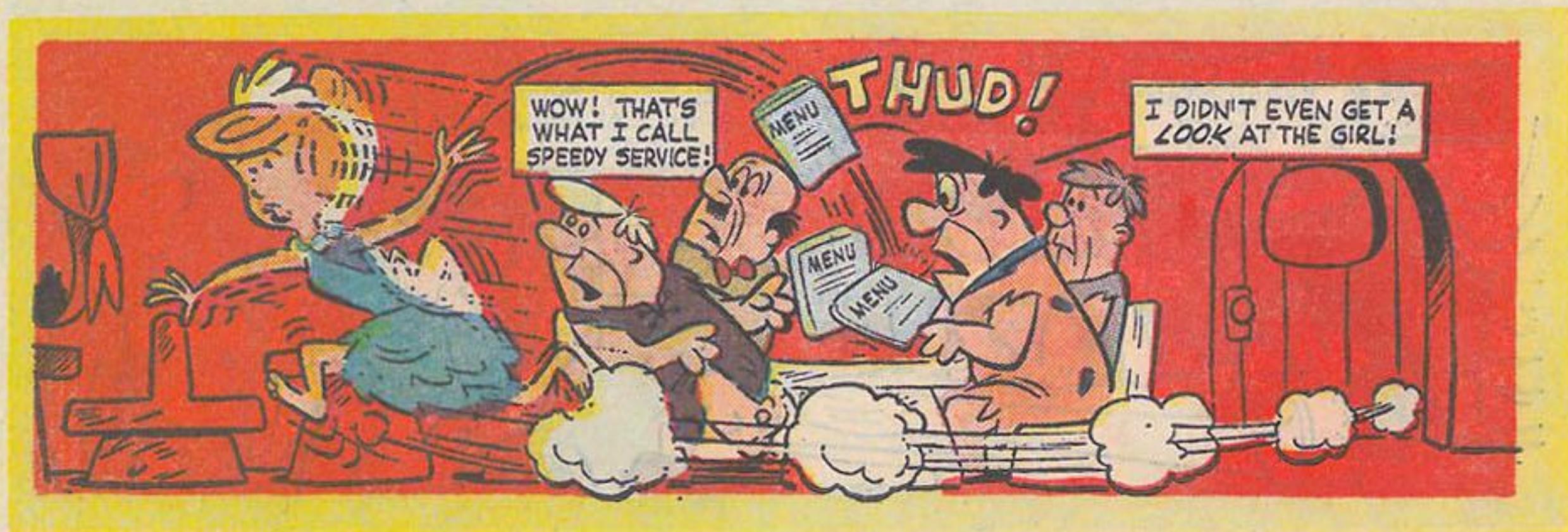
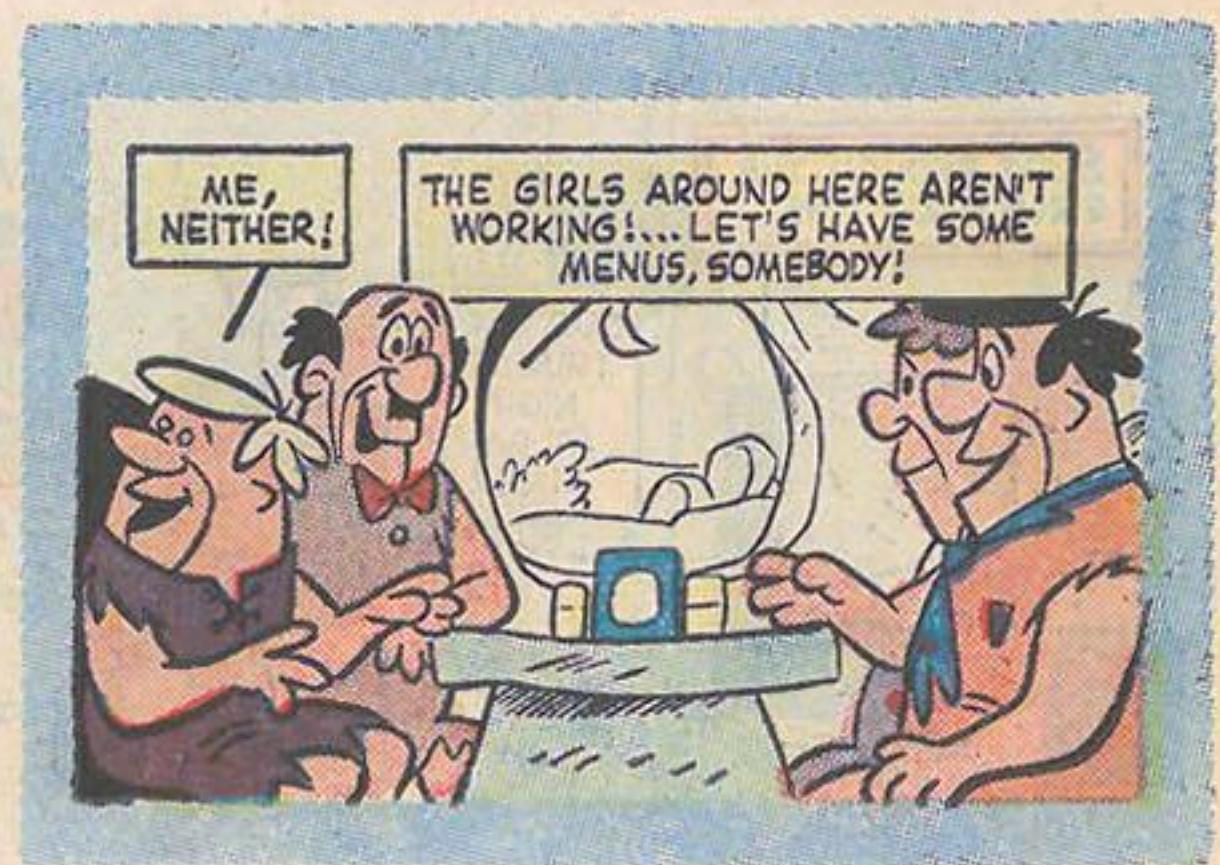
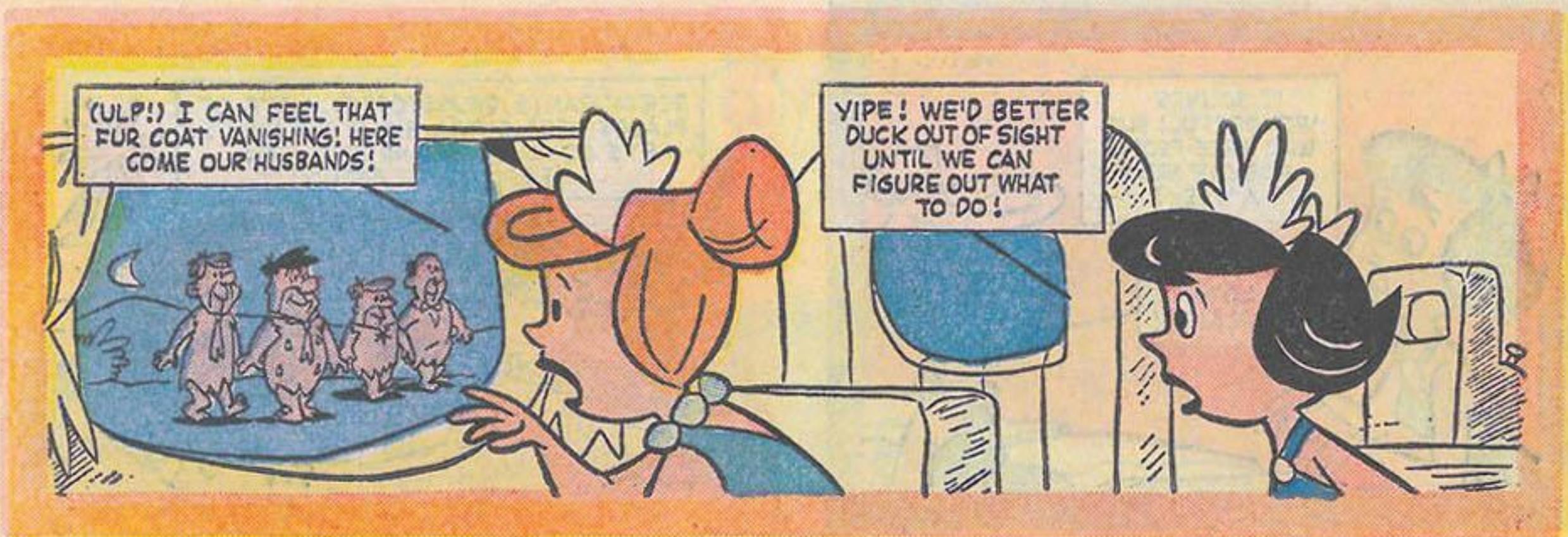


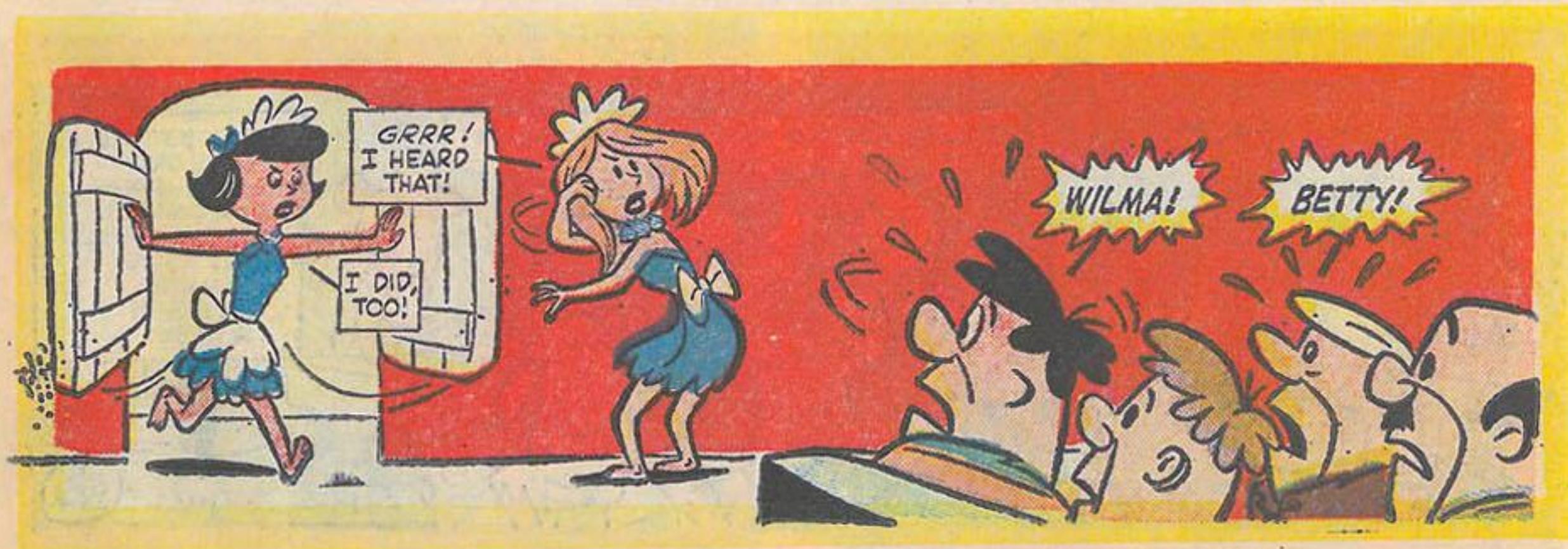
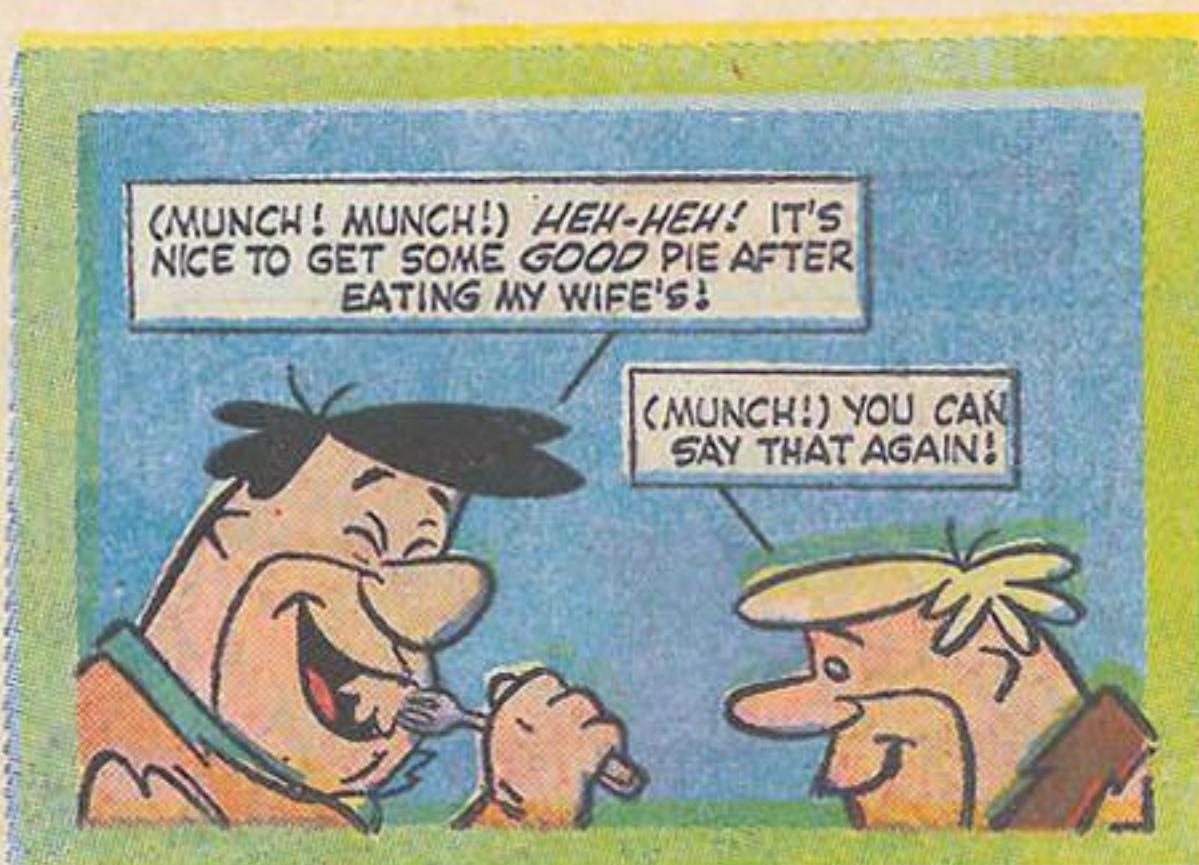
JUST FOR LONG ENOUGH TO EARN THE DOWN PAYMENTS!

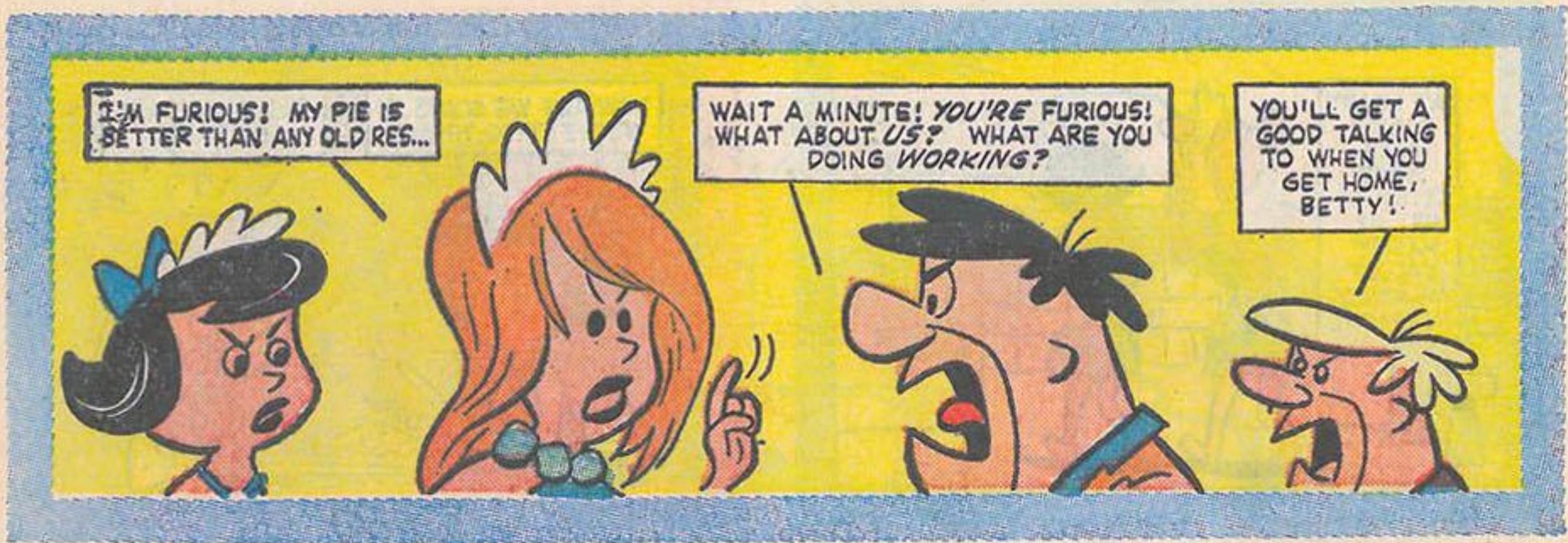
SURE!... THEN WE'LL TELL THEM! I'LL BET THEY'LL GIVE US THE REST OF THE MONEY, THEN... TO GET US TO STOP WORKING!





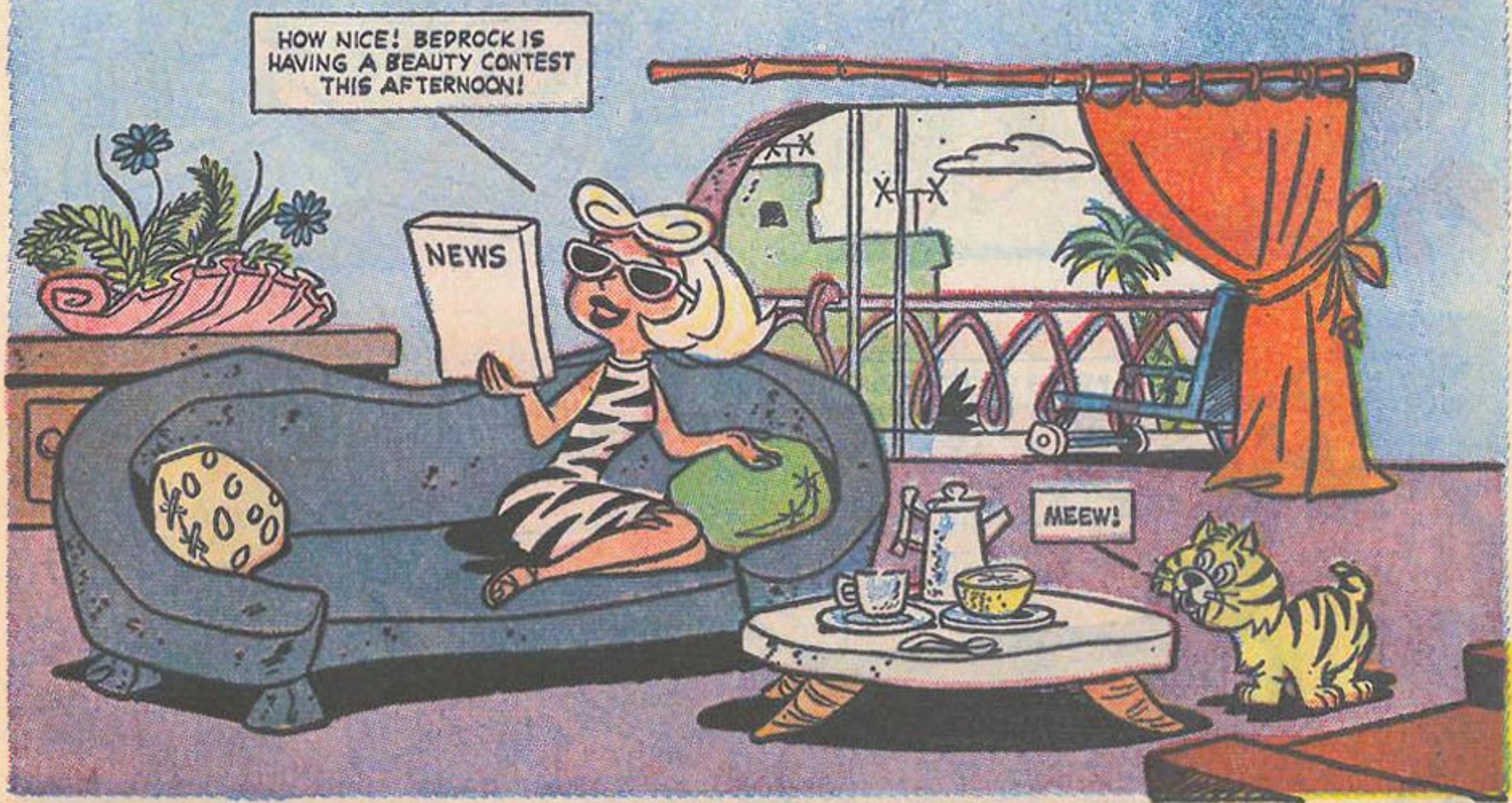


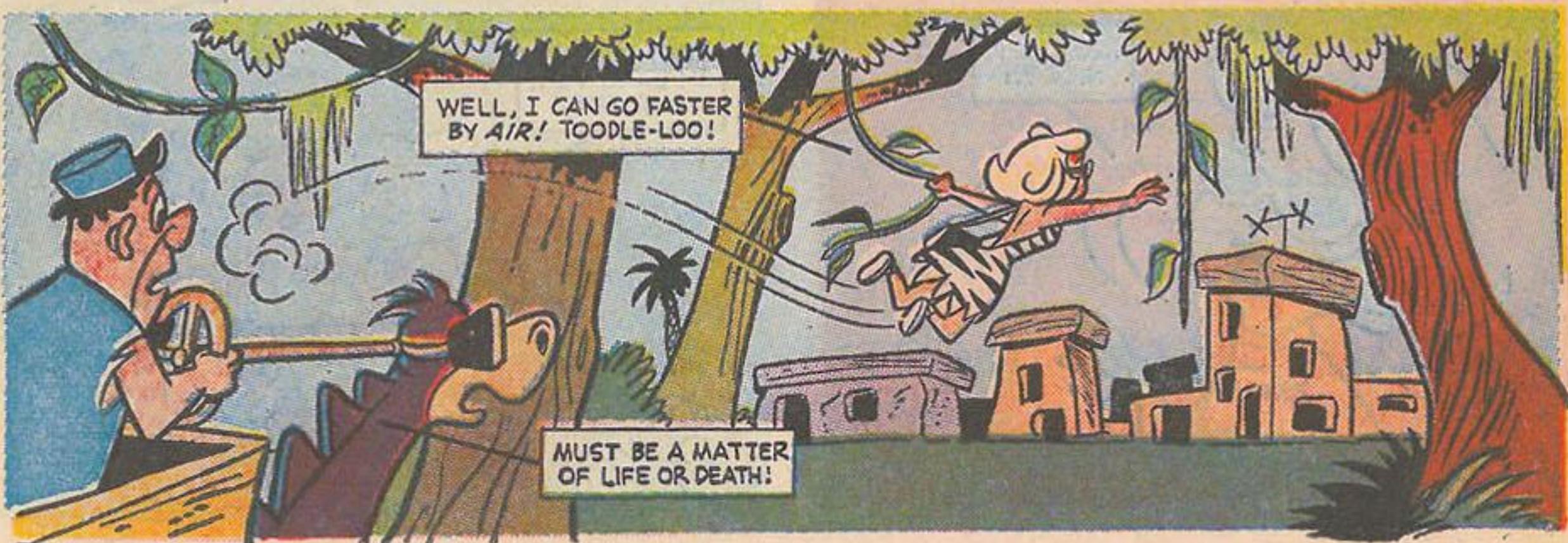
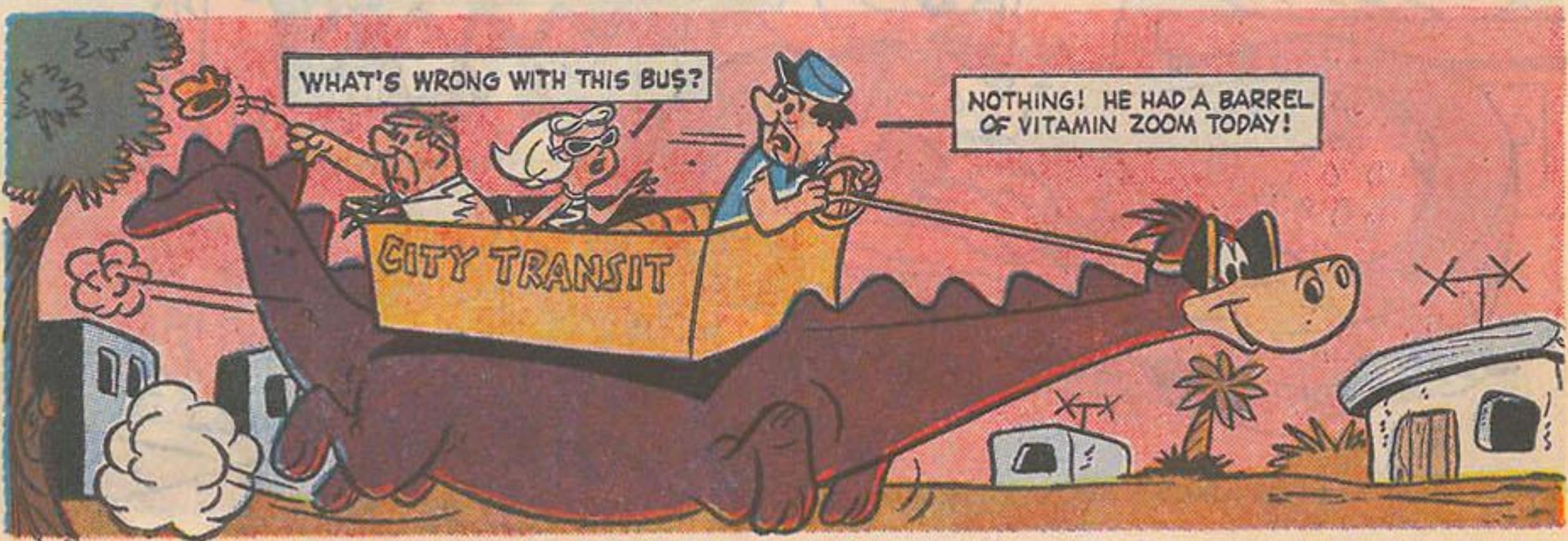
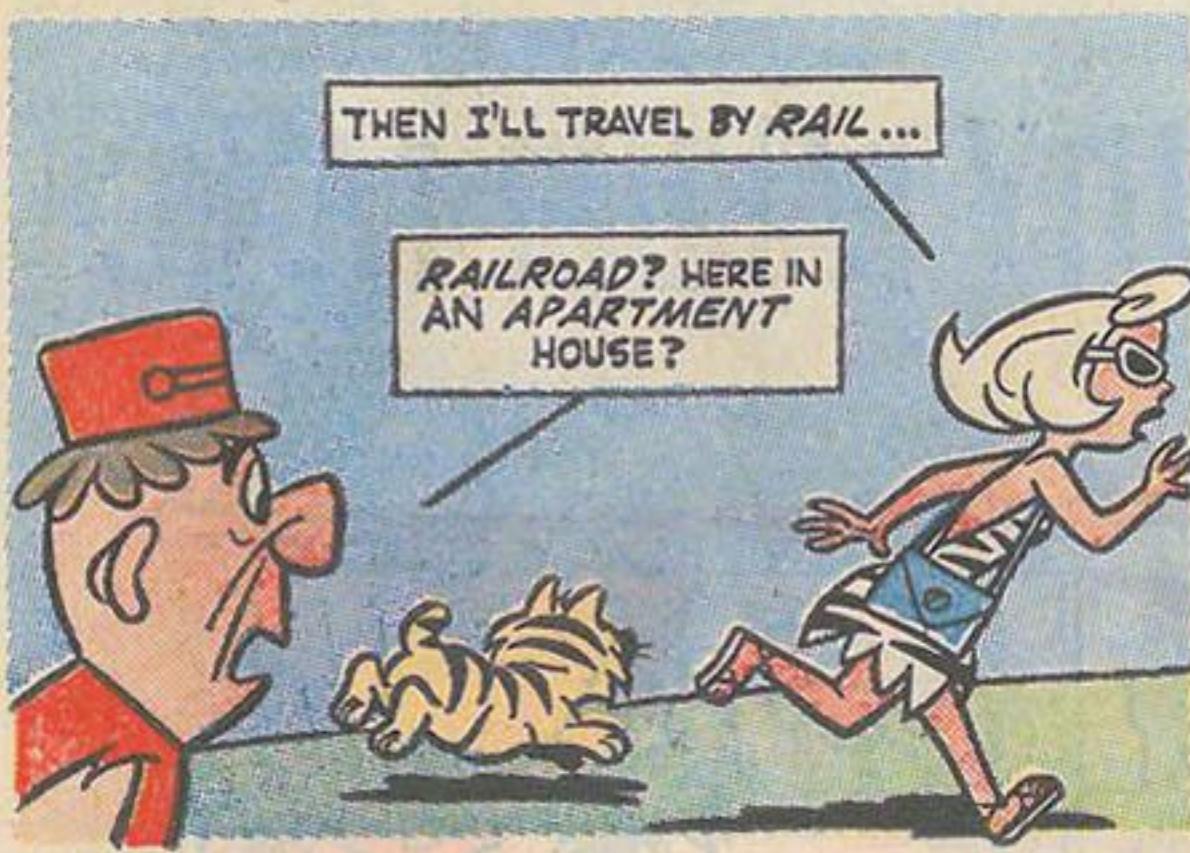


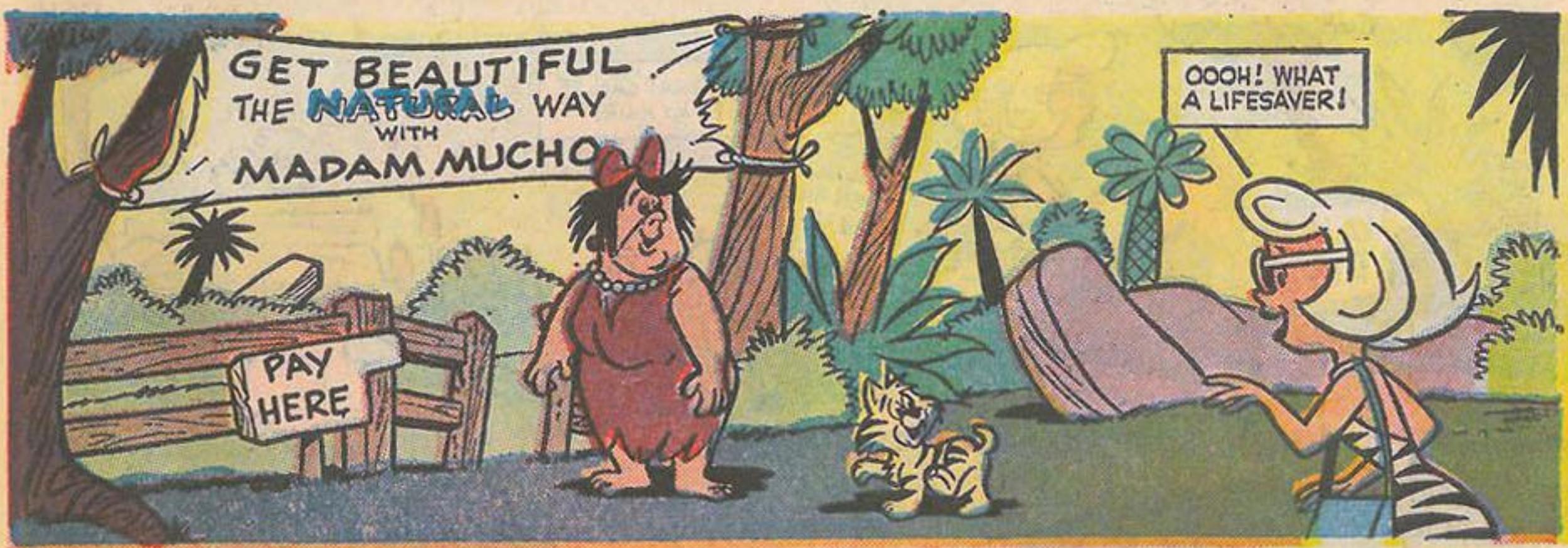
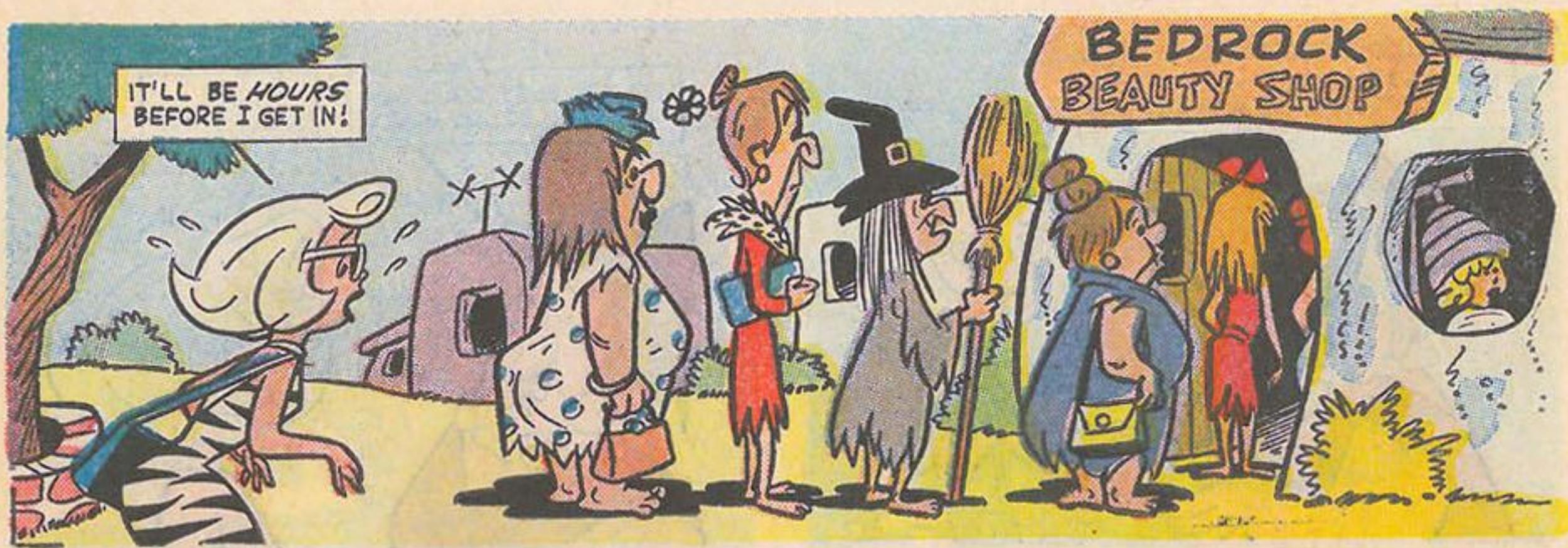


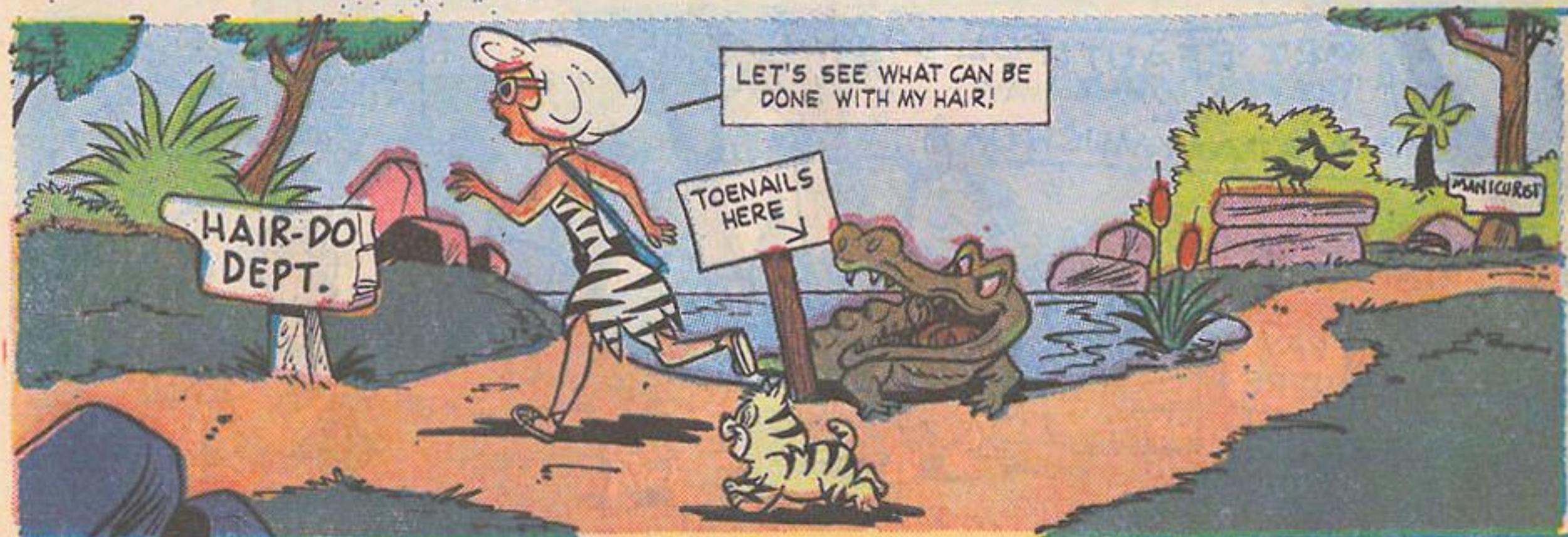
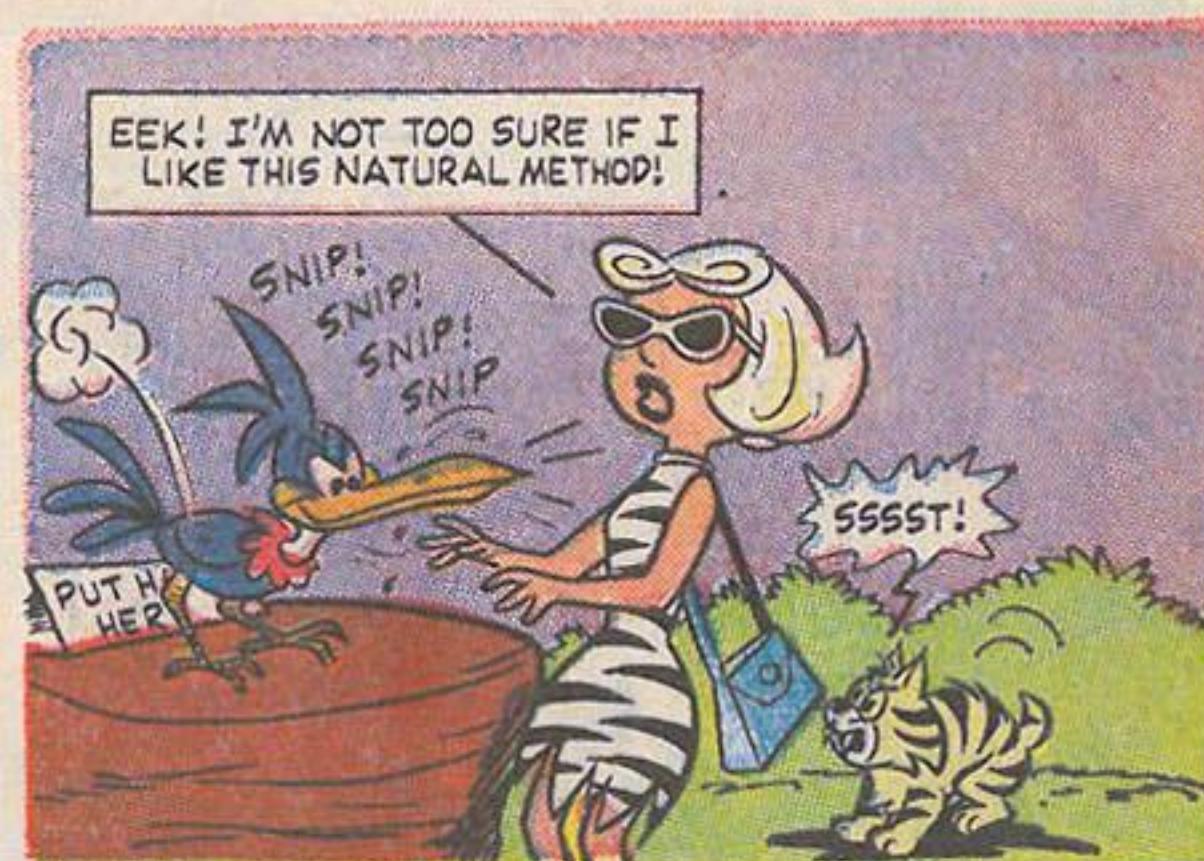
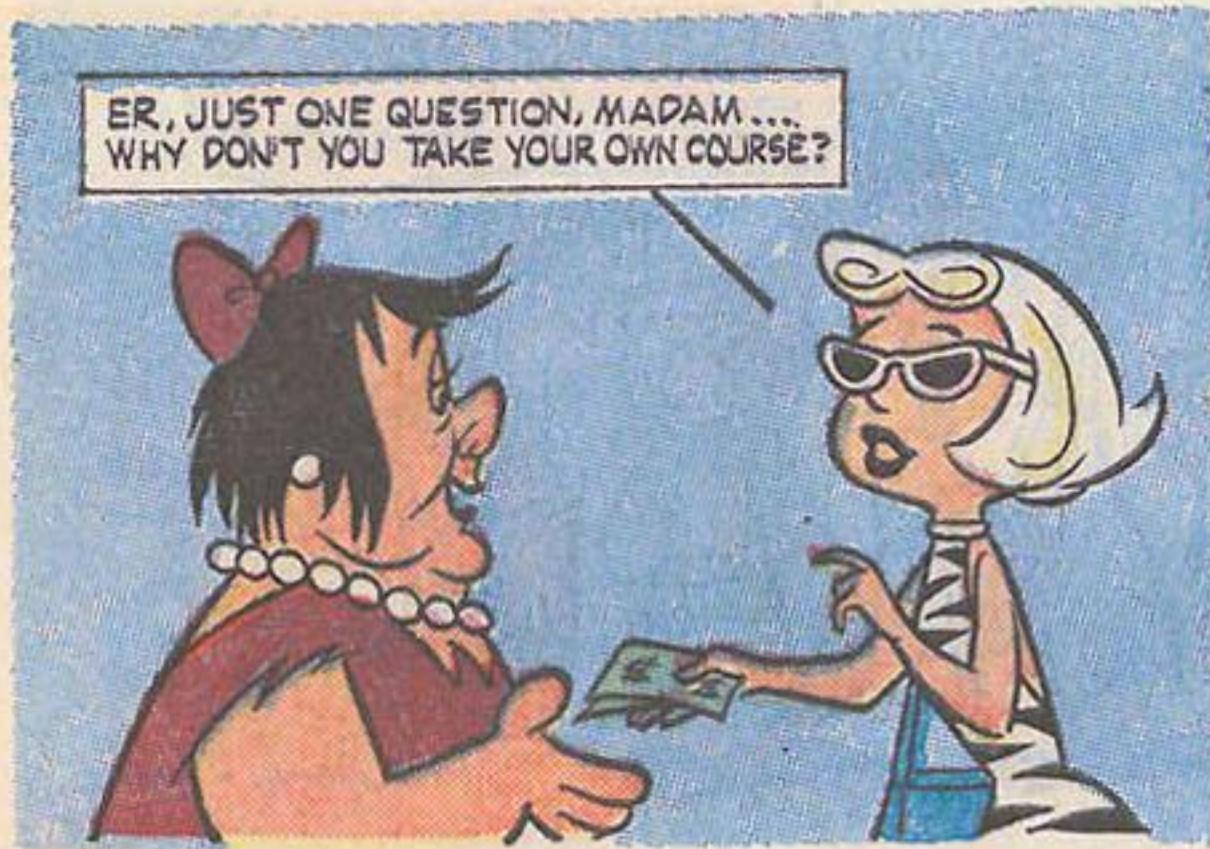
Hanna-Barbera
PEBBLE BLEACH

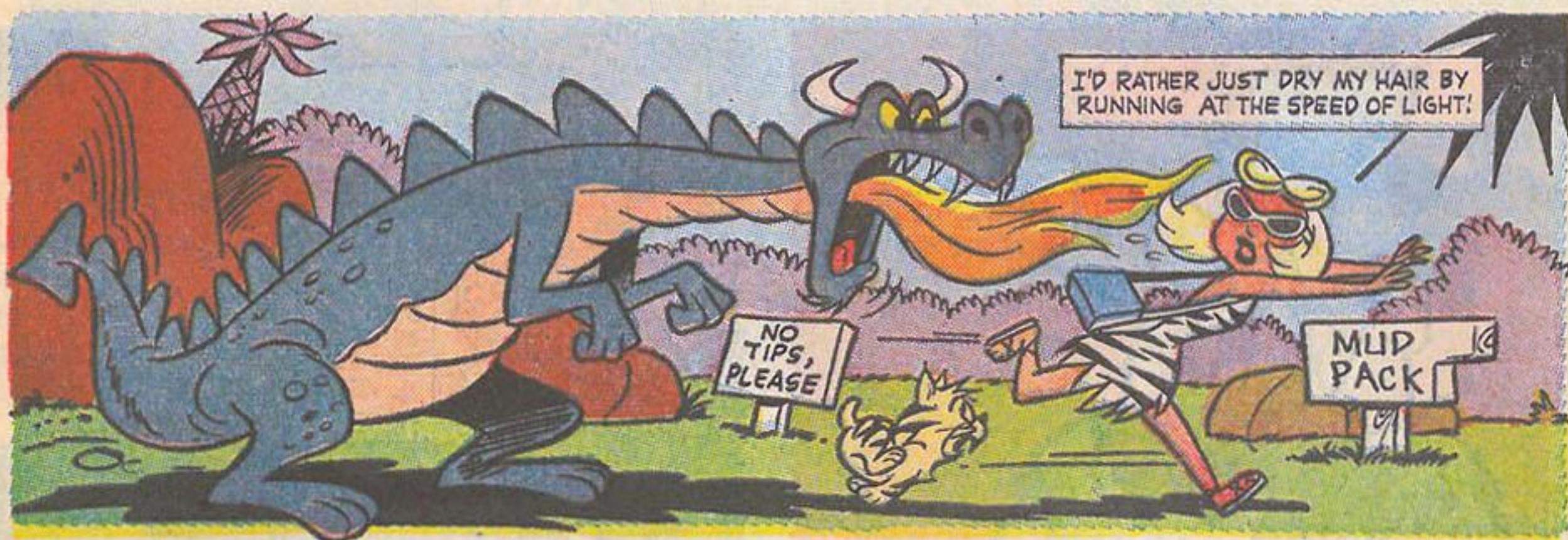
BEAUTY PARLOR PANIC

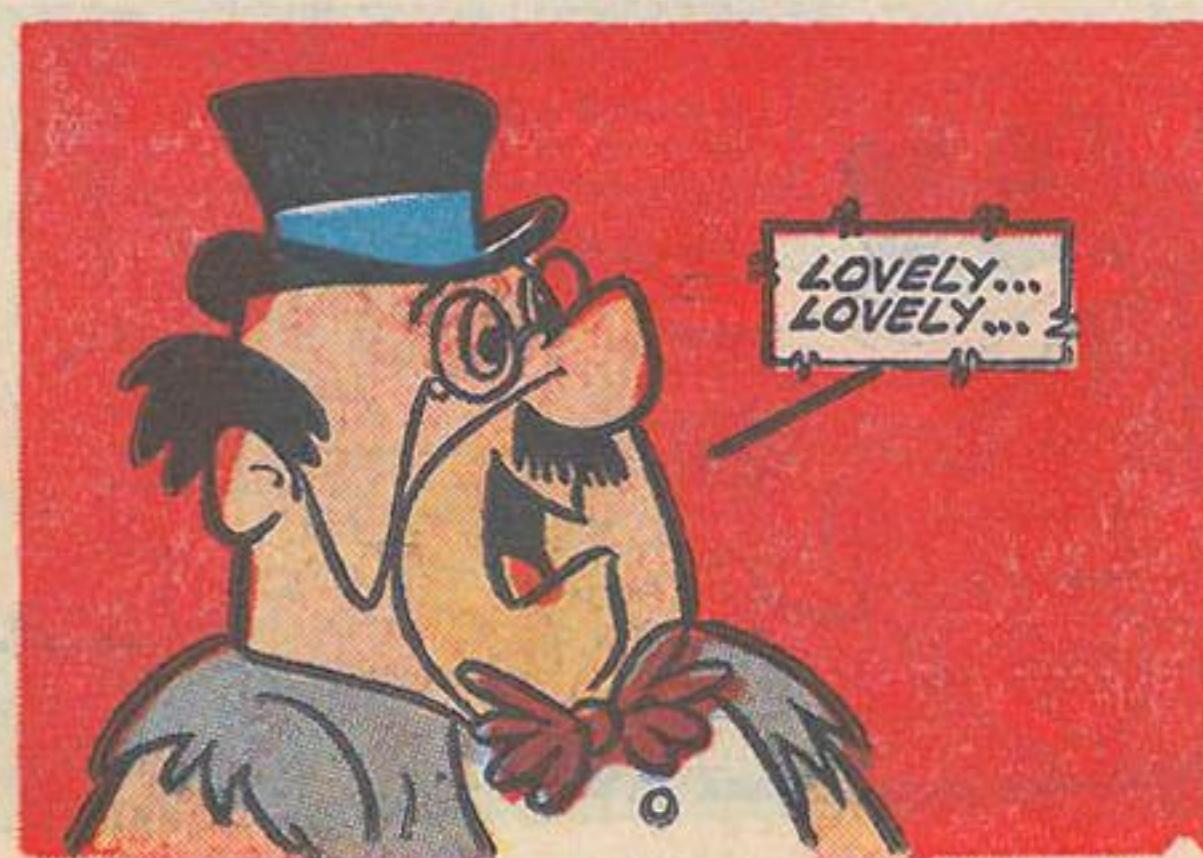
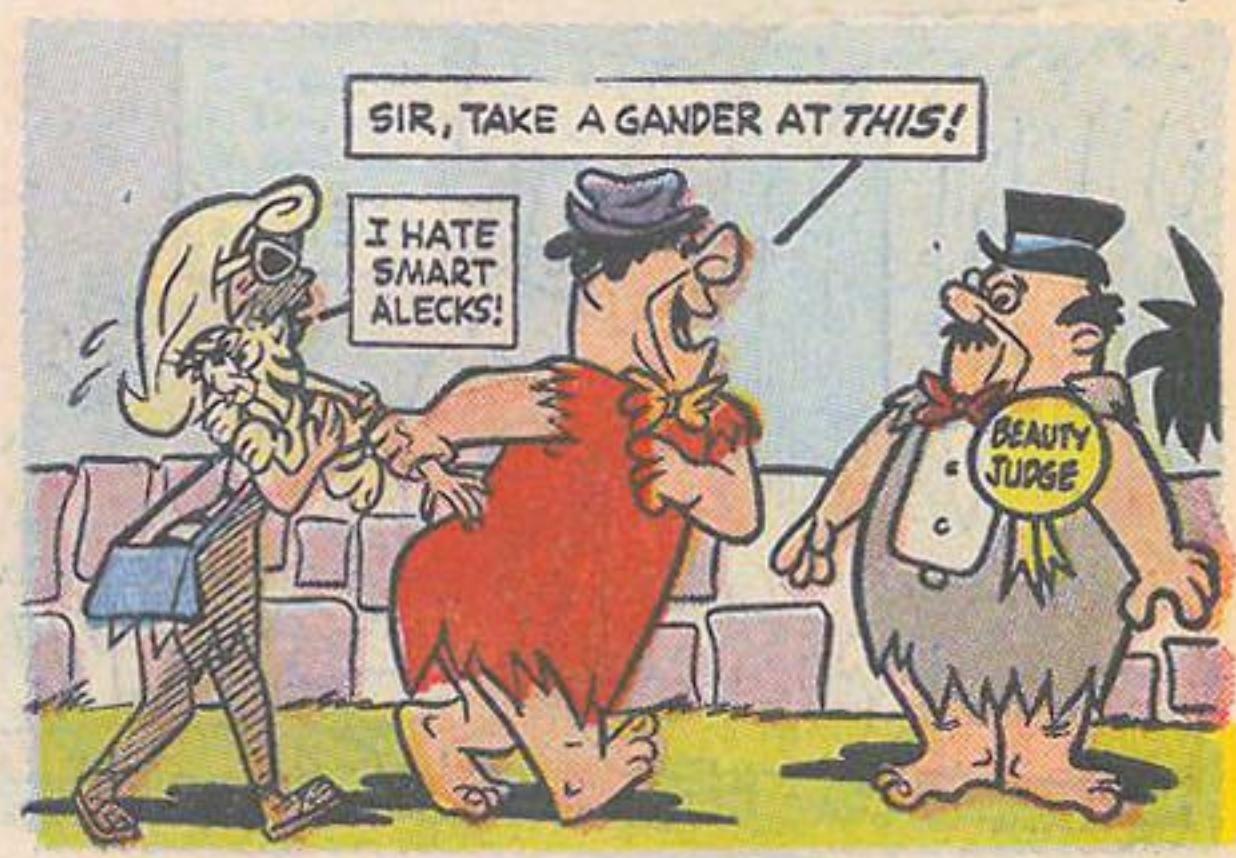






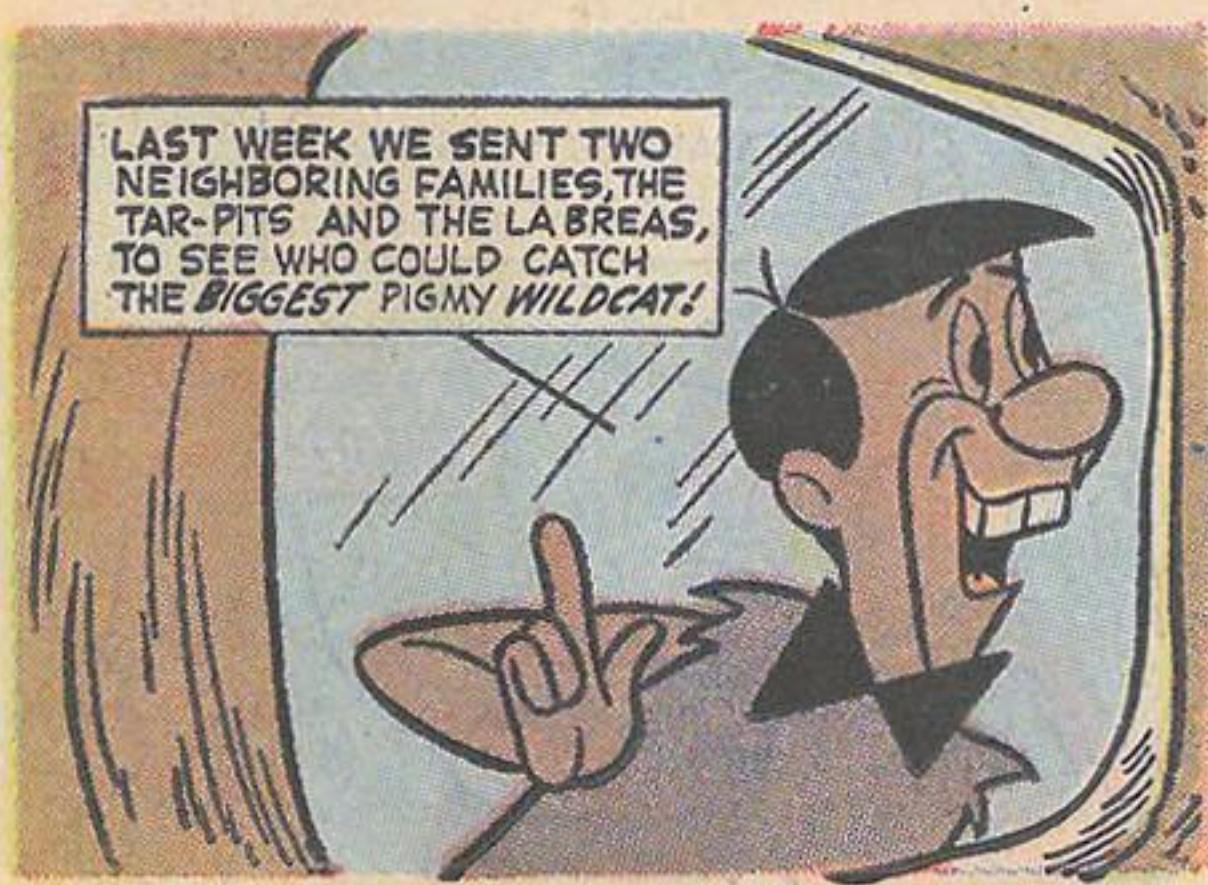


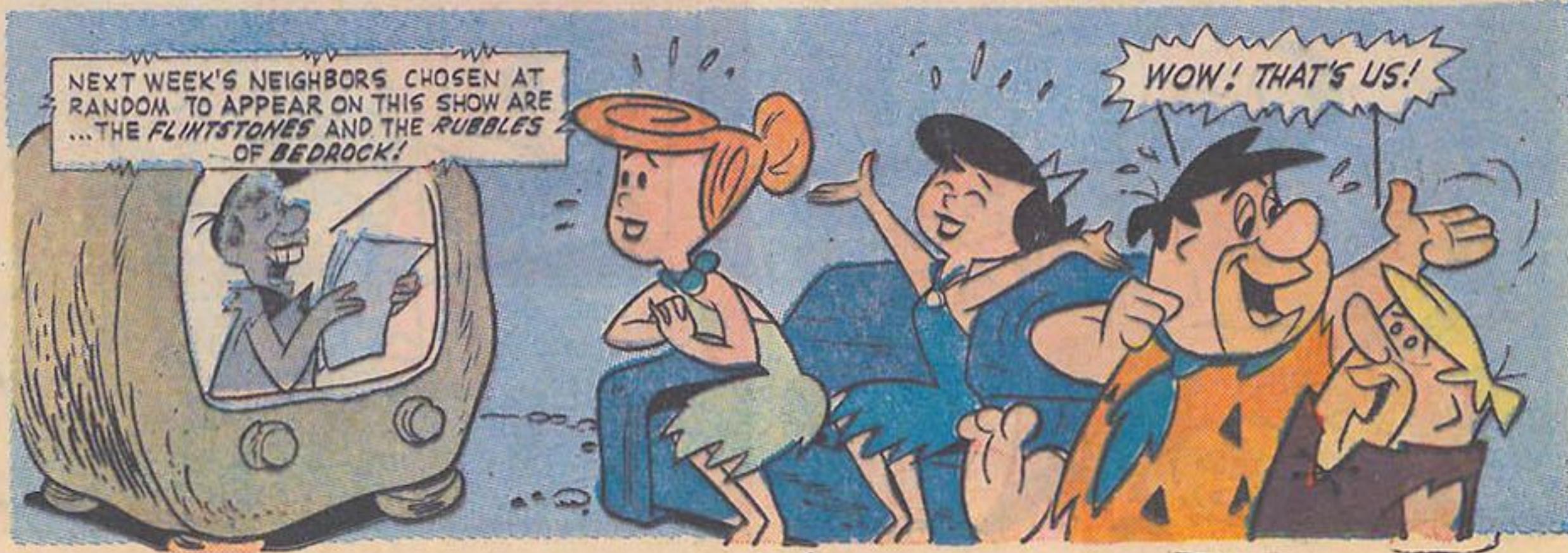
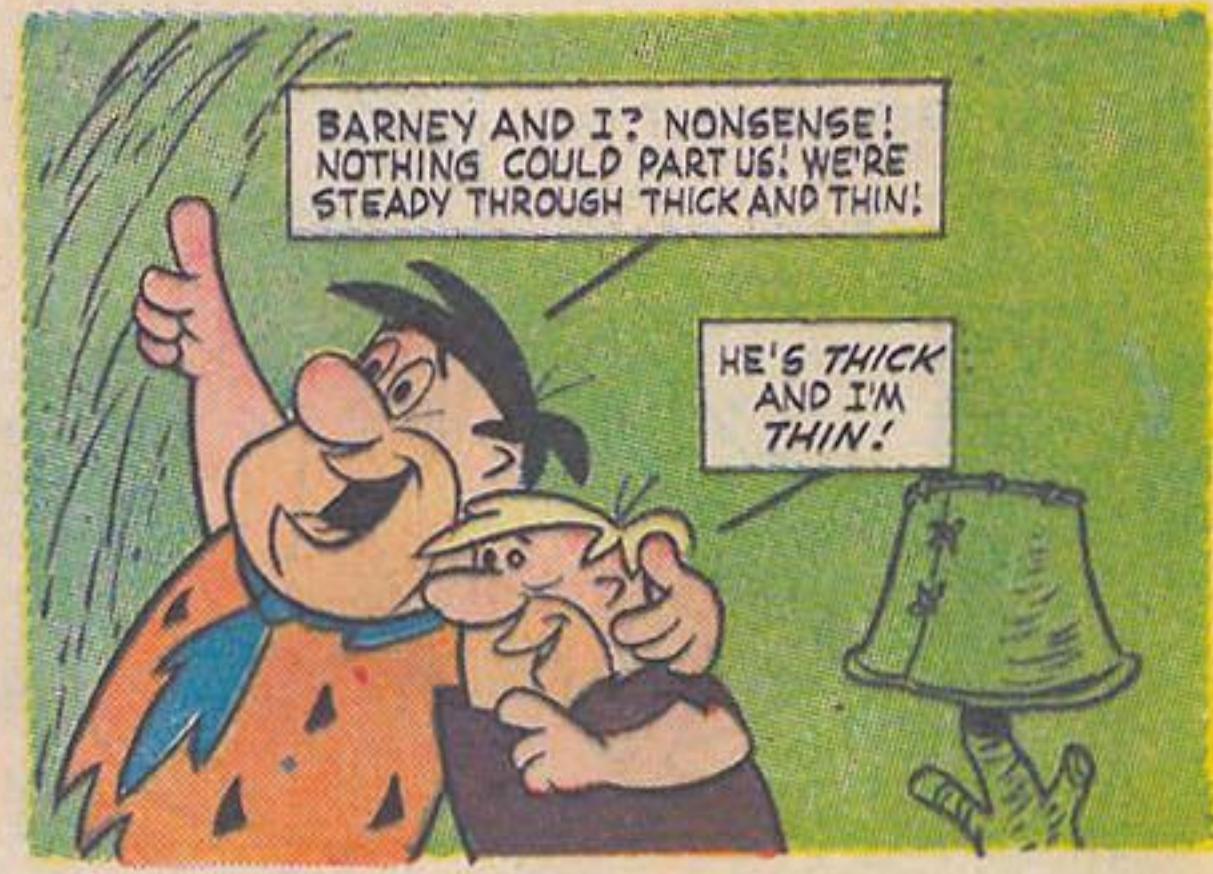


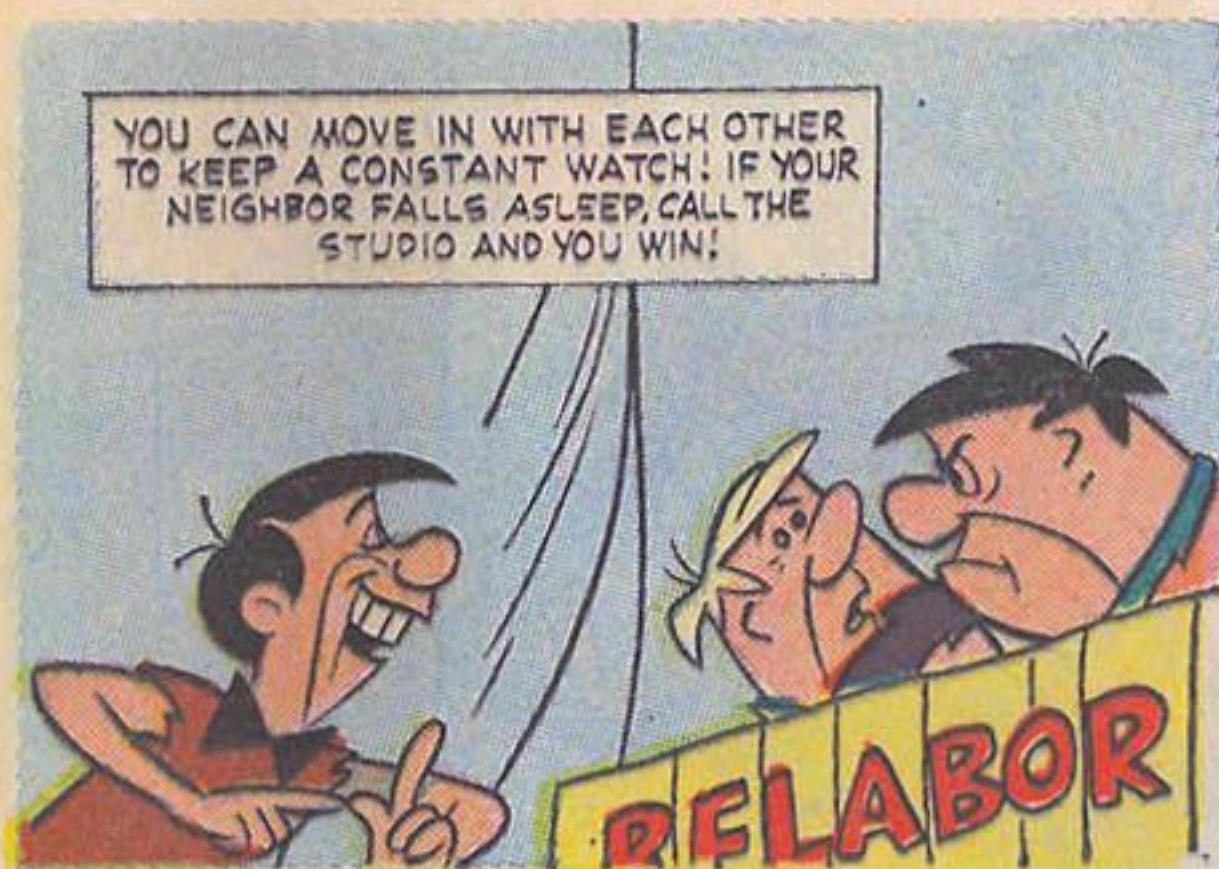
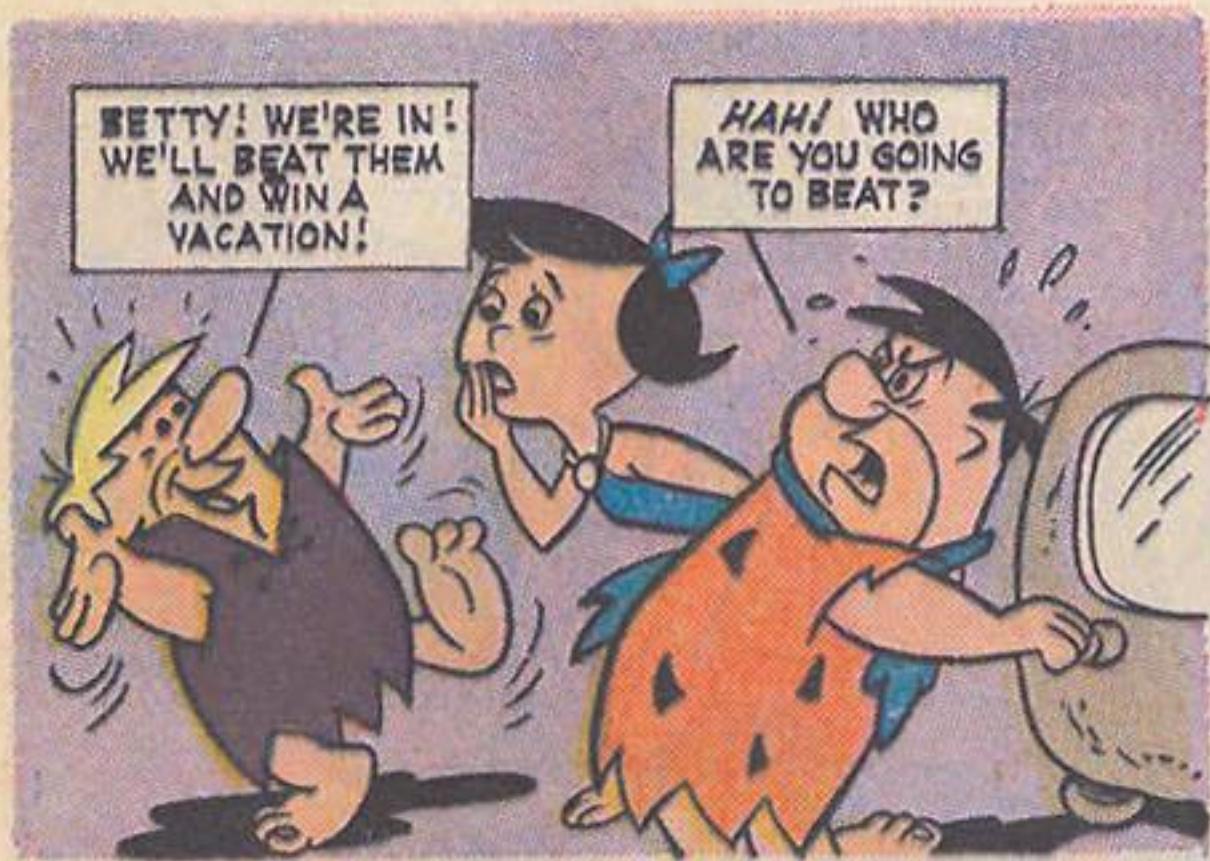


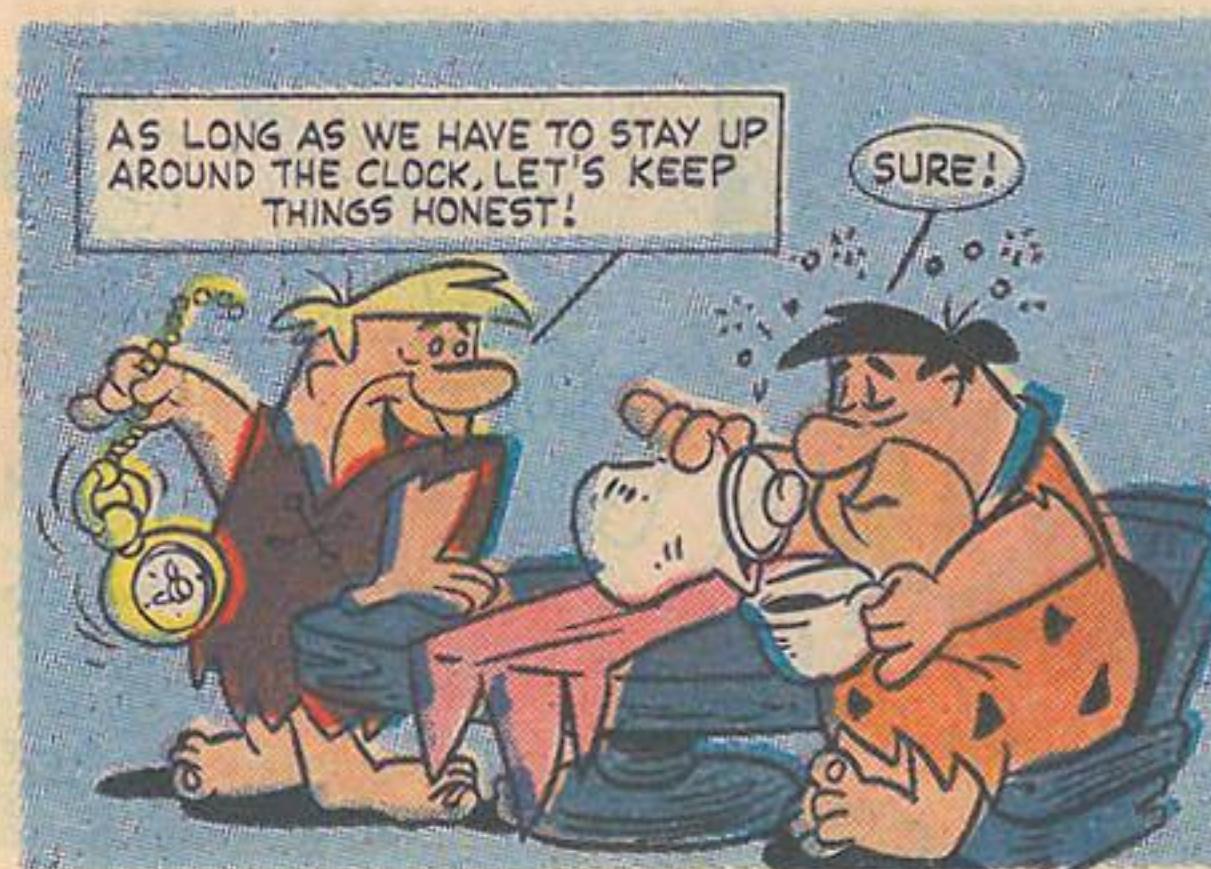
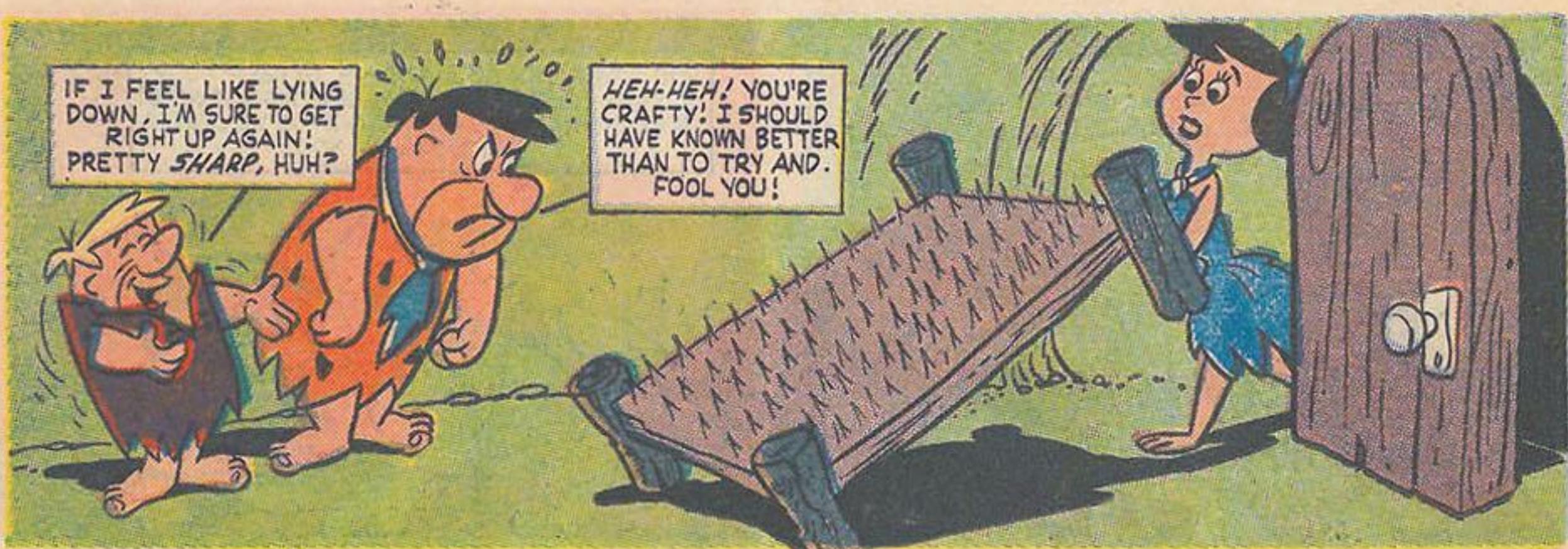
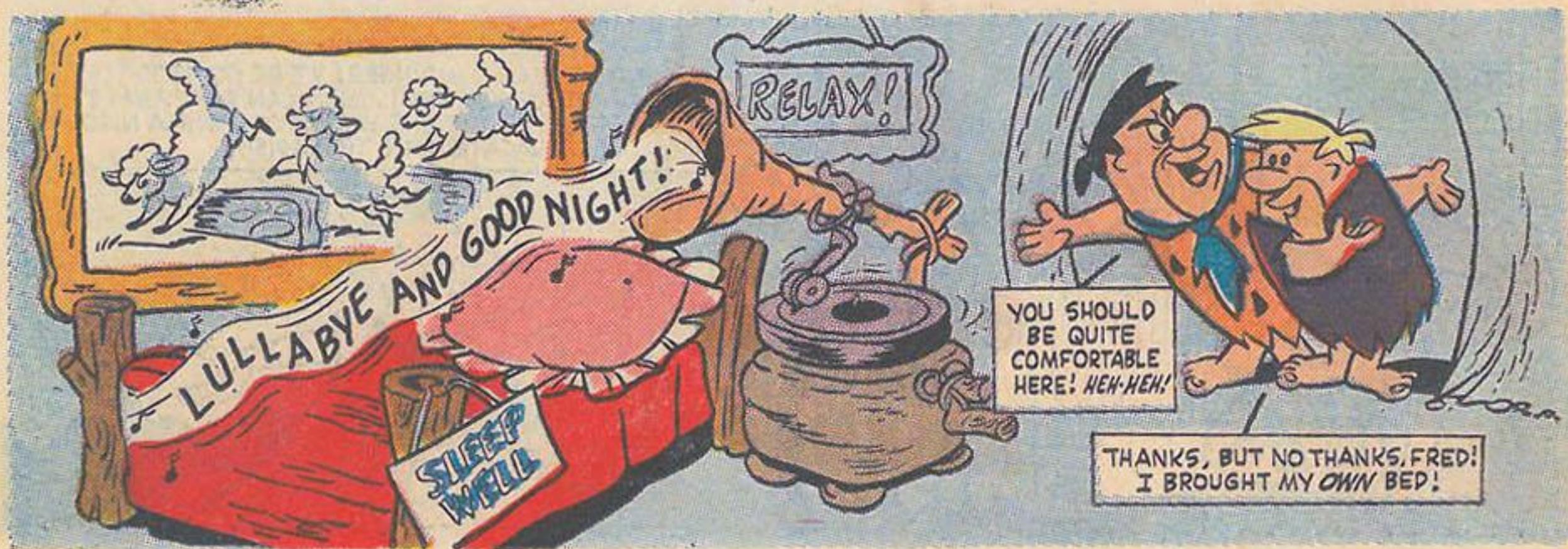
Hanna-Barbera
the FLINTSTONES

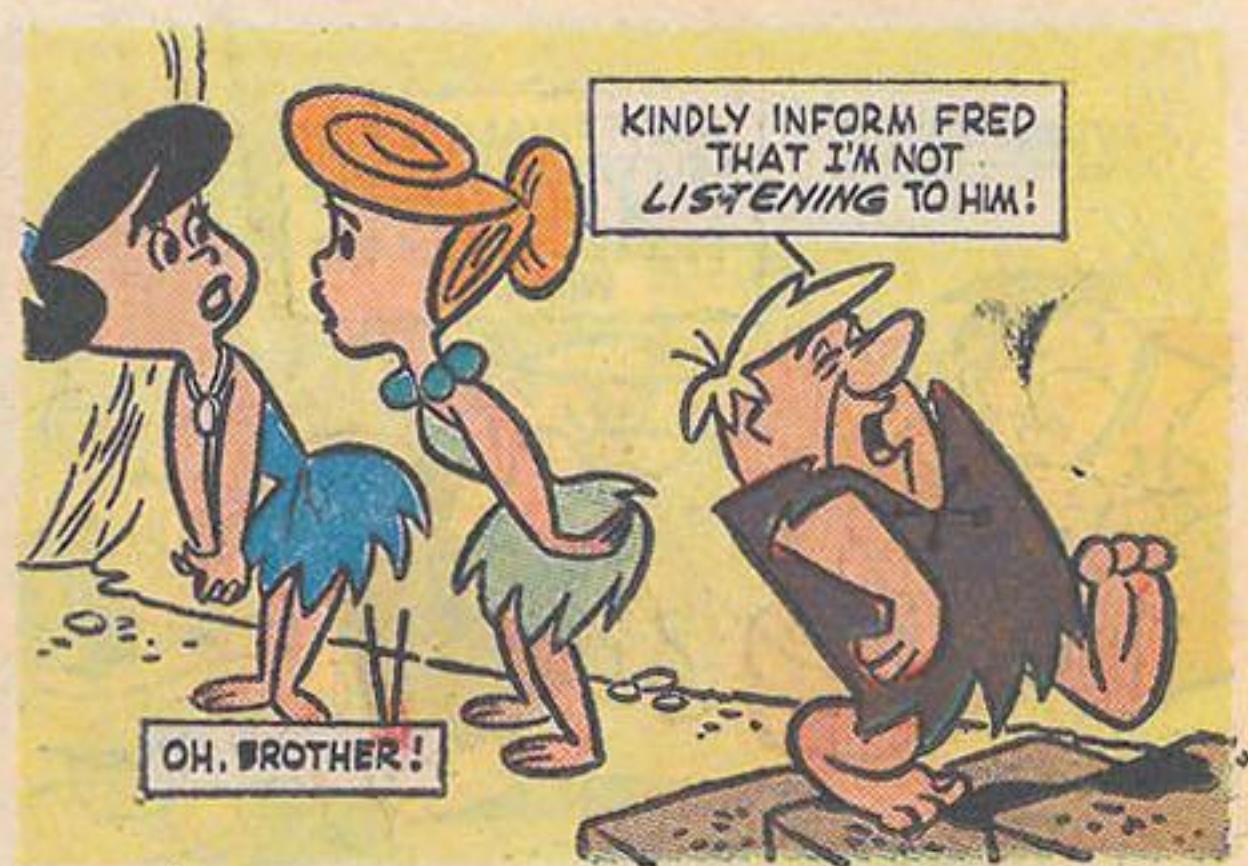
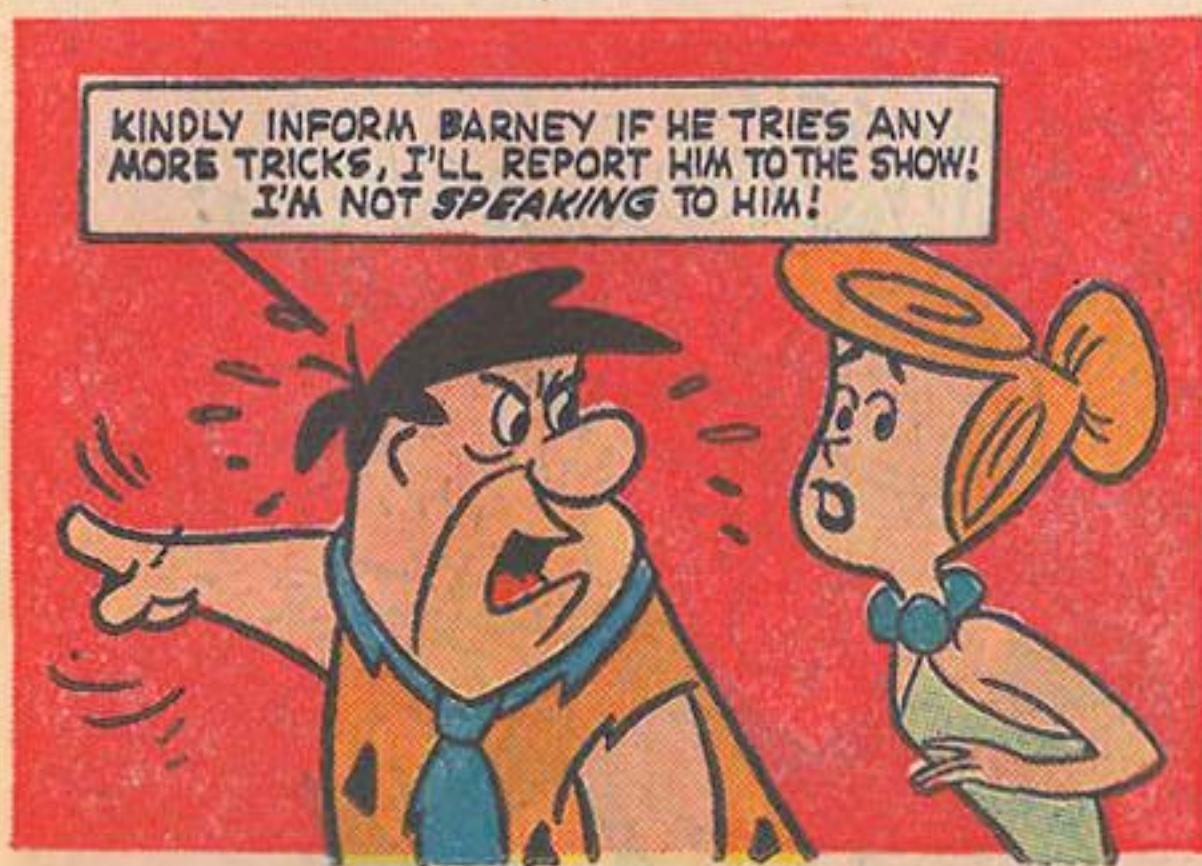
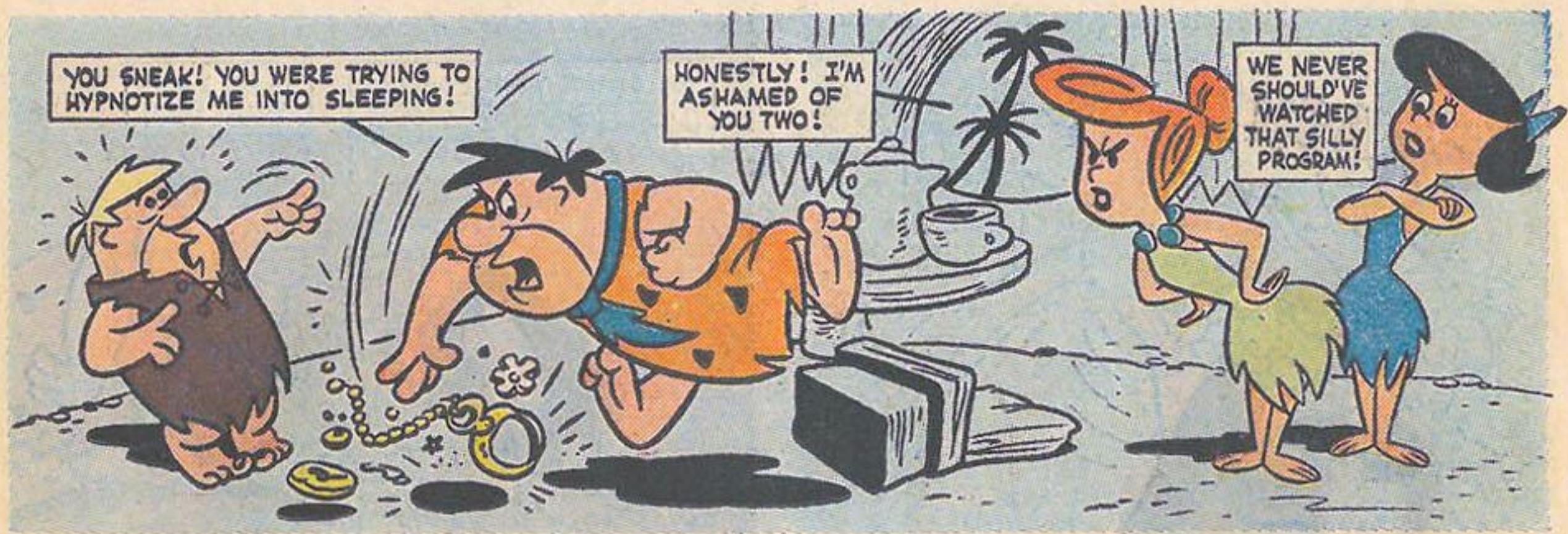
THE NIGHTLY NIGHT FIGHT

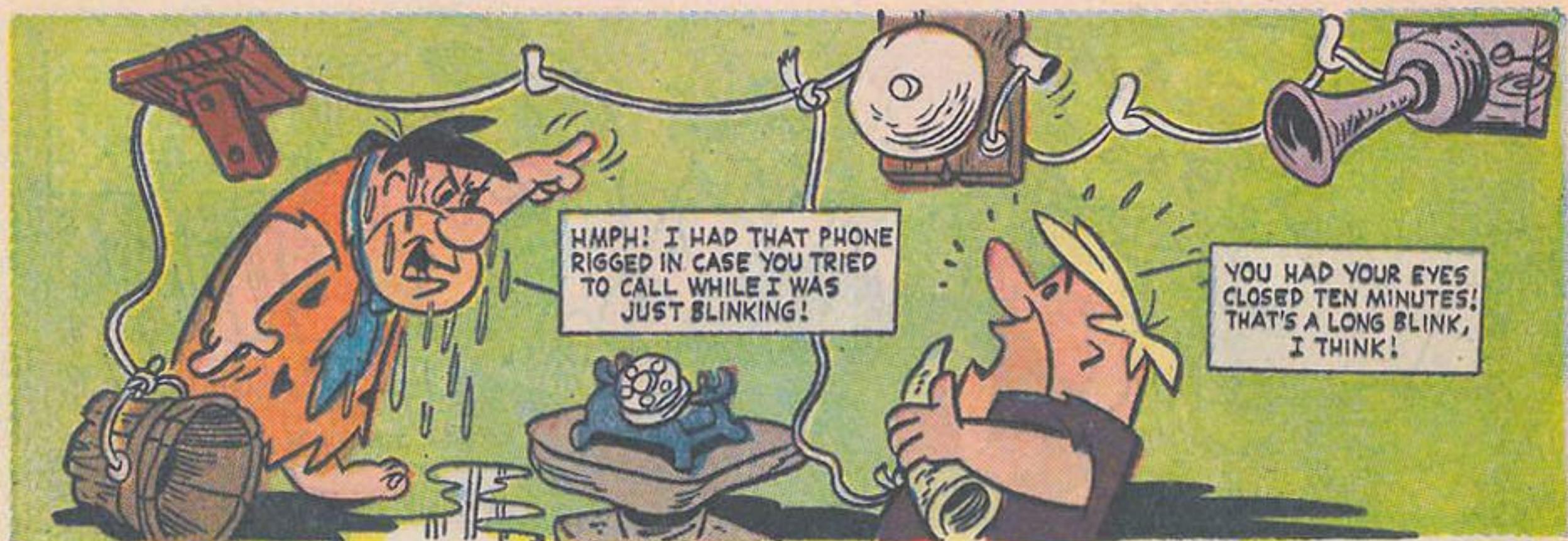
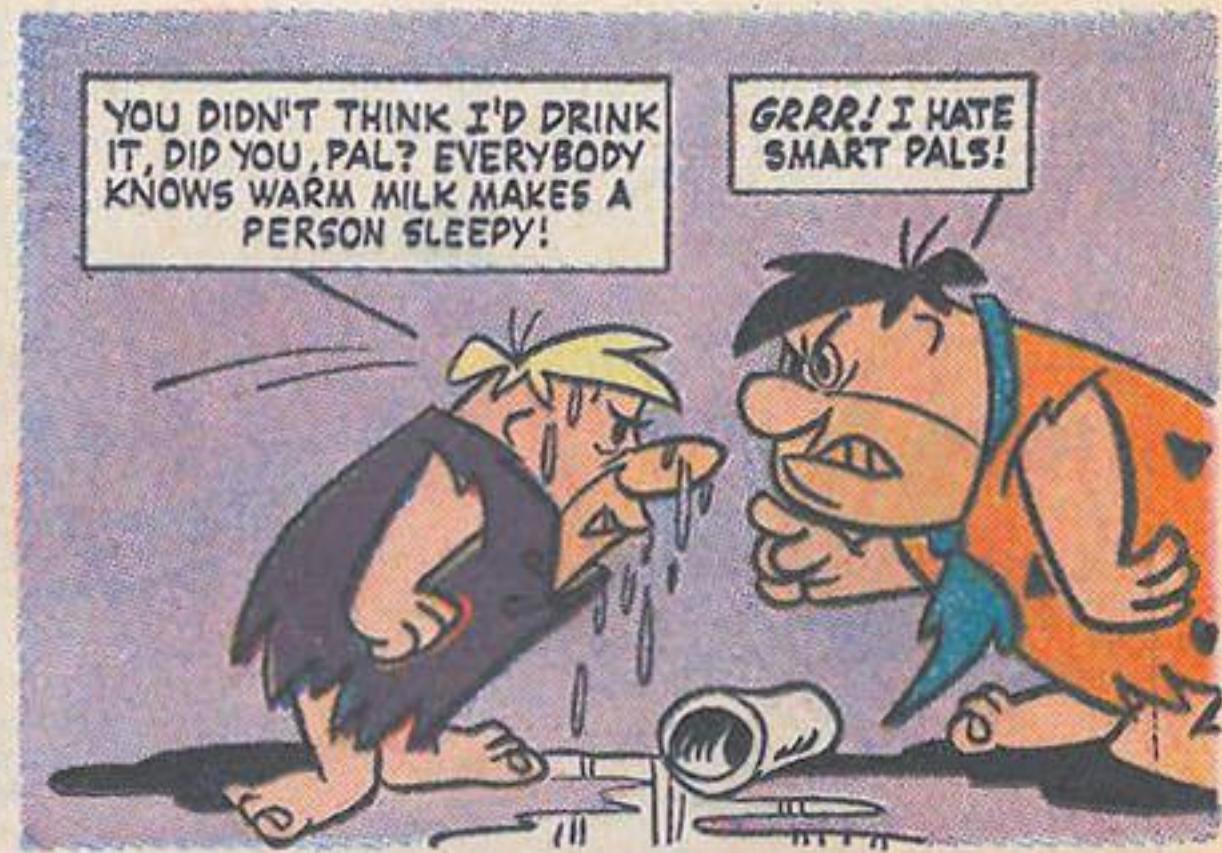


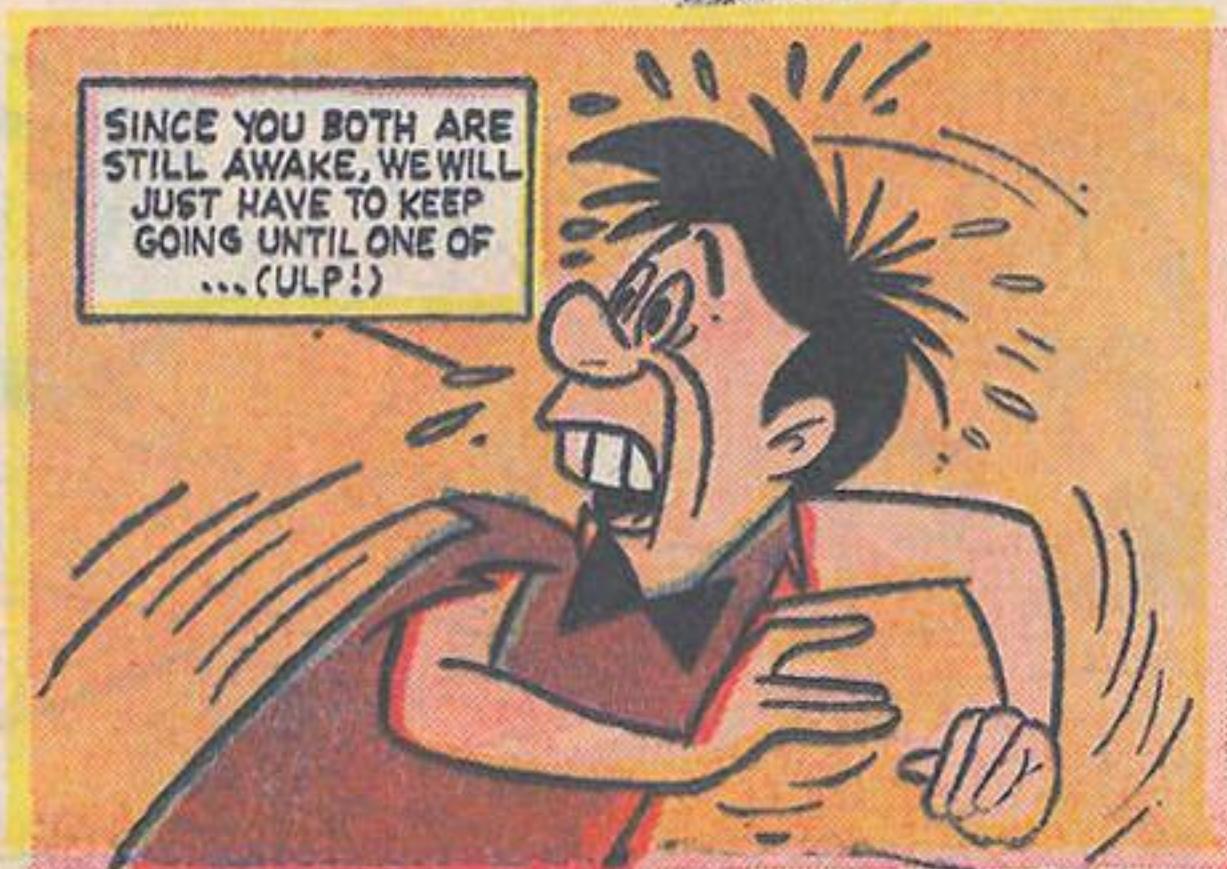


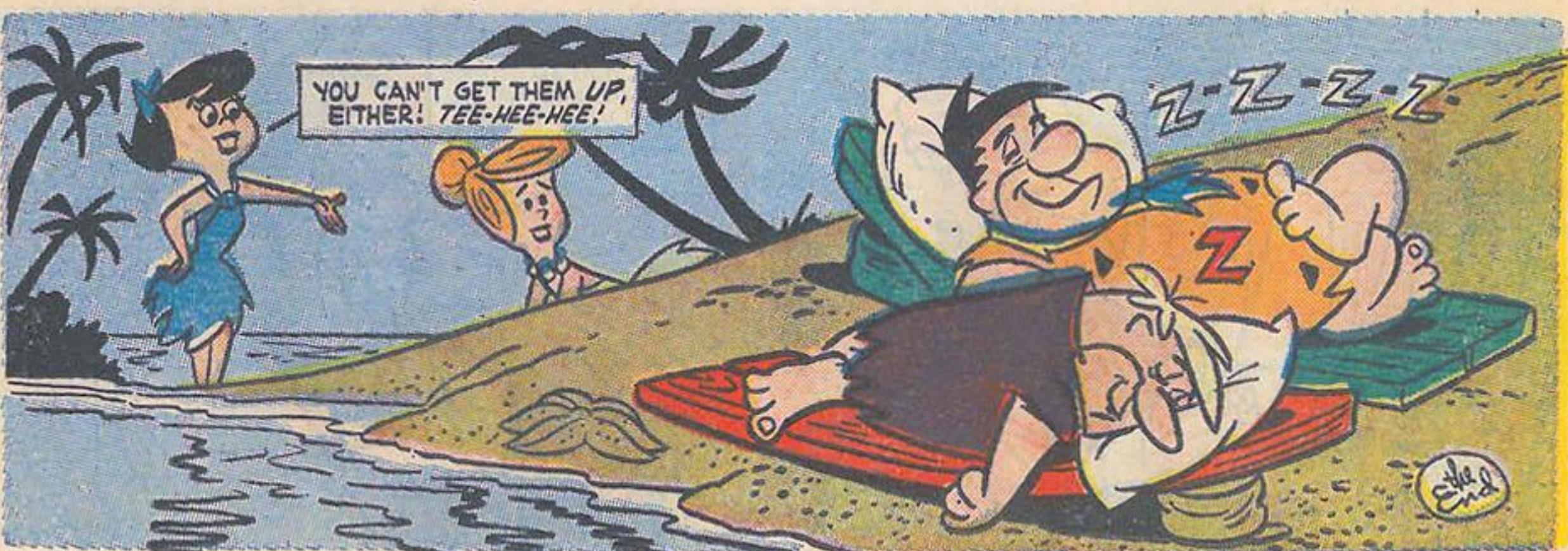
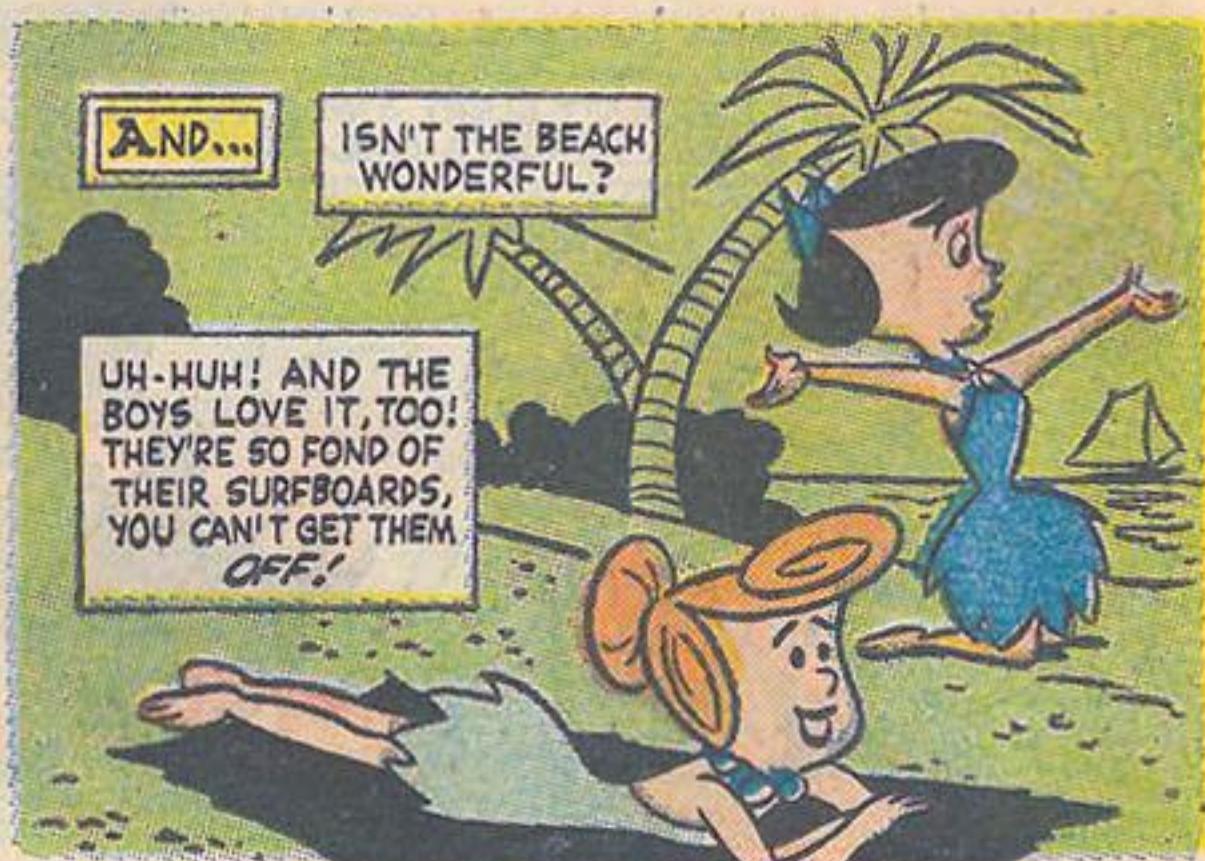






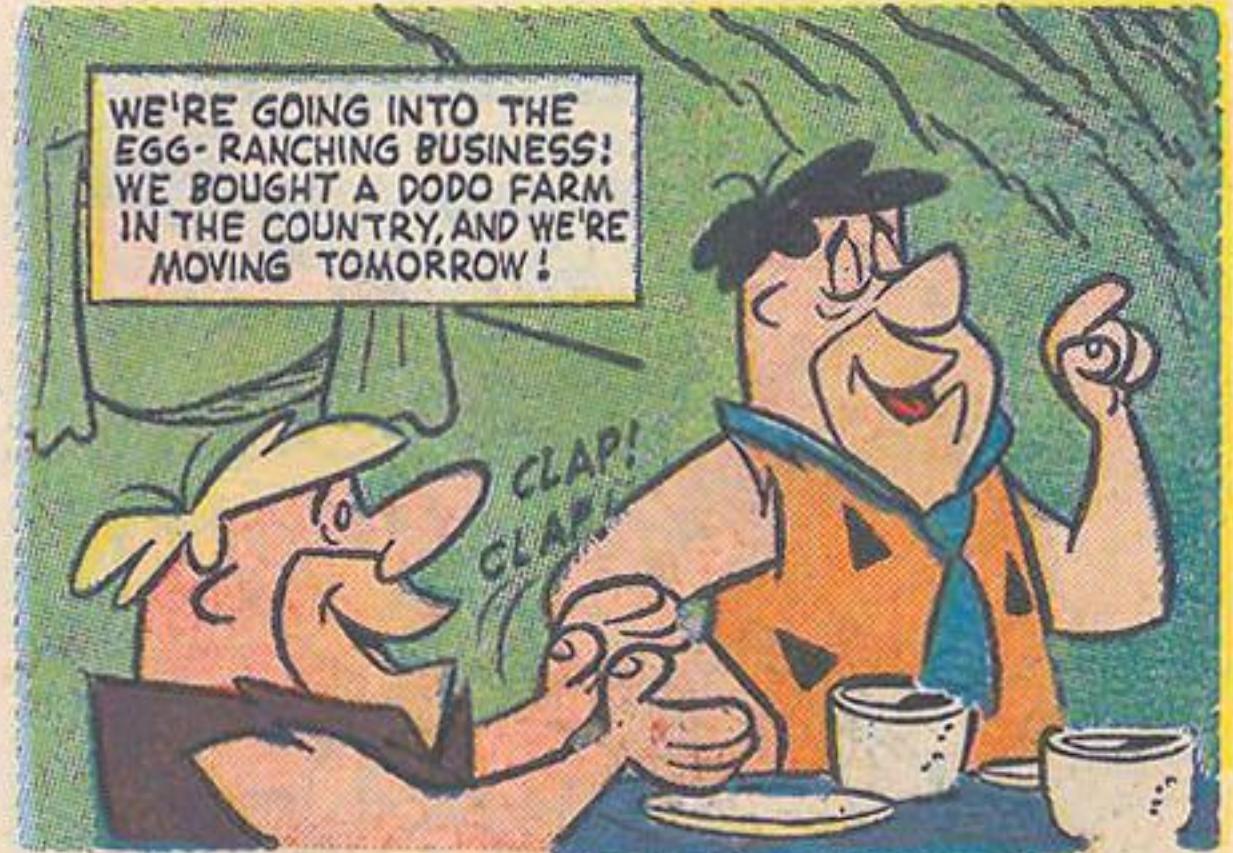
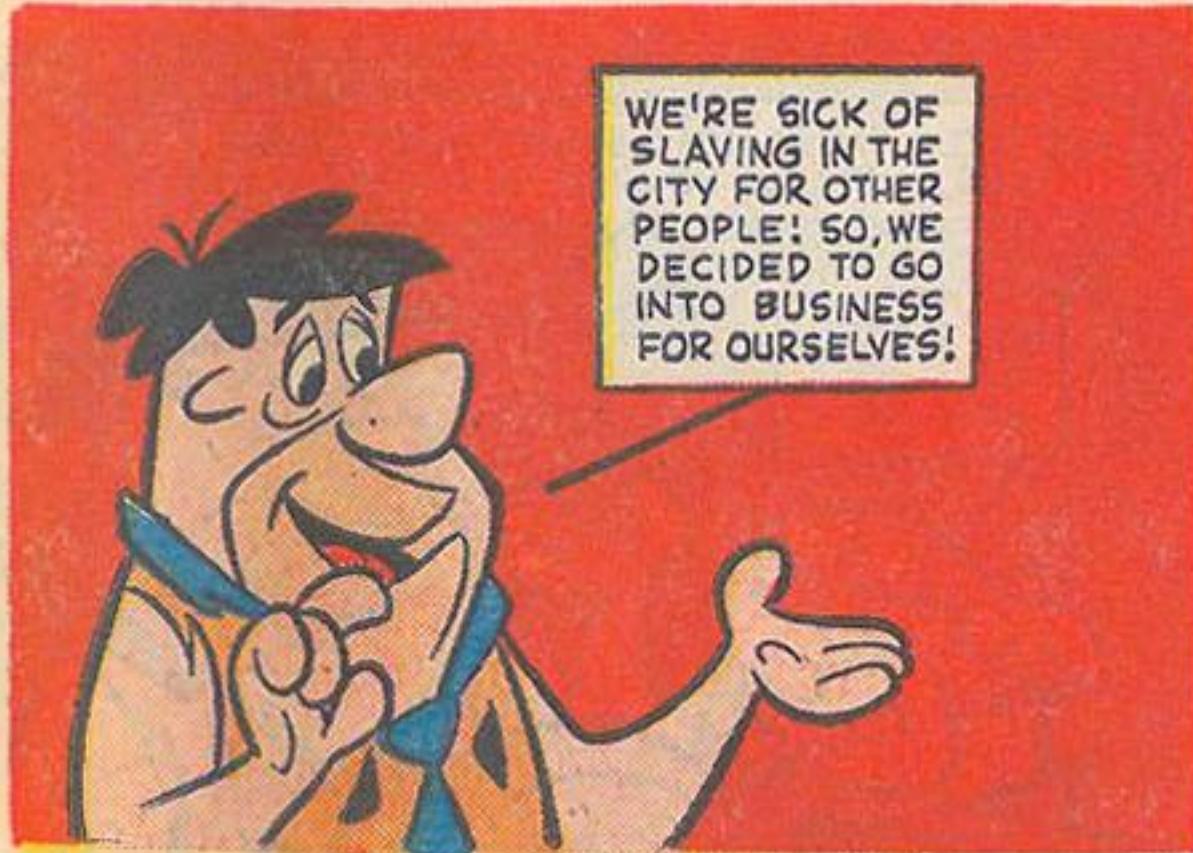


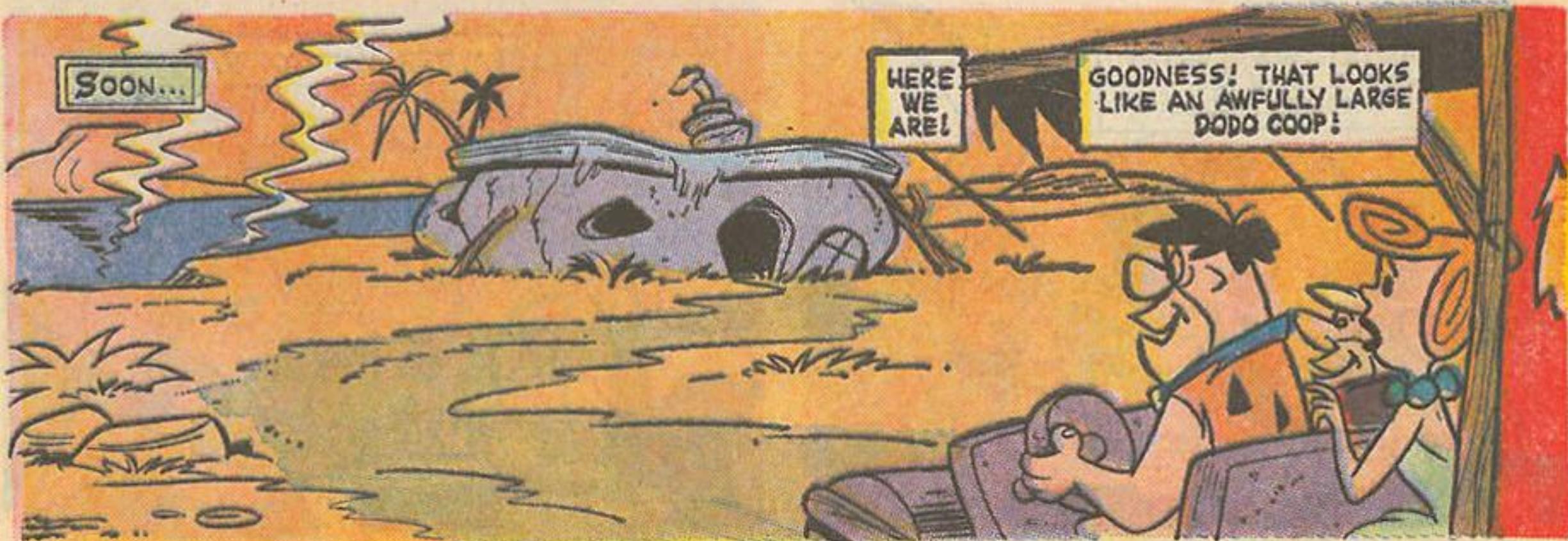
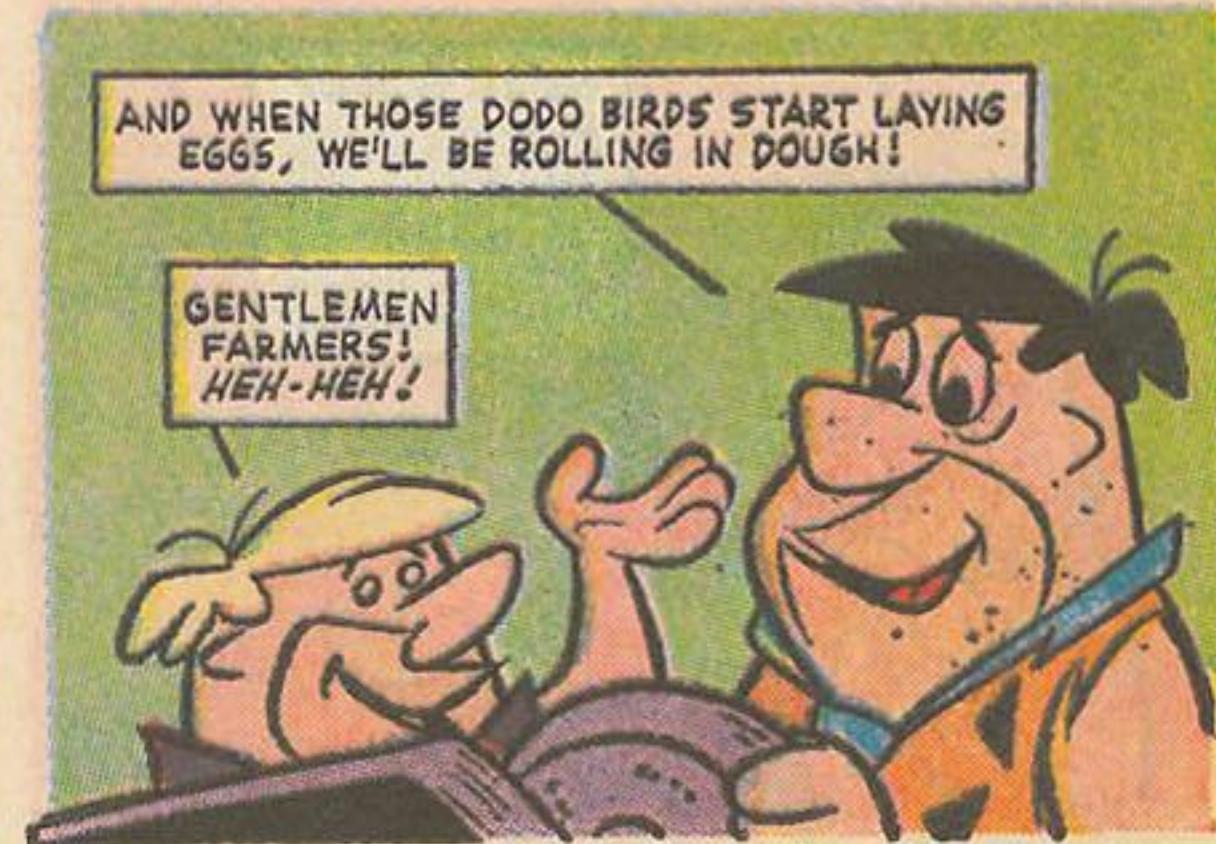
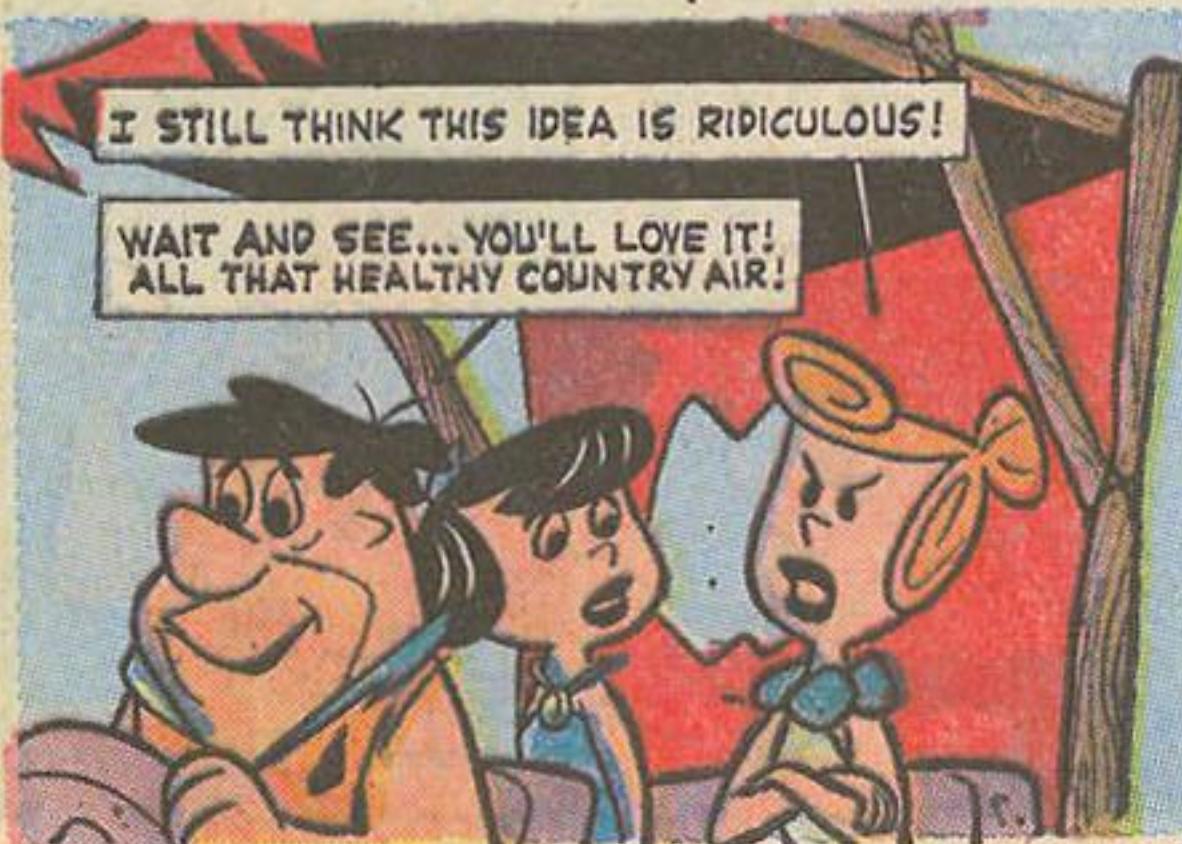




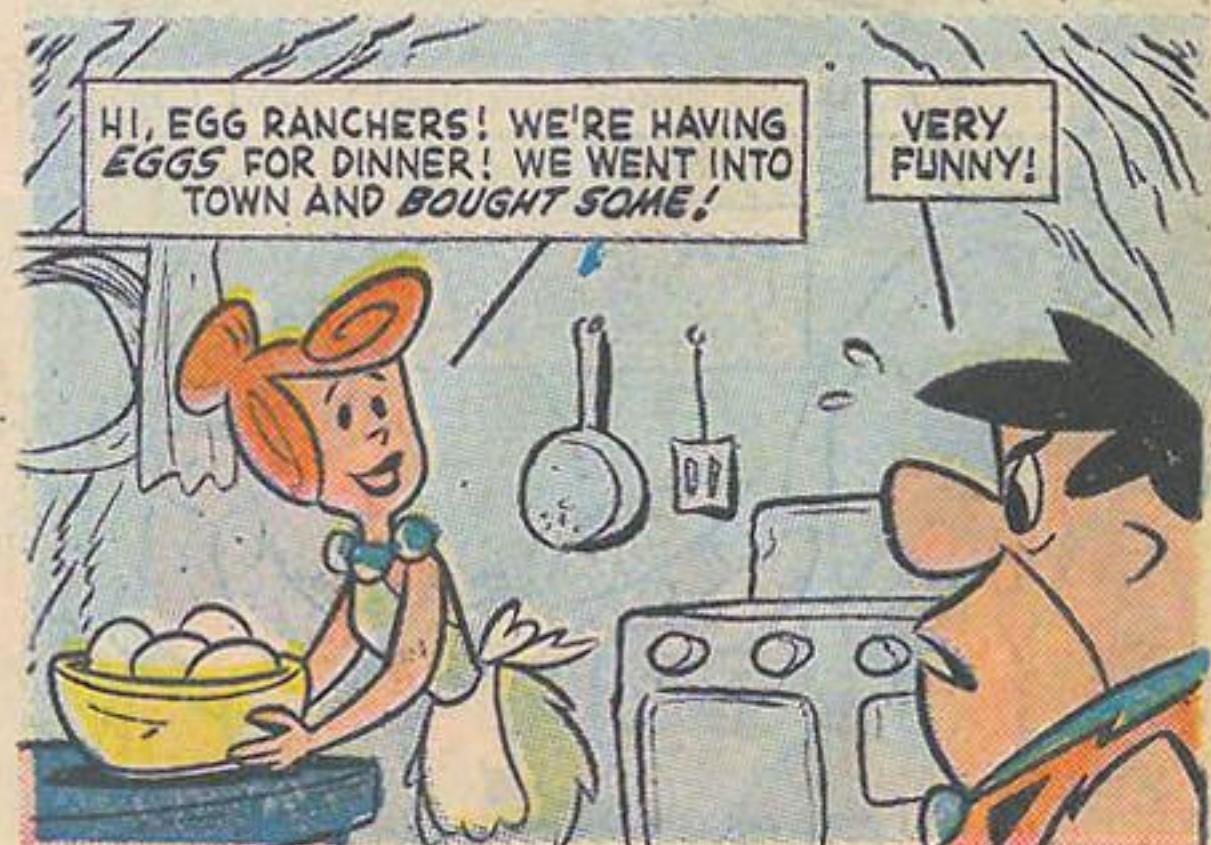
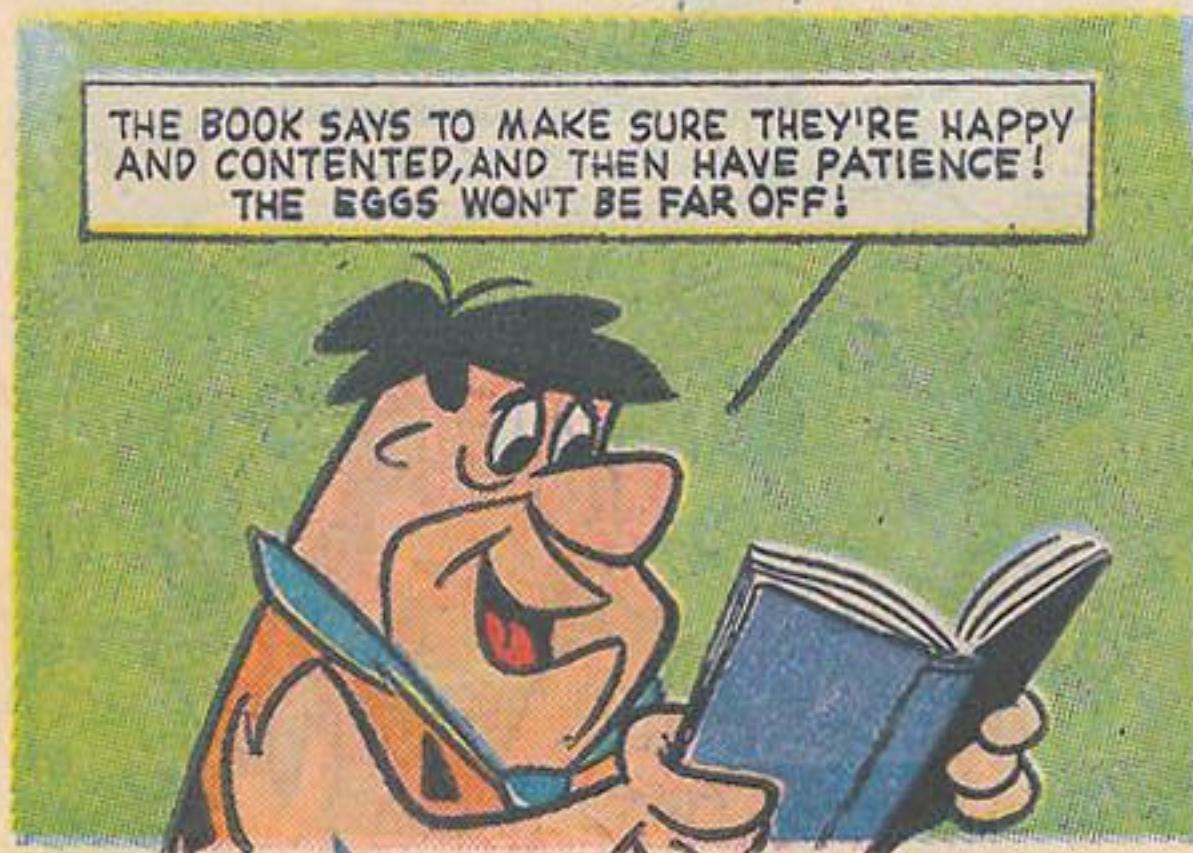
Hanna-Barbera
the FLINTSTONES

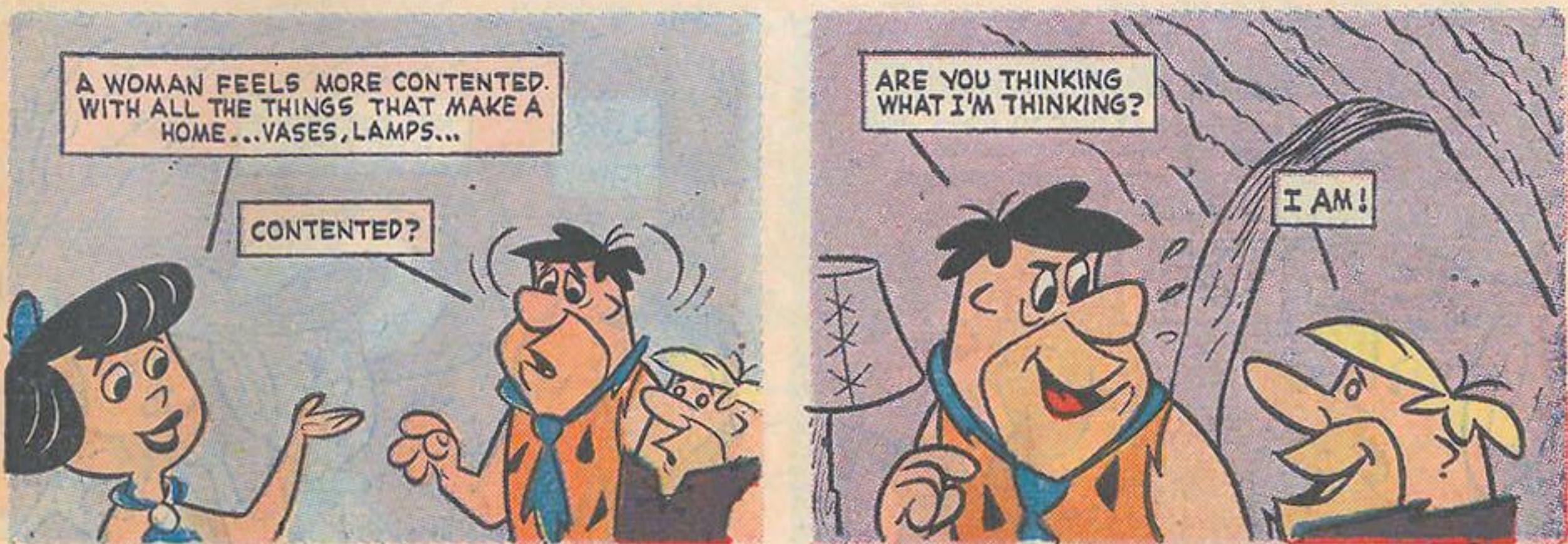
DODOES and DREAMS

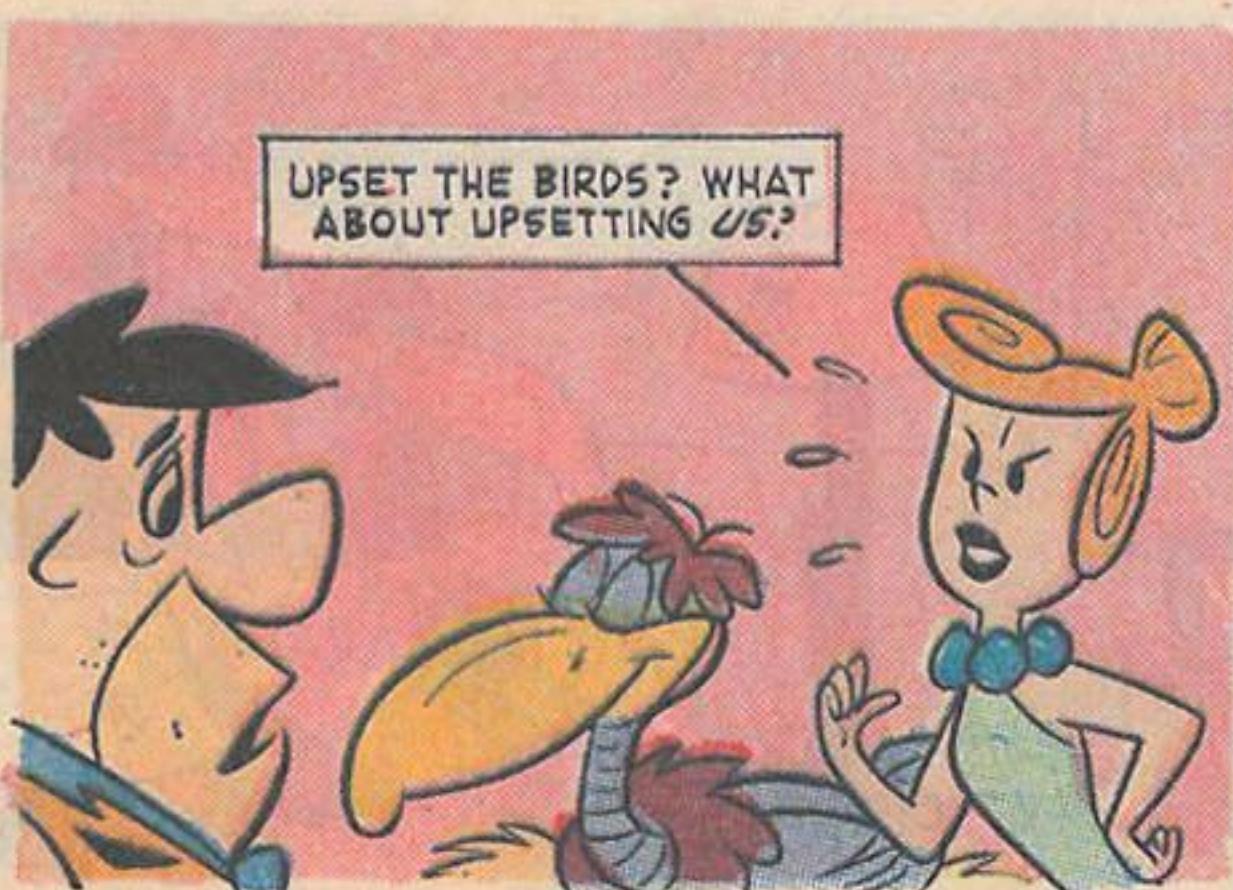
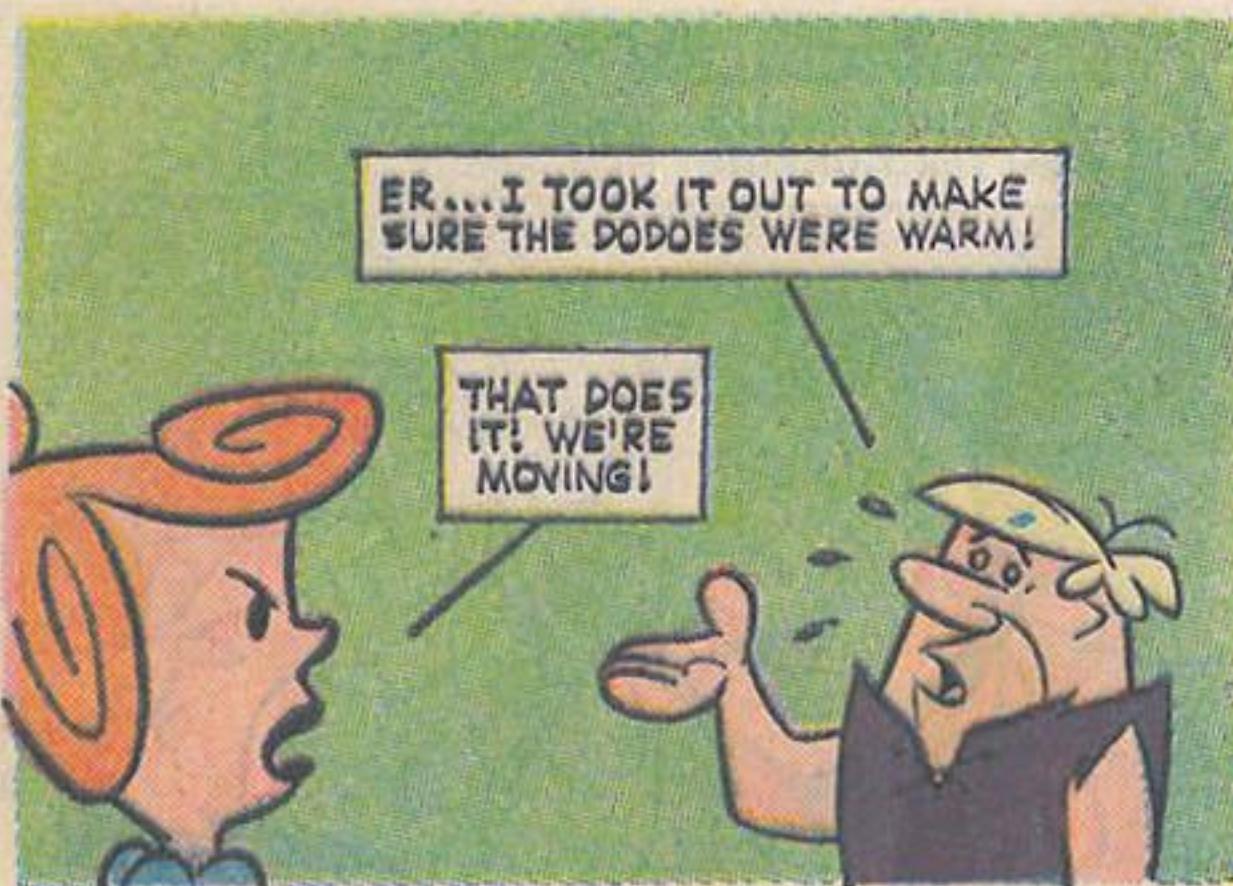
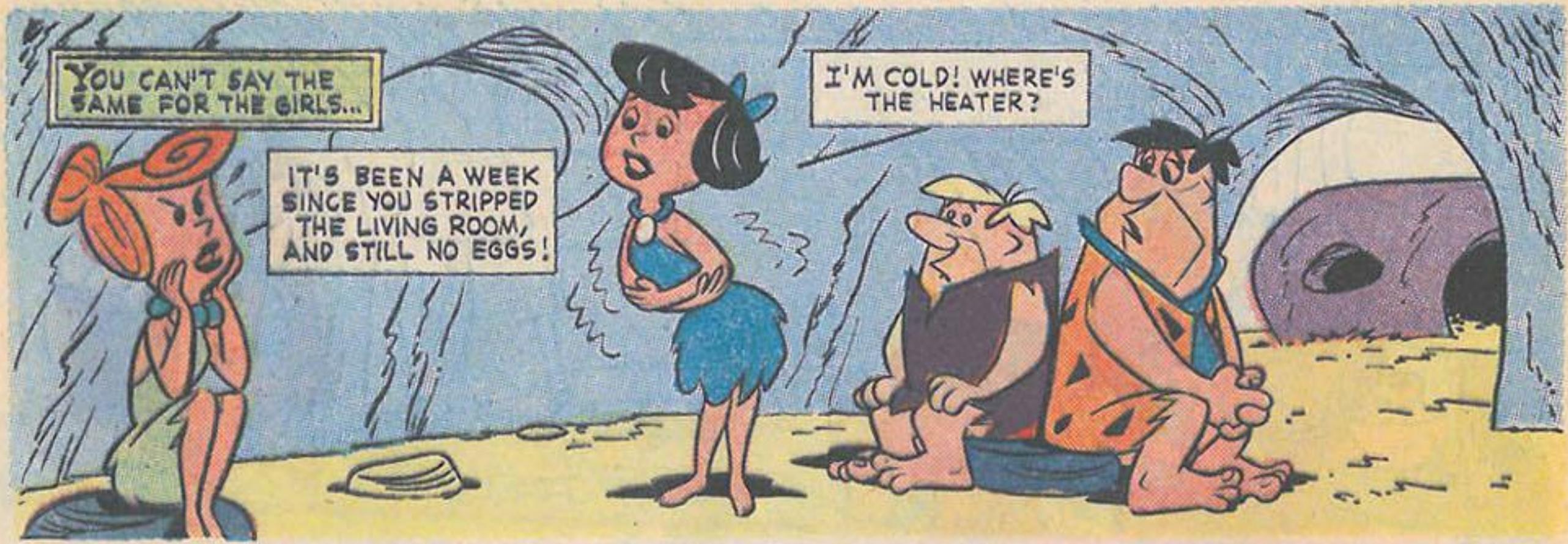


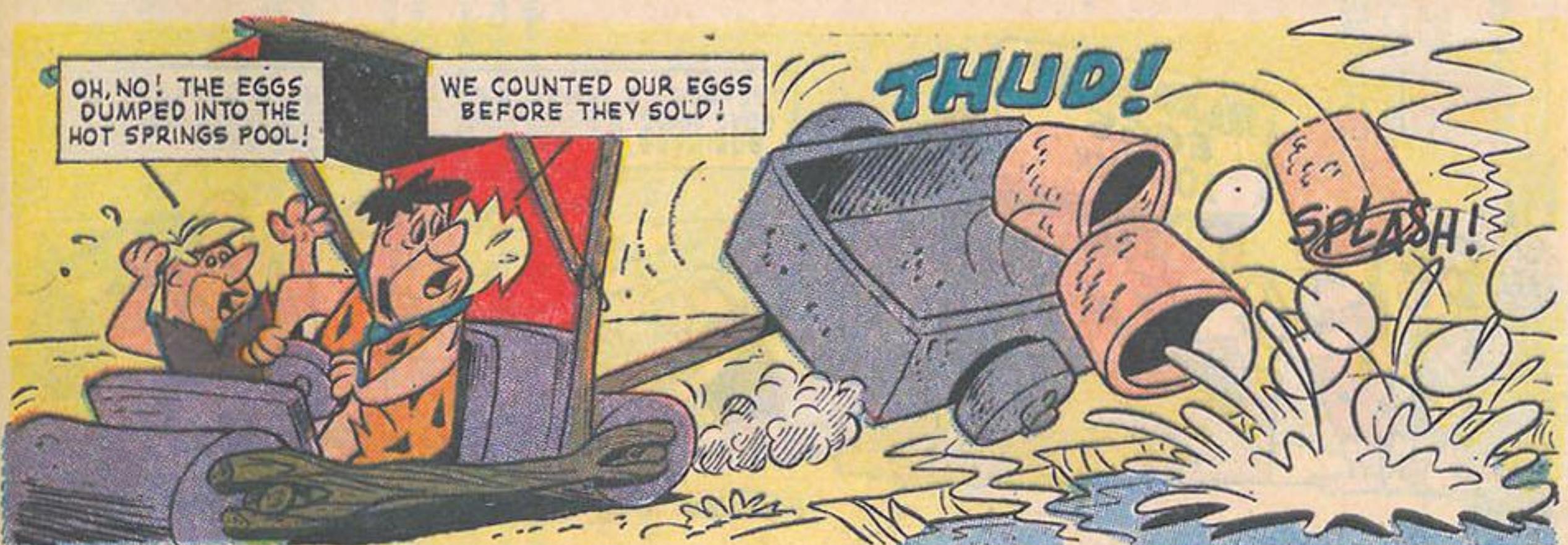
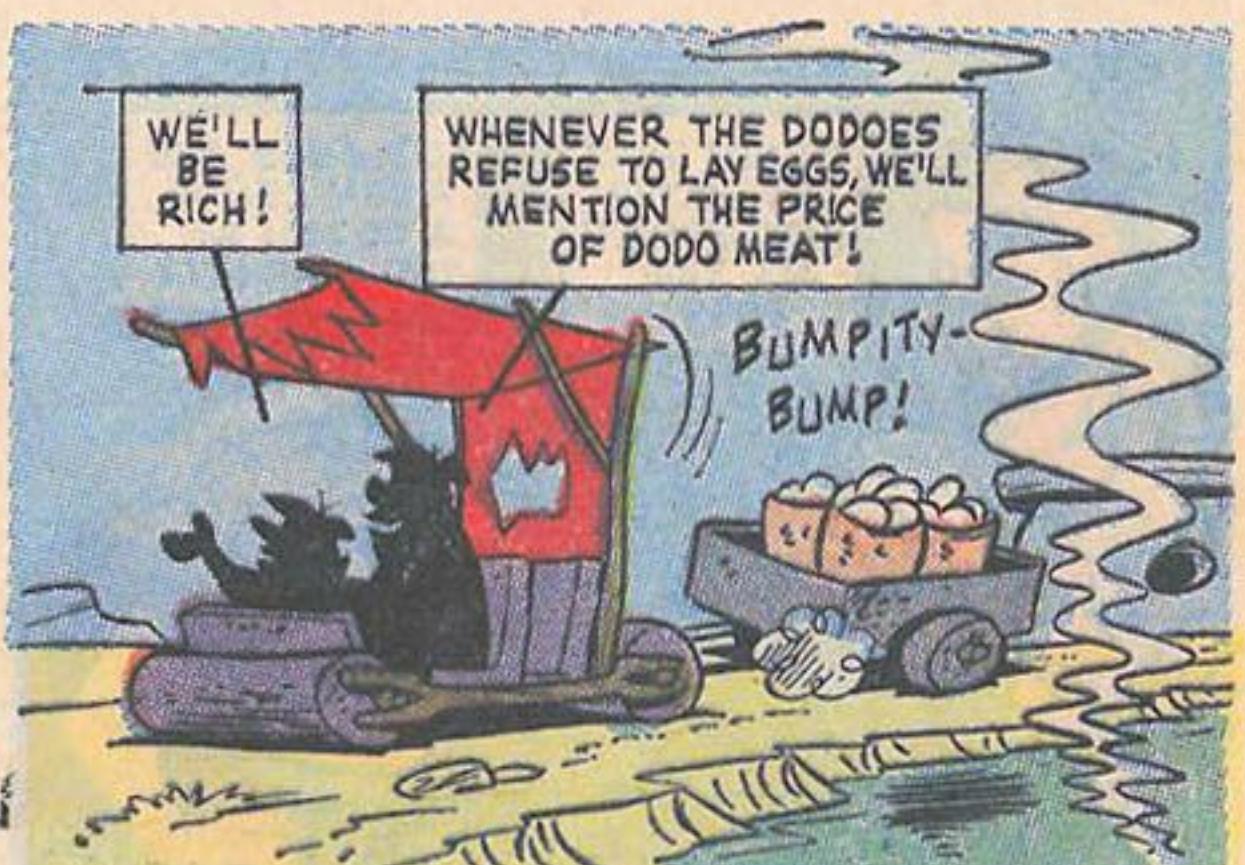
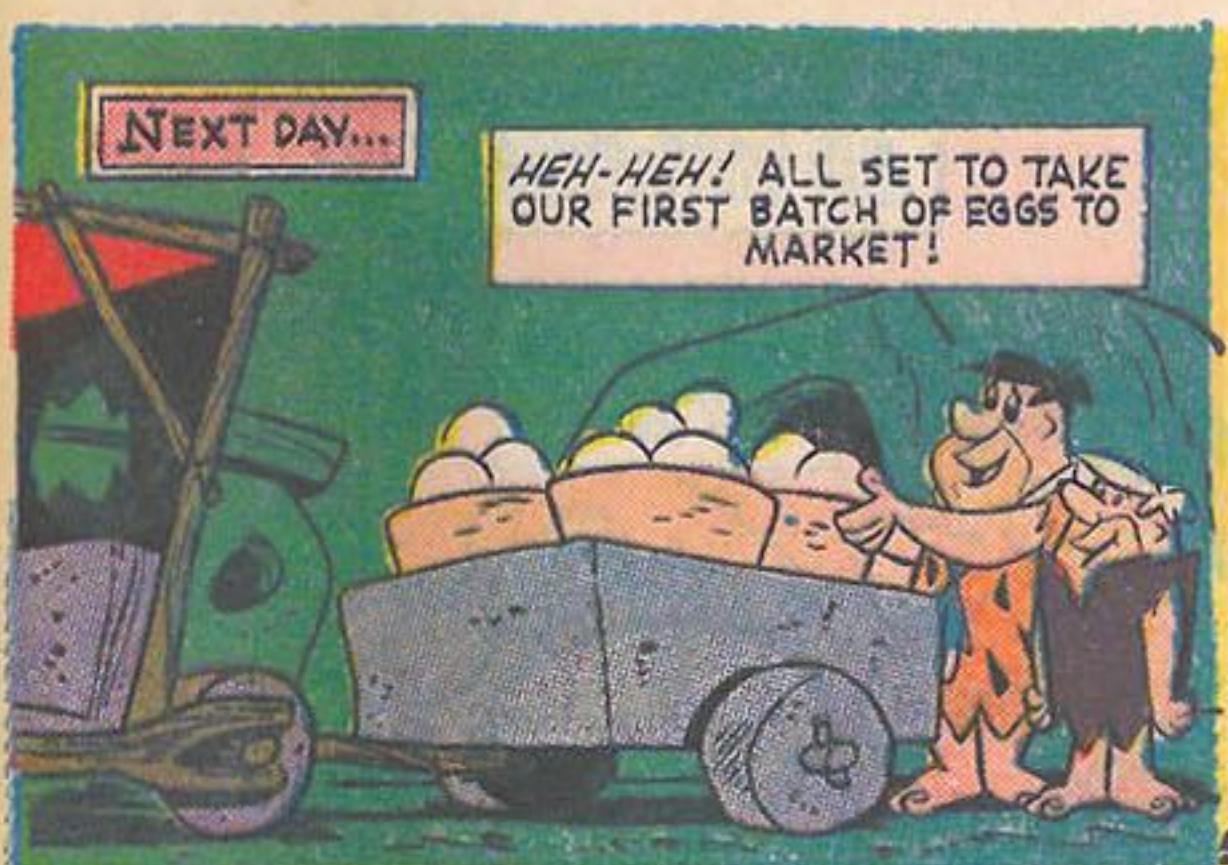
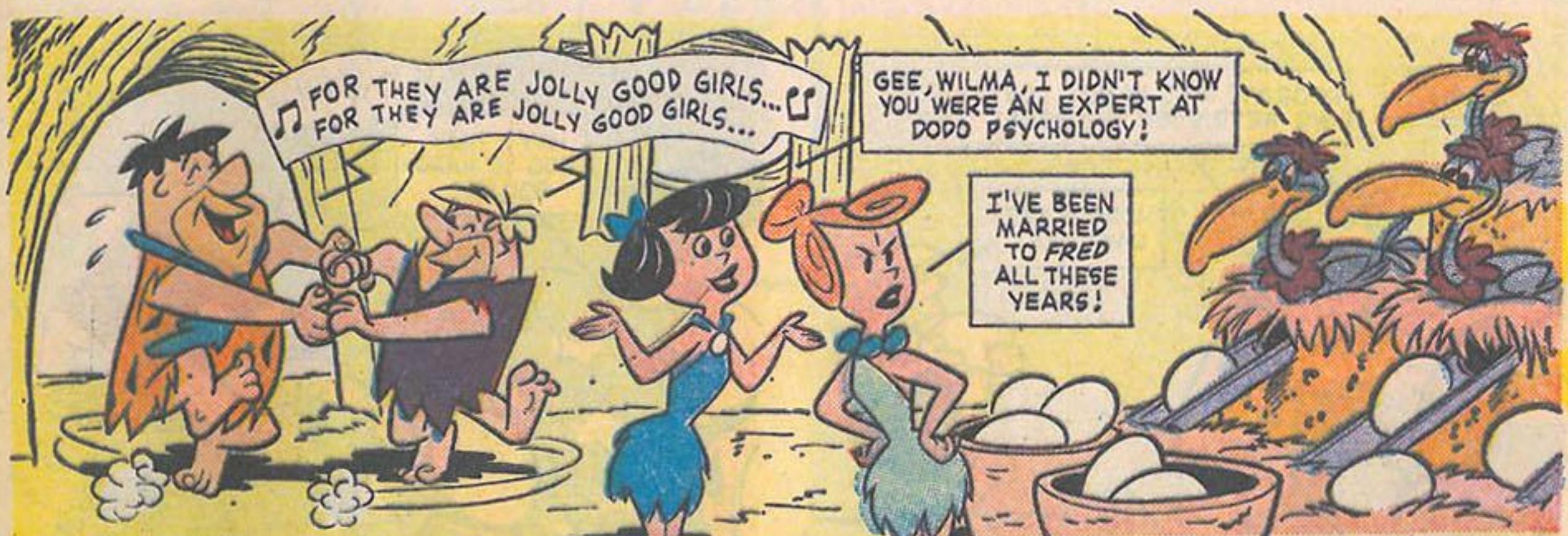


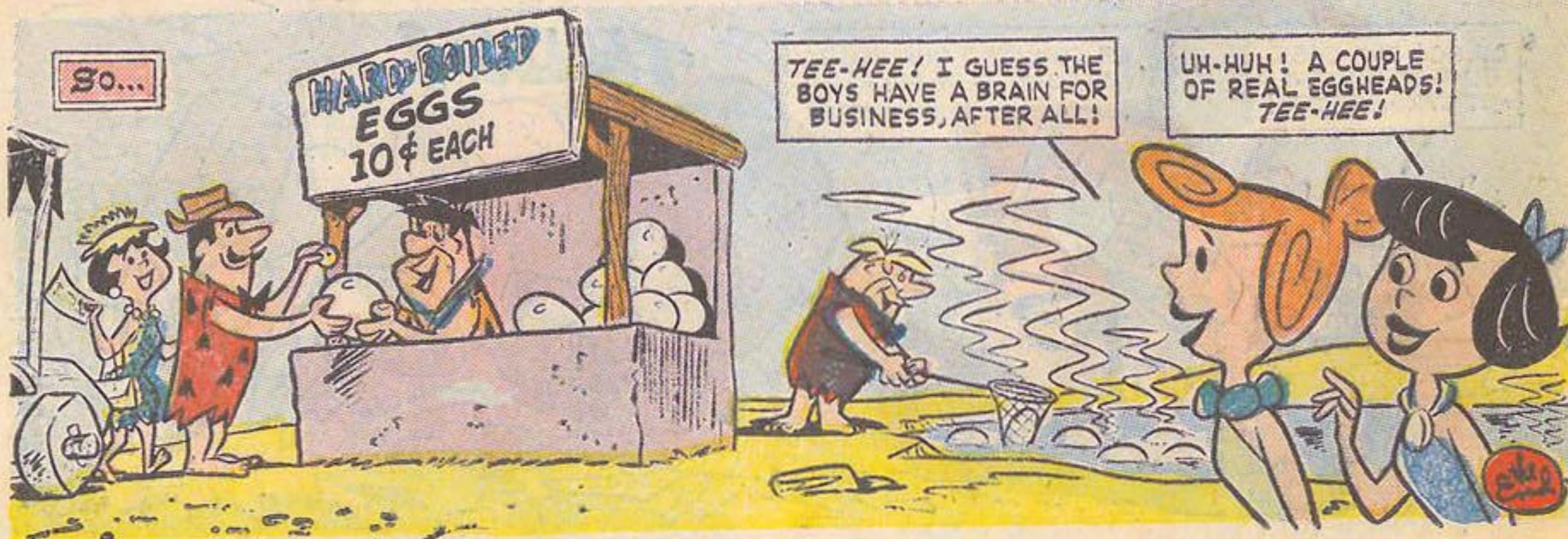
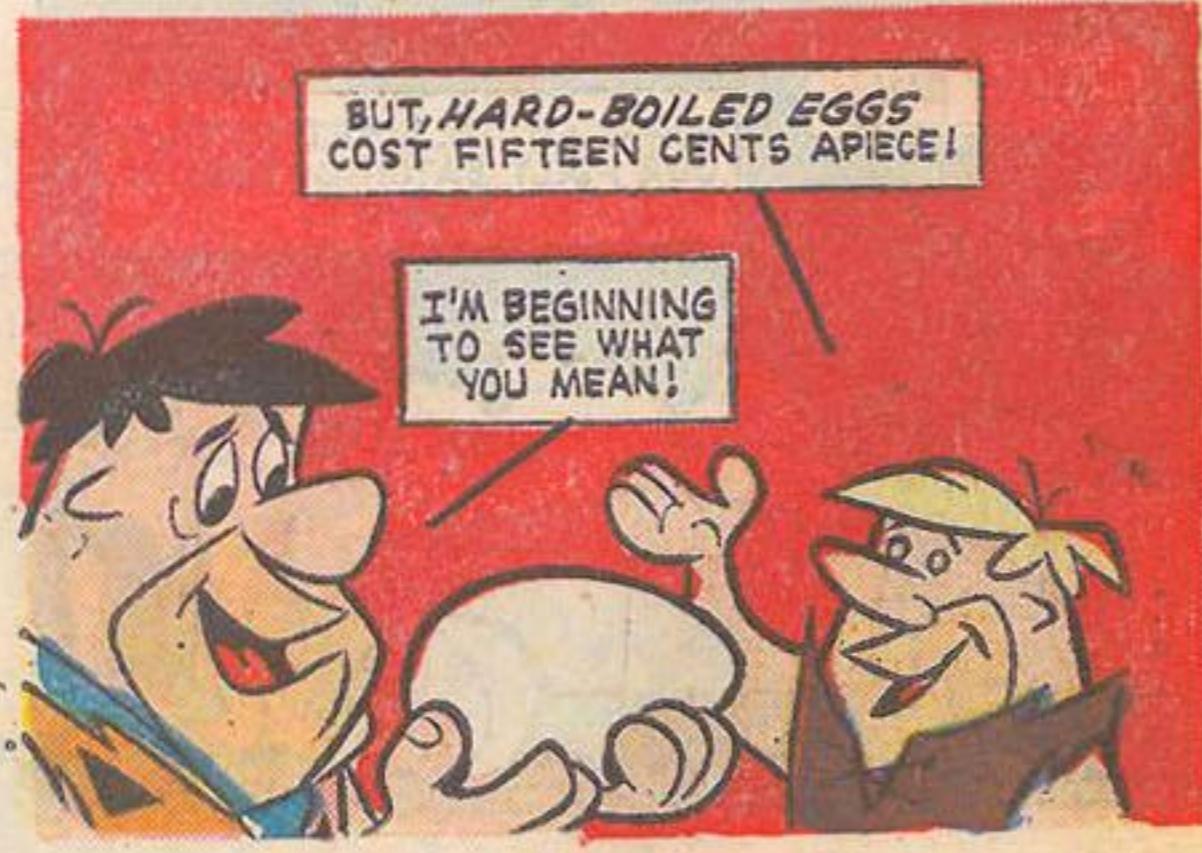




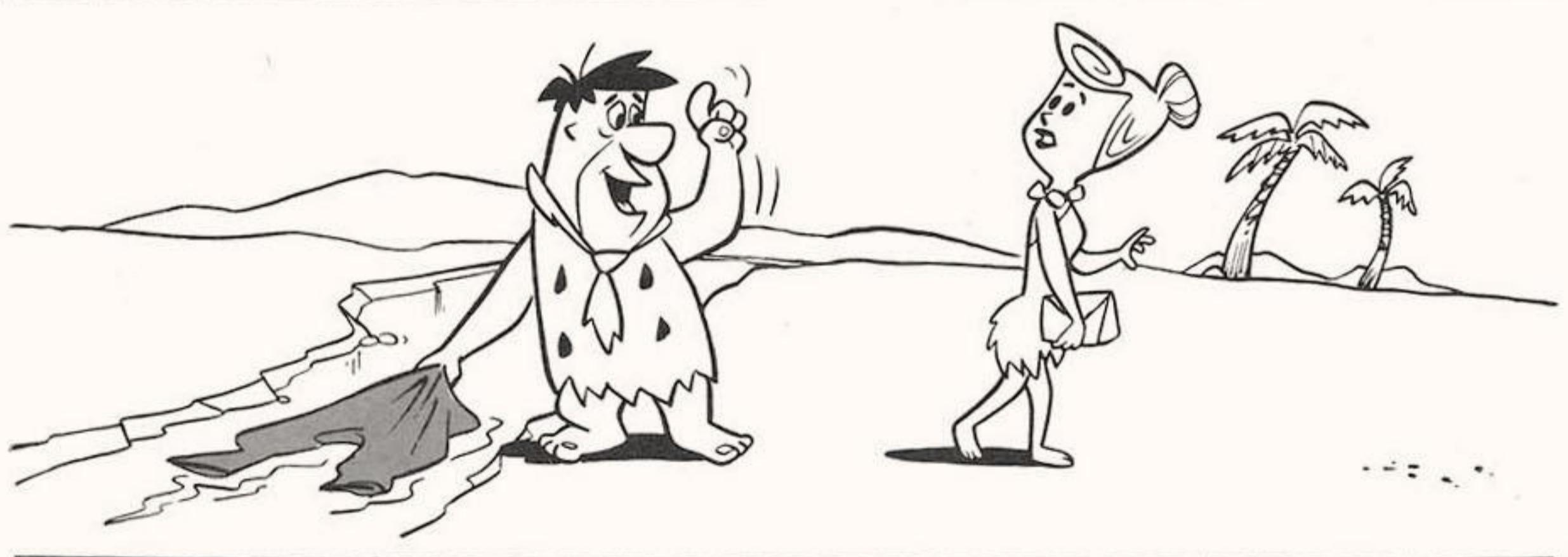








A
Flintstone
Funny



THE FLINTSTONES PIN-UP

